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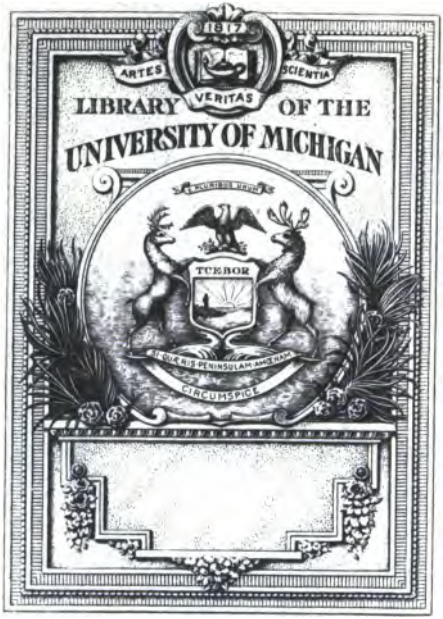

THE GIFT OF
From the Library of
Edwin C.Goddard

828
S43ma
1893

" And yet, though all was carved so fair,
And priest for Marmion breathed the prayer,
The last Lord Marmion lay not there."

UNIV. OF MICH.

MARMION

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

EDITED WITH NOTES BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
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1893

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PREFACE.

THIS edition of *Marmion* has been prepared on the same plan as that of *The Lady of the Lake* which I made two years ago; and, as in that, the illustrations are selected from the publishers' elegant holiday edition of the poem.

In the preface to *The Lady of the Lake* I said that the poem had not been printed correctly for more than fifty years. *Marmion*, so far as I can learn, has *never* been printed correctly. Scott appears to have overlooked sundry bad misprints in the first edition (which I have compared minutely with the fourth and all the more recent editions, English and American, that I could get hold of); and these errors of the type have been perpetuated until now. Lockhart professes to have revised the text carefully, with the aid of the author's interleaved copy of the edition of 1830; and we must give him credit for restoring one line (v. 947) accidentally omitted in the early editions, and for incorporating one or two trifling changes (as *Badenoch-man* for *Highlandman* in vi. 795) made by Scott in 1830; but he has not corrected a single one of the old misprints, while he has overlooked a number of new ones due to his own printers. On the whole, he has marred the text far more than he has mended it.

8-4-44 SKV

As a sample of the corruptions that date from the first publication of the poem, see the opening of Canto II., where the printer put a period in place of the comma Scott undoubtedly meant to have at the end of the 5th line. He did not detect the error, and, so far as I am aware, it has been repeated in every edition except this of mine. As the reader will see, it alters the construction, and makes nonsense of the passage. Again, in ii. 617, the first edition has a period instead of a comma at the end of the line, spoiling the grammar and the sense; and the period (or the colon, which is equally bad) has been retained from that day to this.

Of corruptions that appear (so far, at least, as my collation of the texts enables me to decide) for the first time in Lockhart's edition, I may mention ii. 464, where Scott wrote and printed "They knew not how, *and* knew not where," while Lockhart reads "*nor* knew not where." Scott is free in his use of archaic words and constructions, but I recall no instance in which he has indulged in this old "double

negative." Again, in v. 212, Scott's "For royal *were* his garb and mien" is turned by Lockhart, or his printers, into "For royal *was*," etc. In iv. 597, Scott has "peace and wealth . . . *has* blessed;" but, as any schoolboy could explain, that is not a parallel case.

The archaisms to which I have just referred have proved, as in *The Lady of the Lake*, a stumbling-block to editors or their proof-readers. I have seen an edition of Shakespeare in which every instance of the obsolete *vail* (= lower, let fall) is "corrected" to *veil*, the difference being assumed to be one of spelling merely; and in *Marmion*, iii. 234, where the early editions all have *vail*, the recent ones all have *veil*. In vi. 608, where Scott uses the word again (if we may trust the early editions) Lockhart prints *'vails*. Here a question may possibly be raised as to the true reading; but in iii. ind. 194 I have no doubt that Scott's word was *sleights*, as in all the early editions, and not *slights*, as in Lockhart's and all the later ones. Lockhart is also responsible, I believe, for the bad corruption of "*For* me," etc. for "*From* me," etc. in iii. ind. 228.

In iii. ind. 28, the first edition has "Some transient fit of *loftier* rhyme;" but every other edition that I have seen has "*lofty* rhyme." We may be sure that Scott wrote the former, and that he would never have altered it to the latter.

For further examples of the corruptions in former texts, as well as for further comments on those cited here, I must refer the reader to my *Notes*.

I may add that Lockhart did not collate the early editions with sufficient care while comparing the printed text with the original MS.; for in several instances (see, for example, on iv. 635, 647, etc.), as in *The Lady of the Lake*, he gives readings as found only in the MS. which really occur in the first edition.

I have given most of Scott's own notes in full, and also those of Lockhart. A few have been slightly abridged, or partially rewritten. All the other notes are original, for I have met with no annotated edition of the poem except Scott's and Lockhart's. As I said in the preface to *The Lady of the Lake*, there are of course many notes that many readers will not need, but I think there are none that may not be of service, or at least of interest, to some reader; and I hope that no one will turn to them for help without finding it.

If, as is not unlikely, I have overlooked errors of my own while correcting those of others, I shall be grateful to any reader who will favor me with a memorandum of such as he may detect.

CAMBRIDGE, *April* 6, 1885.

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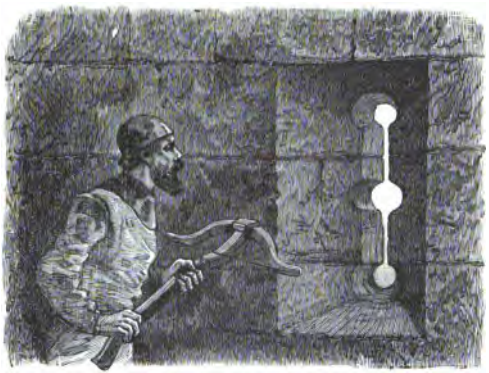


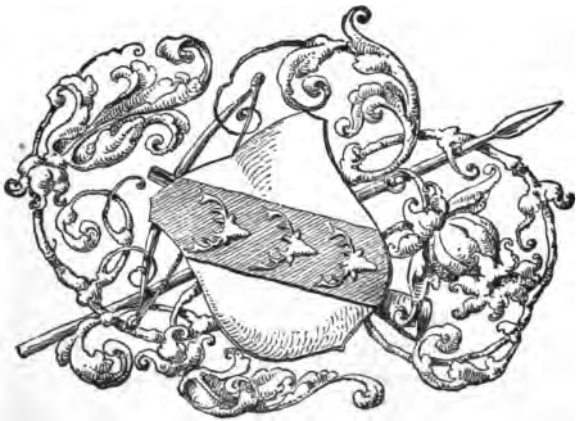
MARMION:

A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scottish Bard should wake the string,
The triumph of our foes to tell!

LEYDEN'S *Ode on Visiting Flodden.*

THE TWEED.



MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

To WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, ESQ.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

NOVEMBER's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear:
Late, gazing down the steepy linn
That hems our little garden in.

Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trilled the streamlet through;
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with double speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer autumn's glowing red
Upon our Forest hills is shed;
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam.
Away hath passed the heather-bell
That bloomed so rich on Needpath-fell;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister-heights of Yair.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To sheltered dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines;
In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill.
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold:
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But shivering follow at his heel;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanished flower,
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
And anxious ask, — Will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round;
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears.
But oh! my country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise,
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasped the victor steel?
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly may he shine
Where Glory weeps o'er NELSON'S shrine,
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb!

Deep graved in every British heart,
Oh, never let those names depart!
Say to your sons, — Lo, here his grave
Who victor died on Gadite wave!
To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given;
Where'er his country's foes were found,
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Rolled, blazed, destroyed, — and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perished worth
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launched that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar;
Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise;
Alas! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins, an early grave!
His worth who, in his mightiest hour,
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurned at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strained at subjection's bursting rein,
O'er their wild mood full conquest gained,
The pride, he would not crush, restrained,
Showed their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's laws.

Hadst thou but lived, though stripped of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand;

By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propped the tottering throne.
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill!

Oh, think, how to his latest day,
When Death, just hovering, claimed his prey,
With Palinure's unaltered mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood,
Each call for needful rest repelled,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way!
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallowed day,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,
He who preserved them, PITT, lies here.

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh
Because his rival slumbers nigh,
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb;
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employed and wanted most;
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound;

And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,
They sleep with him who sleeps below:
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppressed,
And sacred be the last long rest.
Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke again,
'All peace on earth, good-will to men;'
If ever from an English heart,
Oh, *here* let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside,
Record that Fox a Briton died!
When Europe crouched to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave
Was bartered by a timorous slave,
Even then dishonor's peace he spurned,
The sullied olive-branch returned,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nailed her colors to the mast!
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
A portion in this honored grave,
And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endowed,
How high they soared above the crowd!

Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Looked up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of PITT and Fox alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
The wine of life is on the lees,
Genius and taste and talent gone,
Forever tombed beneath the stone,
Where — taming thought to human pride! —
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'T will trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry, —
'Here let their discord with them die.
Speak not for those a separate doom
Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb;
But search the land, of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like again?'

Rest, ardent spirits, till the cries
Of dying nature bid you rise!
Not even your Britain's groans can pierce
The leaden silence of your hearse;
Then, oh, how impotent and vain
This grateful tributary strain!

Though not unmarked from northern clime,
Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme:
His Gothic harp has o'er you rung;
The Bard you deigned to praise, your deathless names has sung.

Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,
My wildered fancy still beguile!
From this high theme how can I part,
Ere half unloaded is my heart!
For all the tears e'er sorrow drew,
And all the raptures fancy knew,
And all the keener rush of blood
That throbs through bard in bardlike mood,
Were here a tribute mean and low,
Though all their mingled streams could flow —
Woe, wonder, and sensation high,
In one spring-tide of ecstasy! —
It will not be — it may not last —
The vision of enchantment 's past:
Like frostwork in the morning ray,
The fancy fabric melts away;
Each Gothic arch, memorial-stone,
And long, dim, lofty aisle, are gone;
And, lingering last, deception dear,
The choir's high sounds die on my ear.
Now slow return the lonely down,
The silent pastures bleak and brown,
The farm begirt with copsewood wild,
The gambols of each frolic child,
Mixing their shrill cries with the tone
Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

Prompt on unequal tasks to run,
Thus Nature disciplines her son:

Meeter, she says, for me to stray,
And waste the solitary day
In plucking from yon fen the reed,
And watch it floating down the Tweed,
Or idly list the shrilling lay
With which the milkmaid cheers her way.
Marking its cadence rise and fail,
As from the field, beneath her pail,
She trips it down the uneven dale;
Meeter for me, by yonder cairn,
The ancient shepherd's tale to learn,
Though oft he stop in rustic fear,
Lest his old legends tire the ear
Of one who, in his simple mind,
May boast of book-learned taste refined.

But thou, my friend, canst fitly tell —
For few have read romance so well —
How still the legendary lay
O'er poet's bosom holds its sway;
How on the ancient minstrel strain
Time lays his palsied hand in vain;
And how our hearts at doughty deeds,
By warriors wrought in steely weeds,
Still throb for fear and pity's sake;
As when the Champion of the Lake
Enters Morgana's fated house,
Or in the Chapel Perilous,
Despising spells and demons' force,
Holds converse with the unburied corse,
Or when, Dame Ganore's grace to move —
Alas, that lawless was their love! —
He sought proud Tarquin in his den,
And freed full sixty knights; or when,

A sinful man and unconfessed,
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,
And slumbering saw the vision high
He might not view with waking eye.

The mightiest chiefs of British song
Scorned not such legends to prolong.
They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme;
And Dryden, in immortal strain,
Had raised the Table Round again,
But that a ribald king and court
Bade him toil on, to make them sport;
Demanded for their niggard pay,
Fit for their souls, a looser lay,
Licentious satire, song, and play;
The world defrauded of the high design,
Profaned the God-given strength, and marred the lofty line.

Warmed by such names, well may we then,
Though dwindled sons of little men,
Essay to break a feeble lance
In the fair fields of old romance;
Or seek the moated castle's cell,
Where long through talisman and spell,
While tyrants ruled and damsels wept,
Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept.
There sound the harpings of the North,
Till he awake and sally forth,
On venturous quest to prick again,
In all his arms, with all his train,
Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and scarf,
Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf,
And wizard with his wand of might,
And errant maid on palfrey white.

Around the Genius weave their spells,
Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells;
Mystery, half veiled and half revealed;
And Honor, with his spotless shield;
Attention, with fixed eye; and Fear,
That loves the tale she shrinks to hear;
And gentle Courtesy; and Faith,
Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death;
And Valor, lion-mettled lord,
Leaning upon his own good sword.

Well has thy fair achievement shown
A worthy meed may thus be won:
Ytene's oaks — beneath whose shade
Their theme the merry minstrels made,
Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold,
And that Red King, who, while of old
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled —
Ytene's oaks have heard again
Renewed such legendary strain;
For thou hast sung, how he of Gaul,
That Amadis so famed in hall,
For Oriana, foiled in fight
The Necromancer's felon might;
And well in modern verse hast wove
Partenopex's mystic love:
Hear, then, attentive to my lay,
A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

CANTO FIRST.

THE CASTLE.

I.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.

The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height;
Their armor, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

II.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barred;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard,
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering song.

III.

A distant trampling sound he hears;
He looks abroad, and soon appears,
O'er Horncliff-hill, a plump of spears
Beneath a pennon gay;
A horseman, darting from the crowd
Like lightning from a summer cloud,
Spurs on his mettled courser proud,
Before the dark array.
Beneath the sable palisade
That closed the castle barricade,

His bugle-horn he blew;
The warder hasted from the wall,
And warned the captain in the hall,
For well the blast he knew;
And joyfully that knight did call
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

IV.

'Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,
Bring pasties of the doe,
And quickly make the entrance free,
And bid my heralds ready be,
And every minstrel sound his glee,
And all our trumpets blow;
And, from the platform, spare ye not
To fire a noble salvo-shot;
Lord Marmion waits below!'
Then to the castle's lower ward
Sped forty yeomen tall,
The iron-studded gates unbarred,
Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,
The lofty palisade unsparred,
And let the drawbridge fall.

V.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trode,
His helm hung at the saddle bow;
Well by his visage you might know
He was a stalworth knight and keen,
And had in many a battle been;
The scar on his brown cheek revealed
A token true of Bosworth field;

His eyebrow dark and eye of fire
Showed spirit proud and prompt to ire,
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His forehead, by his casque worn bare,
His thick moustache and curly hair,
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
But more through toil than age,
His square-turned joints and strength of limb,
Showed him no carpet knight so trim,
But in close fight a champion grim,
In camps a leader sage.

VI.

Well was he armed from head to heel,
In mail and plate of Milan steel;
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
Was all with burnished gold embossed.
Amid the plumage of the crest
A falcon hovered on her nest,
With wings outspread and forward breast;
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
Soared sable in an azure field:
The golden legend bore aright,
'Who checks at me, to death is dight.'
Blue was the charger's broidered rein;
Blue ribbons decked his arching mane;
The knightly housing's ample fold
Was velvet blue and trapped with gold.

VII.

Behind him rode two gallant squires,
Of noble name and knightly sires:

They burned the gilded spurs to claim,
For well could each a war-horse tame,
Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,
And lightly bear the ring away;
Nor less with courteous precepts stored,
Could dance in hall, and carve at board,
And frame love-ditties passing rare,
And sing them to a lady fair.

VIII.

Four men-at-arms came at their backs,
With halbert, bill, and battle-axe;
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,
And led his sumpter-mules along,
And ambling palfrey, when at need
Him listed ease his battle-steed.
The last and trustiest of the four
On high his forky pennon bore;
Like swallow's tail in shape and hue,
Fluttered the streamer glossy blue,
Where, blazoned sable, as before,
The towering falcon seemed to soar.
Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,
In hosen black and jerkins blue,
With falcons broidered on each breast,
Attended on their lord's behest.
Each, chosen for an archer good,
Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood;
Each one a six-foot bow could bend,
And far a cloth-yard shaft could send;
Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,
And at their belts their quivers rung.
Their dusty palfreys and array
Showed they had marched a weary way.

IX.

'T is meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly armed, and ordered how,
The soldiers of the guard,
With musket, pike, and morion,
To welcome noble Marmion,
Stood in the castle-yard;
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his linstock yare,
For welcome-shot prepared:
Entered the train, and such a clang
As then through all his turrets rang
Old Norham never heard.

X.

The guards their morrice-pikes advanced,
The trumpets flourished brave,
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thundering welcome gave.
A blithe salute, in martial sort,
The minstrels well might sound,
For, as Lord Marmion crossed the court,
He scattered angels round.
'Welcome to Norham, Marmion!
Stout heart and open hand!
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
Thou flower of English land!'

XI.

Two pursuivants, whom tabards deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,

Stood on the steps of stone
By which you reach the donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state,
They hailed Lord Marmion:
They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town;
And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks' weight,
All as he lighted down.
'Now, largesse, largesse, Lord Marmion,
Knight of the crest of gold!
A blazoned shield, in battle won,
Ne'er guarded heart so bold.'

XII.

They marshalled him to the castle-hall,
Where the guests stood all aside,
And loudly flourished the trumpet-call,
And the heralds loudly cried, —
'Room, lordlings, room for Lord Marmion,
With the crest and helm of gold!
Full well we know the trophies won
In the lists at Cottiswold:
There, vainly Ralph de Wilton strove
'Gainst Marmion's force to stand;
To him he lost his lady-love,
And to the king his land.
Ourselves beheld the listed field,
A sight both sad and fair;
We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,
And saw his saddle bare;
We saw the victor win the crest
He wears with worthy pride,
And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,
His foeman's scutcheon tied.
Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight!
Room, room, ye gentles gay,
For him who conquered in the right,
Marmion of Fontenaye!'

XIII.

Then stepped, to meet that noble lord,
Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Twisell and of Ford,
And Captain of the Hold;
He led Lord Marmion to the deas,
Raised o'er the pavement high,

And placed him in the upper place —
They feasted full and high:
The whiles a Northern harper rude
Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,
'How the fierce Thirwalls, and Ridleys all,
Stout Willimondswick,
And Hardriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,
Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadman's-shaw.'
Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could brook
The harper's barbarous lay,
Yet much he praised the pains he took,
And well those pains did pay;
For lady's suit and minstrel's strain
By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.

XIV.

'Now, good Lord Marmion,' Heron says,
'Of your fair courtesy,
I pray you bide some little space
In this poor tower with me.
Here may you keep your arms from rust,
May breathe your war-horse well;
Seldom hath passed a week but joust
Or feat of arms befell.
The Scots can rein a mettled steed,
And love to couch a spear; —
Saint George! a stirring life they lead
That have such neighbors near!
Then stay with us a little space,
Our Northern wars to learn;
I pray you for your lady's grace!'
Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.

XV.

The captain marked his altered look,
And gave the squire the sign;
A mighty wassail-bowl he took,
And crowned it high with wine.
'Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion;
But first I pray thee fair,
Where hast thou left that page of thine
That used to serve thy cup of wine,
Whose beauty was so rare?
When last in Raby-towers we met,
The boy I closely eyed,
And often marked his cheeks were wet
With tears he fain would hide.
His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,
To burnish shield or sharpen brand,
Or saddle battle-steed,
But meeter seemed for lady fair,
To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,
Or through embroidery, rich and rare,
The slender silk to lead;
His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,
His bosom — when he sighed,
The russet doublet's rugged fold
Could scarce repel its pride!
Say, hast thou given that lovely youth
To serve in lady's bower?
Or was the gentle page, in sooth,
A gentle paramour?'

XVI.

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest;
He rolled his kindling eye,

With pain his rising wrath suppressed,
Yet made a calm reply:
'That boy thou thought so goodly fair,
He might not brook the Northern air.
More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,
I left him sick in Lindisfarne.
Enough of him. — But, Heron, say,
Why does thy lovely lady gay
Disdain to grace the hall to-day?
Or has that dame, so fair and sage,
Gone on some pious pilgrimage?' —
He spoke in covert scorn, for fame
Whispered light tales of Heron's dame.

XVII.

Unmarked, at least unrecked, the taunt,
Careless the knight replied:
'No bird whose feathers gayly flaunt
Delights in cage to bide;
Norham is grim and grated close,
Hemmed in by battlement and fosse,
And many a darksome tower,
And better loves my lady bright
To sit in liberty and light
In fair Queen Margaret's bower.
We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove,
But where shall we find leash or band
For dame that loves to rove?
Let the wild falcon soar her swing,
She 'll stoop when she has tired her wing.' —

XVIII.

'Nay, if with Royal James's bride
The lovely Lady Heron bide,

Behold me here a messenger,
Your tender greetings prompt to bear;
For, to the Scottish court addressed,
I journey at our king's behest,
And pray you, of your grace, provide
For me and mine a trusty guide.
I have not ridden in Scotland since
James backed the cause of that mock prince,
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
Then did I march with Surrey's power,
What time we razed old Ayton tower.' —

XIX.

'For such-like need, my lord, I trow,
Norham can find you guides enow;
For here be some have pricked as far
On Scottish ground as to Dunbar,

Have drunk the monks of Saint Bothan's ale,
And driven the beeves of Lauderdale,
Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
And given them light to set their hoods.'—

XX.

'Now, in good sooth,' Lord Marmion cried,
'Were I in warlike wise to ride,
A better guard I would not lack
Than your stout forayers at my back;
But as in form of peace I go,
A friendly messenger, to know,
Why, through all Scotland, near and far,
Their king is mustering troops for war,
The sight of plundering Border spears
Might justify suspicious fears,
And deadly feud or thirst of spoil
Break out in some unseemly broil.
A herald were my fitting guide;
Or friar, sworn in peace to bide;
Or pardoner, or travelling priest,
Or strolling pilgrim, at the least.'

XXI.

The captain mused a little space,
And passed his hand across his face.—
'Fain would I find the guide you want,
But ill may spare a pursuivant,
The only men that safe can ride
Mine errands on the Scottish side:
And though a bishop built this fort,
Few holy brethren here resort;

Even our good chaplain, as I ween,
Since our last siege we have not seen.
The mass he might not sing or say
Upon one stinted meal a-day;
So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,
And prayed for our success the while.
Our Norham vicar, woe betide,
Is all too well in case to ride;
The priest of Shoreswood — he could rein
The wildest war-horse in your train,
But then no spearman in the hall
Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.
Friar John of Tillmouth were the man;
A blithesome brother at the can,
A welcome guest in hall and bower,
He knows each castle, town, and tower,
In which the wine and ale is good,
'Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.
But that good man, as ill befalls,
Hath seldom left our castle walls,
Since, on the vigil of Saint Bede,
In evil hour he crossed the Tweed,
To teach Dame Alison her creed.
Old Bughtrig found him with his wife,
And John, an enemy to strife,
Sans frock and hood, fled for his life.
The jealous churl hath deeply swore
That, if again he venture o'er,
He shall shrieve penitent no more.
Little he loves such risks, I know,
Yet in your guard perchance will go.'

XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board,
Carved to his uncle and that lord,

And reverently took up the word:
'Kind uncle, woe were we each one,
If harm should hap to brother John.
He is a man of mirthful speech,
Can many a game and gambol teach;
Full well at tables can he play,
And sweep at bowls the stake away.
None can a lustier carol bawl,
The needfullest among us all,
When time hangs heavy in the hall,
And snow comes thick at Christmas tide,
And we can neither hunt nor ride
A foray on the Scottish side.
The vowed revenge of Bughtrig rude
May end in worse than loss of hood.
Let Friar John in safety still
In chimney-corner snore his fill,
Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill;
Last night, to Norham there came one
Will better guide Lord Marmion.'—
'Nephew,' quoth Heron, 'by my fay,
Well hast thou spoke; say forth thy say.'—

XXIII.

'Here is a holy Palmer come,
From Salem first, and last from Rome;
One that hath kissed the blessed tomb,
And visited each holy shrine
In Araby and Palestine;
On hills of Armenie hath been,
Where Noah's ark may yet be seen;
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
Which parted at the Prophet's rod;

In Sinai's wilderness he saw
The Mount where Israel heard the law,
Mid thunder-dint, and flashing levin,
And shadows, mists, and darkness, given.
He shows Saint James's cockle-shell,
Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell;
And of that Grot where Olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily,
Saint Rosalie retired to God.

XXIV.

'To stout Saint George of Norwich merry,
Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,
Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede,
For his sins' pardon hath he prayed.
He knows the passes of the North,
And seeks far shrines beyond the Forth;
Little he eats, and long will wake,
And drinks but of the stream or lake.
This were a guide o'er moor and dale;
But when our John hath quaffed his ale,
As little as the wind that blows,
And warms itself against his nose,
Kens he, or cares, which way he goes.' —

XXV.

'Gramercy!' quoth Lord Marmion,
'Full loath were I that Friar John,
That venerable man, for me
Were placed in fear or jeopardy:
If this same Palmer will me lead
From hence to Holy-Rood,

Like his good saint, I 'll pay his meed,
Instead of cockle-shell or bead,
With angels fair and good.
I love such holy ramblers; still
They know to charm a weary hill
With song, romance, or lay:
Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,
Some lying legend, at the least,
They bring to cheer the way.' —

XXVI.

'Ah! noble sir,' young Selby said,
And finger on his lip he laid,
'This man knows much, perchance e'en more
Than he could learn by holy lore.
Still to himself he 's muttering,
And shrinks as at some unseen thing.
Last night we listened at his cell;
Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,
He murmured on till morn, howe'er
No living mortal could be near.
Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,
As other voices spoke again.
I cannot tell — I like it not —
Friar John hath told us it is wrote,
No conscience clear and void of wrong
Can rest awake and pray so long.
Himself still sleeps before his beads
Have marked ten aves and two creeds.' —

XXVII.

'Let pass,' quoth Marmion; 'by my fay,
This man shall guide me on my way,

Although the great arch-fiend and he
Had sworn themselves of company.
So please you, gentle youth, to call
This Palmer to the castle-hall.'
The summoned Palmer came in place:
His sable cowl o'erhung his face;
In his black mantle was he clad,
With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
On his broad shoulders wrought;
The scallop shell his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought;
His sandals were with travel tore,
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;
The faded palm-branch in his hand
Showed pilgrim from the Holy Land.

XXVIII.

Whenas the Palmer came in hall,
Nor lord nor knight was there more tall,
Or had a statelier step withal,
Or looked more high and keen;
For no saluting did he wait,
But strode across the hall of state,
And fronted Marmion where he sate,
As he his peer had been.
But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;
His cheek was sunk, alas the while!
And when he struggled at a smile
His eye looked haggard wild:
Poor wretch, the mother that him bare,
If she had been in presence there,
In his wan face and sunburnt hair
She had not known her child.

Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know —
For deadly fear can time outgo,
And blanch at once the hair;
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
More deeply than despair.
Happy whom none of these befall,
But this poor Palmer knew them all.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask;
The Palmer took on him the task,
So he would march with morning tide,
To Scottish court to be his guide.
'But I have solemn vows to pay,
And may not linger by the way,
To fair Saint Andrew's bound,
Within the ocean-cave to pray,
Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billows' sound;
Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
And the crazed brain restore.
Saint Mary grant that cave or spring
Could back to peace my bosom bring,
Or bid it throb no more!'

XXX.

And now the midnight draught of sleep,
Where wine and spices richly steep,

In massive bowl of silver deep,
The page presents on knee.
Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
The captain pledged his noble guest,
The cup went through among the rest,
Who drained it merrily;
Alone the Palmer passed it by,
Though Selby pressed him courteously.
This was a sign the feast was o'er;
It hushed the merry wassail roar,
The minstrels ceased to sound.
Soon in the castle nought was heard
But the slow footstep of the guard
Pacing his sober round.

XXXI.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose:
And first the chapel doors unclose;
Then, after morning rites were done —
A hasty mass from Friar John —
And knight and squire had broke their fast
On rich substantial repast,
Lord Marmion's bugles blew to horse.
Then came the stirrup-cup in course:
Between the baron and his host,
No point of courtesy was lost;
High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,
Solemn excuse the captain made,
Till, filing from the gate, had passed
That noble train, their lord the last.
Then loudly rung the trumpet call;
Thundered the cannon from the wall,
And shook the Scottish shore;

Around the castle eddied slow
Volumes of smoke as white as snow
And hid its turrets hoar,
Till they rolled forth upon the air,
And met the river breezes there,
Which gave again the prospect fair.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

To THE REV. JOHN MARRIOT, A. M.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

THE scenes are desert now and bare,
Where flourished once a forest fair,
When these waste glens with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind.
Yon thorn — perchance whose prickly spears
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green compeers —
Yon lonely thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,
Since he, so gray and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough!
Would he could tell how deep the shade
A thousand mingled branches made;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan to the rock,

And through the foliage showed his head,
With narrow leaves and berries red;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook,
What alders shaded every brook!

'Here, in my shade,' methinks he 'd say,
'The mighty stag at noontide lay;
The wolf I 've seen, a fiercer game, —
The neighboring dingle bears his name, —
With lurching step around me prowl,
And stop, against the moon to howl;
The mountain-boar, on battle set,
His tusks upon my stem would whet;
While doe, and roe, and red-deer good,
Have bounded by through gay greenwood.
Then oft from Newark's riven tower
Sallied a Scottish monarch's power:
A thousand vassals mustered round,
With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound;
And I might see the youth intent
Guard every pass with crossbow bent;
And through the brake the rangers stalk,
And falconers hold the ready hawk;
And foresters, in greenwood trim,
Lead in the leash the gazehounds grim,
Attentive, as the bratchet's bay
From the dark covert drove the prey,
To slip them as he broke away.
The startled quarry bounds amain,
As fast the gallant greyhounds strain;
Whistles the arrow from the bow,
Answers the harquebuss below;

While all the rocking hills reply
To hoof-clang, hound, and hunters' cry,
And bugles ringing lightsomely.'

Of such proud huntings many tales
Yet linger in our lonely dales,
Up pathless Ettrick and on Yarrow,
Where erst the outlaw drew his arrow.
But not more blithe that sylvan court
Than we have been at humbler sport;
Though small our pomp and mean our game,
Our mirth, dear Marriot, was the same.
Remember'st thou my greyhounds true?
O'er holt or hill there never flew,
From slip or leash there never sprang,
More fleet of foot or sure of fang.
Nor dull, between each merry chase,
Passed by the intermitted space;
For we had fair resource in store,
In Classic and in Gothic lore:
We marked each memorable scene,
And held poetic talk between;
Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along,
But had its legend or its song.
All silent now — for now are still
Thy bowers, untenanted Bowhill!
No longer from thy mountains dun
The yeoman hears the well-known gun,
And while his honest heart glows warm
At thought of his paternal farm,
Round to his mates a brimmer fills,
And drinks, 'The Chieftain of the Hills!'
No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers,
Trip o'er the walks or tend the flowers,

Fair as the elves whom Janet saw
By moonlight dance on Carterhaugh;
No youthful Baron 's left to grace
The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chace,
And ape, in manly step and tone,
The majesty of Oberon:
And she is gone whose lovely face
Is but her least and lowest grace;
Though if to Sylphid Queen 't were given
To show our earth the charms of heaven,
She could not glide along the air
With form more light or face more fair.
No more the widow's deafened ear
Grows quick that lady's step to hear:
At noontide she expects her not,
Nor busies her to trim the cot;
Pensive she turns her humming wheel,
Or pensive cooks her orphans' meal,
Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread,
The gentle hand by which they 're fed.

From Yair — which hills so closely bind,
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,
Till all his eddying currents boil —
Her long-descended lord is gone,
And left us by the stream alone.
And much I miss those sportive boys,
Companions of my mountain joys,
Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
Close to my side with what delight
They pressed to hear of Wallace wight,
When, pointing to his airy mound,

I called his ramparts holy ground!
Kindled their brows to hear me speak;
And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,
Despite the difference of our years,
Return again the glow of theirs.
Ah, happy boys! such feelings pure,
They will not, cannot long endure;
Condemned to stem the world's rude tide,
You may not linger by the side;
For Fate shall thrust you from the shore,
And Passion ply the sail and oar.
Yet cherish the remembrance still
Of the lone mountain and the rill;
For trust, dear boys, the time will come,
When fiercer transport shall be dumb,
And you will think right frequently,
But, well I hope, without a sigh,
On the free hours that we have spent
Together on the brown hill's bent.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend, we yet may gain;
There is a pleasure in this pain:
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impressed.
'T is silent amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils;
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment
'Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake:

Thou know'st it well, — nor fen nor sedge
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink,
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where of land yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour:
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point retiring hides a dell
Where swain or woodman lone might dwell.
There 's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids — though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near;
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,
Yet still, beneath the hallowed soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And dying bids his bones be laid
Where erst his simple fathers prayed.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,
And fate had cut my ties to life,
Here have I thought 't were sweet to dwell,
And rear again the chaplain's cell,
Like that same peaceful hermitage,
Where Milton longed to spend his age.
'T were sweet to mark the setting day
On Bourhope's lonely top decay,
And, as it faint and feeble died
On the broad lake and mountain's side,
To say, 'Thus pleasures fade away;
Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn, and gray;'
Then gaze on Dryhope's ruined tower,
And think on Yarrow's faded Flower:
And when that mountain-sound I heard,
Which bids us be for storm prepared,
The distant rustling of his wings,
As up his force the Tempest brings,
'T were sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
To sit upon the Wizard's grave,
That Wizard Priest's whose bones are thrust
From company of holy dust;
On which no sunbeam ever shines —
So superstition's creed divines —
Thence view the lake with sullen roar
Heave her broad billows to the shore;
And mark the wild-swans mount the gale,
Spread wide through mist their snowy sail,
And ever stoop again, to lave
Their bosoms on the surging wave;
Then, when against the driving hail
No longer might my plaid avail,
Back to my lonely home retire,
And light my lamp and trim my fire;

There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
Till the wild tale had all its sway,
And, in the bittern's distant shriek,
I heard unearthly voices speak,
And thought the Wizard Priest was come
To claim again his ancient home!
And bade my busy fancy range,
To frame him fitting shape and strange,
Till from the task my brow I cleared,
And smiled to think that I had feared.

But chief 't were sweet to think such life —
Though but escape from fortune's strife —
Something most matchless good and wise,
A great and grateful sacrifice,
And deem each hour to musing given
A step upon the road to heaven.

Yet him whose heart is ill at ease
Such peaceful solitudes displease;
He loves to drown his bosom's jar
Amid the elemental war:
And my black Palmer's choice had been
Some ruder and more savage scene,
Like that which frowns round dark Loch-skene.
There eagles scream from isle to shore;
Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
O'er the black waves incessant driven,
Dark mists infect the summer heaven;
Through the rude barriers of the lake,
Away its hurrying waters break,
Faster and whiter dash and curl,
Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,

Diving, as if condemned to lave
Some demon's subterranean cave,
Who, prisoned by enchanter's spell,
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.
And well that Palmer's form and mien
Had suited with the stormy scene,
Just on the edge, straining his ken
To view the bottom of the den,
Where, deep deep down, and far within,
Toils with the rocks the roaring linn;
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
White as the snowy charger's tail,
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Marriot, thy harp, on Isis strung,
To many a Border theme has rung:
Then list to me, and thou shalt know
Of this mysterious Man of Woe.

RUINS OF WHITBY ABBEY.

CANTO SECOND.

THE CONVENT.

I.

THE breeze which swept away the smoke
Round Norham Castle rolled,
When all the loud artillery spoke
With lightning-flash and thunder-stroke,
As Marmion left the hold, —

It curled not Tweed alone, that breeze,
For, far upon Northumbrian seas,
  It freshly blew and strong,
Where, from high Whitby's cloistered pile,
Bound to Saint Cuthbert's Holy Isle,
  It bore a bark along.
Upon the gale she stooped her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
  As she were dancing home;
The merry seamen laughed to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
  Furrow the green sea-foam.
Much joyed they in their honored freight;
For on the deck, in chair of state,
The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed,
With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

II.

'T was sweet to see these holy maids,
Like birds escaped to greenwood shades,
  Their first flight from the cage,
How timid, and how curious too,
For all to them was strange and new,
And all the common sights they view
  Their wonderment engage.
One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,
  With many a benedicite;
One at the rippling surge grew pale,
  And would for terror pray,
Then shrieked because the sea-dog nigh
His round black head and sparkling eye
  Reared o'er the foaming spray;
And one would still adjust her veil,
Disordered by the summer gale,

Perchance lest some more worldly eye
Her dedicated charms might spy,
Perchance because such action graced
Her fair-turned arm and slender waist.
Light was each simple bosom there,
Save two, who ill might pleasure share, —
The Abbess and the Novice Clare.

III.

The Abbess was of noble blood,
But early took the veil and hood,
Ere upon life she cast a look,
Or knew the world that she forsook.
Fair too she was, and kind had been
As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
For her a timid lover sigh,
Nor knew the influence of her eye.
Love to her ear was but a name,
Combined with vanity and shame;
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
Bounded within the cloister wall;
The deadliest sin her mind could reach
Was of monastic rule the breach,
And her ambition's highest aim
To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.
For this she gave her ample dower
To raise the convent's eastern tower;
For this, with carving rare and quaint,
She decked the chapel of the saint,
And gave the relic-shrine of cost,
With ivory and gems embossed.
The poor her convent's bounty blest,
The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

IV.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule
Reformed on Benedictine school;
Her cheek was pale, her form was spare;
Vigils and penitence austere
Had early quenched the light of youth:
But gentle was the dame, in sooth;
Though, vain of her religious sway,
She loved to see her maids obey,
Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
And the nuns loved their Abbess well.
Sad was this voyage to the dame;
Summoned to Lindisfarne, she came,
There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old
And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold
A chapter of Saint Benedict,
For inquisition stern and strict
On two apostates from the faith,
And, if need were, to doom to death.

V.

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,
Save this, that she was young and fair;
As yet a novice unprofessed,
Lovely and gentle, but distressed.
She was betrothed to one now dead,
Or worse, who had dishonored fled.
Her kinsmen bade her give her hand
To one who loved her for her land;
Herself, almost heart-broken now,
Was bent to take the vestal vow,
And shroud within Saint Hilda's gloom
Her blasted hopes and withered bloom.

VI.

She sate upon the galley's prow,
And seemed to mark the waves below;
Nay, seemed, so fixed her look and eye,
To count them as they glided by.
She saw them not — 't was seeming all —
Far other scene her thoughts recall, —
A sun-scorched desert, waste and bare,
Nor waves nor breezes murmured there;
There saw she where some careless hand
O'er a dead corpse had heaped the sand,
To hide it till the jackals come
To tear it from the scanty tomb. —
See what a woful look was given,
As she raised up her eyes to heaven!

VII.

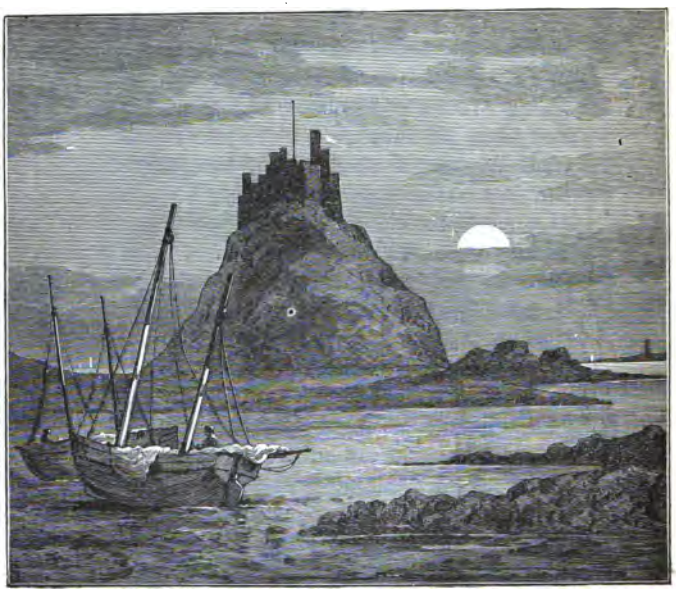
Lovely, and gentle, and distressed —
These charms might tame the fiercest breast:
Harpers have sung and poets told
That he, in fury uncontrolled,
The shaggy monarch of the wood,
Before a virgin, fair and good,
Hath pacified his savage mood.
But passions in the human frame
Oft put the lion's rage to shame;
And jealousy, by dark intrigue,
With sordid avarice in league,
Had practised with their bowl and knife
Against the mourner's harmless life.
This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay
Prisoned in Cuthbert's islet gray.

VIII.

And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland;
Towns, towers, and halls successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
They marked amid her trees the hall
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods;
They passed the tower of Widderington,
Mother of many a valiant son;
At Coquet-isle their beads they tell
To the good saint who owned the cell;
Then did the Alne attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;
And next they crossed themselves to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar
On Dunstanborough's caverned shore;
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there,
King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown;
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reached the Holy Island's bay.

IX.

The tide did now its flood-mark gain,
And girdled in the Saint's domain;
For, with the flow and ebb, its style
Varies from continent to isle:



HOLY ISLAND.

Dry shod, o'er sands, twice every day
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
Twice every day the waves efface
Of staves and sandalled feet the trace.
As to the port the galley flew,
Higher and higher rose to view
The castle with its battled walls,
The ancient monastery's halls,
A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
Placed on the margin of the isle.

X.

In Saxon strength that abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle and shafted stalk
The arcades of an alleyed walk
To emulate in stone.
On the deep walls the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilded in a later style,
Showed where the spoiler's hand had been;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And mouldered in his niche the saint,
And rounded with consuming power
The pointed angles of each tower;
Yet still entire the abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

XI.

Soon as they neared his turrets strong,
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,
And with the sea-wave and the wind
Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,

And made harmonious close;
Then, answering from the sandy shore,
Half-drowned amid the breakers' roar,
According chorus rose:
Down to the haven of the Isle
The monks and nuns in order file
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim;
Banner, and cross, and relics there,
To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare;
And, as they caught the sounds on air,
They echoed back the hymn.
The islanders in joyous mood
Rushed emulously through the flood
To hale the bark to land;
Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
Signing the cross, the Abbess stood,
And blessed them with her hand.

XII.

Suppose we now the welcome said,
Suppose the convent banquet made:
All through the holy dome,
Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,
Wherever vestal maid might pry,
Nor risk to meet unhallowed eye,
The stranger sisters roam;
Till fell the evening damp with dew,
And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,
For there even summer night is chill.
Then, having strayed and gazed their fill,
They closed around the fire;
And all, in turn, essayed to paint
The rival merits of their saint,
A theme that ne'er can tire

A holy maid, for be it known
That their saint's honor is their own.

XIII.

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told
How to their house three barons bold
Must menial service do,
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And monks cry, 'Fie upon your name!
In wrath, for loss of sylvan game,
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew.' —
'This, on Ascension-day, each year,
While laboring on our harbor-pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear.' —
They told how in their convent-cell
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edelfled;
And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone
When holy Hilda prayed;
Themselves, within their holy bound,
Their stony folds had often found.
They told how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
As over Whitby's towers they sail,
And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the saint.

XIV.

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail
To vie with these in holy tale;
His body's resting-place, of old,
How oft their patron changed, they told;

How, when the rude Dane burned their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;
O'er Northern mountain, marsh, and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.
They rested them in fair Melrose;
But though, alive, he loved it well,
Not there his relics might repose;
For, wondrous tale to tell!
In his stone coffin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides
Downward to Tilmouth cell.
Nor long was his abiding there,
For southward did the saint repair;
Chester-le-Street and Ripon saw
His holy corpse ere Wardilaw
Hailed him with joy and fear;
And, after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear.
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His relics are in secret laid;
But none may know the place,
Save of his holiest servants three,
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
Who share that wondrous grace.

XV.

Who may his miracles declare?
Even Scotland's dauntless king and heir —
Although with them they led

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,
And Lodon's knights, all sheathed in mail,
And the bold men of Teviotdale —
  Before his standard fled.
'T was he, to vindicate his reign,
Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,
And turned the Conqueror back again,
When, with his Norman bowyer band,
He came to waste Northumberland.

XVI.

But fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn
If on a rock, by Lindisfarne,
Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name:
Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,
And said they might his shape behold,
And hear his anvil sound;
A deadened clang,—a huge dim form,
Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm
And night were closing round.
But this, as tale of idle fame,
The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

XVII.

While round the fire such legends go,
Far different was the scene of woe
Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
Council was held of life and death.
It was more dark and lone, that vault,
Than the worst dungeon cell;
Old Colwulf built it, for his fault
In penitence to dwell,
When he for cowl and beads laid down
The Saxon battle-axe and crown.
This den, which, chilling every sense
Of feeling, hearing, sight,
Was called the Vault of Penitence,
Excluding air and light,
Was by the prelate Sexhelm made
A place of burial for such dead
As, having died in mortal sin,
Might not be laid the church within.

'T was now a place of punishment;
Whence if so loud a shriek were sent
As reached the upper air,
The hearers blessed themselves, and said
The spirits of the sinful dead
Bemoaned their torments there.

XVIII.

But though, in the monastic pile,
Did of this penitential aisle
Some vague tradition go,
Few only, save the Abbot, knew
Where the place lay, and still more few
Were those who had from him the clew
To that dread vault to go.
Victim and executioner
Were blindfold when transported there.
In low dark rounds the arches hung,
From the rude rock the side-walls sprung;
The gravestones, rudely sculptured o'er,
Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,
Were all the pavement of the floor;
The mildew-drops fell one by one,
With tinkling plash, upon the stone.
A cresset, in an iron chain,
Which served to light this drear domain,
With damp and darkness seemed to strive,
As if it scarce might keep alive;
And yet it dimly served to show
The awful conclave met below.

XIX.

There, met to doom in secrecy,
Were placed the heads of convents three,

All servants of Saint Benedict,
The statutes of whose order strict
On iron table lay;
In long black dress, on seats of stone,
Behind were these three judges shown
By the pale cresset's ray.
The Abbess of Saint Hilda's there
Sat for a space with visage bare,
Until, to hide her bosom's swell,
And tear-drops that for pity fell,
She closely drew her veil;
Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,
By her proud mien and flowing dress,
Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,
And she with awe looks pale;
And he, that ancient man, whose sight
Has long been quenched by age's night,
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone
Nor ruth nor mercy's trace is shown,
Whose look is hard and stern, —
Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style,
For sanctity called through the isle
The Saint of Lindisfarne.

XX.

Before them stood a guilty pair;
But, though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our care.
Her sex a page's dress belied;
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.
Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
And, on her doublet breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.

But, at the prioress' command,
A monk undid the silken band
That tied her tresses fair,
And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread
In ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister professed of Fontevraud,
Whom the Church numbered with the dead,
For broken vows and convent fled.

XXI.

When thus her face was given to view, —
Although so pallid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets glistering fair, —
Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy;
And there she stood so calm and pale
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there;
So still she was, so pale, so fair.

XXII.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,
Such as does murder for a meed;
Who, but of fear, knows no control,
Because his conscience, seared and foul,
Feels not the import of his deed;

One whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires
Beyond his own more brute desires.
Such tools the Tempter ever needs
To do the savagest of deeds;
For them no visioned terrors daunt,
Their nights no fancied spectres haunt;
One fear with them, of all most base,
The fear of death, alone finds place.
This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
And shamed not loud to moan and howl,
His body on the floor to dash,
And crouch, like hound beneath the lash;
While his mute partner, standing near,
Waited her doom without a tear.

XXIII.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
Well might her paleness terror speak!
For there were seen in that dark wall
Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall;—
Who enters at such grisly door
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
In each a slender meal was laid,
Of roots, of water, and of bread;
By each, in Benedictine dress,
Two haggard monks stood motionless,
Who, holding high a blazing torch,
Showed the grim entrance of the porch;
Reflecting back the smoky beam,
The dark-red walls and arches gleam.
Hewn stones and cement were displayed,
And building tools in order laid.

XXIV.

These executioners were chose
As men who were with mankind foes,
And, with despite and envy fired,
Into the cloister had retired,
  Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,
  Strove by deep penance to efface
    Of some foul crime the stain;
  For, as the vassals of her will,
  Such men the Church selected still
  As either joyed in doing ill,
    Or thought more grace to gain
If in her cause they wrestled down
Feelings their nature strove to own.
By strange device were they brought there,
They knew not how, and knew not where.

XXV.

And now that blind old abbot rose,
  To speak the Chapter's doom
On those the wall was to enclose
  Alive within the tomb,
But stopped because that woful maid,
Gathering her powers, to speak essayed;
Twice she essayed, and twice in vain,
Her accents might no utterance gain;
Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
From her convulsed and quivering lip:
  'Twixt each attempt all was so still,
  You seemed to hear a distant rill —
    'T was ocean's swells and falls;

For though this vault of sin and fear
Was to the sounding surge so near,
A tempest there you scarce could hear,
So massive were the walls.

XXVI.

At length, an effort sent apart
The blood that curdled to her heart,
And light came to her eye,
And color dawned upon her cheek,
A hectic and a fluttered streak,
Like that left on the Cheviot peak
By Autumn's stormy sky;
And when her silence broke at length,
Still as she spoke she gathered strength,
And armed herself to bear.
It was a fearful sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy
In form so soft and fair.

XXVII.

'I speak not to implore your grace,
Well know I for one minute's space
Successless might I sue:
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
For if a death of lingering pain
To cleanse my sins be penance vain,
Vain are your masses too. —
I listened to a traitor's tale,
I left the convent and the veil;
For three long years I bowed my pride,
A horse-boy in his train to ride;

And well my folly's meed he gave,
Who forfeited, to be his slave,
All here, and all beyond the grave.
He saw young Clara's face more fair,
He knew her of broad lands the heir,
Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
And Constance was beloved no more.
'T is an old tale, and often told;
But did my fate and wish agree,
Ne'er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true betrayed for gold,
That loved, or was avenged, like me!

XXVIII.

'The king approved his favorite's aim;
In vain a rival barred his claim,
Whose fate with Clare's was plight,
For he attaints that rival's fame
With treason's charge — and on they came
In mortal lists to fight.
Their oaths are said,
Their prayers are prayed,
Their lances in the rest are laid,
They meet in mortal shock;
And hark! the throng, with thundering cry,
Shout "Marmion, Marmion! to the sky,
De Wilton to the block!"
Say, ye who preach Heaven shall decide
When in the lists two champions ride,
Say, was Heaven's justice here?
When, loyal in his love and faith,
Wilton found overthrow or death
Beneath a traitor's spear?

How false the charge, how true he fell,
This guilty packet best can tell.'
Then drew a packet from her breast,
Paused, gathered voice, and spoke the rest.

XXIX.

'Still was false Marmion's bridal stayed;
To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
The hated match to shun.
"Ho! shifts she thus?" King Henry cried,
"Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,
If she were sworn a nun."
One way remained — the king's command
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land;
I lingered here, and rescue planned
For Clara and for me:
This caitiff monk for gold did swear
He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
And by his drugs my rival fair
A saint in heaven should be;
But ill the dastard kept his oath,
Whose cowardice hath undone us both.

XXX.

'And now my tongue the secret tells,
Not that remorse my bosom swells,
But to assure my soul that none
Shall ever wed with Marmion.
Had fortune my last hope betrayed,
This packet, to the king conveyed,
Had given him to the headsman's stroke,
Although my heart that instant broke. —

Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.

XXXI.

'Yet dread me from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again.
Behind, a darker hour ascends!
The altars quake, the crosier bends,
The ire of a despotic king
Rides forth upon destruction's wing;
Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,
Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep;
Some traveller then shall find my bones
Whitening amid disjointed stones,
And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,
Marvel such relics here should be.'

XXXII.

Fixed was her look and stern her air:
Back from her shoulders streamed her hair;
The locks that wont her brow to shade
Stared up erectly from her head;
Her figure seemed to rise more high;
Her voice despair's wild energy
Had given a tone of prophecy.
Appalled the astonished conclave sate;
With stupid eyes, the men of fate

Gazed on the light inspired form,
And listened for the avenging storm;
The judges felt the victim's dread;
No hand was moved, no word was said,
Till thus the abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven:
'Sister, let thy sorrows cease;
Sinful brother, part in peace!'
From that dire dungeon, place of doom,
Of execution too, and tomb,
Paced forth the judges three;
Sorrow it were and shame to tell
The butcher-work that there befell,
When they had glided from the cell
Of sin and misery.

XXXIII.

An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day;
But ere they breathed the fresher air
They heard the shriekings of despair,
And many a stifled groan.
With speed their upward way they take,—
Such speed as age and fear can make,—
And crossed themselves for terror's sake,
As hurrying, tottering on,
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone
They seemed to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,
His beads the wakeful hermit told;

The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couched him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

"The sandy shore" (ii. 199).

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

To WILLIAM ERSKINE, ESQ.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

Like April morning clouds, that pass
With varying shadow o'er the grass,
And imitate on field and furrow
Life's checkered scene of joy and sorrow;
Like streamlet of the mountain north,
Now in a torrent racing forth,
Now winding slow its silver train,
And almost slumbering on the plain;
Like breezes of the autumn day,
Whose voice inconstant dies away,
And ever swells again as fast
When the ear deems its murmur past;
Thus various, my romantic theme
Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream.

Yet pleased, our eye pursues the trace
Of Light and Shade's inconstant race;
Pleased, views the rivulet afar,
Weaving its maze irregular;
And pleased, we listen as the breeze
Heaves its wild sigh through Autumn trees:
Then, wild as cloud, or stream, or gale,
Flow on, flow unconfined, my tale!

Need I to thee, dear Erskine, tell
I love the license all too well,
In sounds now lowly, and now strong,
To raise the desultory song?
Oft, when mid such capricious chime
Some transient fit of loftier rhyme
To thy kind judgment seemed excuse
For many an error of the muse,
Oft hast thou said, 'If, still misspent,
Thine hours to poetry are lent,
Go, and to tame thy wandering course,
Quaff from the fountain at the source;
Approach those masters o'er whose tomb
Immortal laurels ever bloom:
Instructive of the feebler bard,
Still from the grave their voice is heard;
From them, and from the paths they showed,
Choose honored guide and practised road;
Nor ramble on through brake and maze,
With harpers rude of barbarous days.

'Or deem'st thou not our later time
Yields topic meet for classic rhyme?
Hast thou no elegiac verse
For BRUNSWICK'S venerable hearse?

What! not a line, a tear, a sigh,
When valor bleeds for liberty? —
Oh, hero of that glorious time,
When, with unrivalled light sublime, —
Though martial Austria, and though all
The might of Russia, and the Gaul,
Though banded Europe stood her foes —
The star of Brandenburg arose!
Thou couldst not live to see her beam
Forever quenched in Jena's stream.
Lamented chief! — it was not given
To thee to change the doom of Heaven,
And crush that dragon in its birth,
Predestined scourge of guilty earth.
Lamented chief! — not thine the power
To save in that presumptuous hour
When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatched the spear, but left the shield!
Valor and skill 't was thine to try,
And, tried in vain, 't was thine to die.
Ill had it seemed thy silver hair
The last, the bitterest pang to share,
For princedoms reft, and scutcheons riven,
And birthrights to usurpers given;
Thy land's, thy children's wrongs to feel,
And witness woes thou couldst not heal!
On thee relenting Heaven bestows
For honored life an honored close;
And when revolves, in time's sure change,
The hour of Germany's revenge,
When, breathing fury for her sake,
Some new Arminius shall awake,
Her champion, ere he strike, shall come
To whet his sword on BRUNSWICK'S tomb.

'Or of the Red-Cross hero teach,
Dauntless in dungeon as on breach.
Alike to him the sea, the shore,
The brand, the bridle, or the oar:
Alike to him the war that calls
Its votaries to the shattered walls
Which the grim Turk, besmeared with blood,
Against the Invincible made good;
Or that whose thundering voice could wake
The silence of the polar lake,
When stubborn Russ and mettled Swede
On the warped wave their death-game played;
Or that where Vengeance and Affright
Howled round the father of the fight,
Who snatched on Alexandria's sand
The conqueror's wreath with dying hand.

'Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
Restore the ancient tragic line,
And emulate the notes that rung
From the wild harp which silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore
Till twice an hundred years rolled o'er;
When she, the bold Enchantress, came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame,
From the pale willow snatched the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deemed their own Shakespeare lived again.'

Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging
With praises not to me belonging,

In task more meet for mightiest powers
Wouldst thou engage my thriftless hours.
But say, my Erskine, hast thou weighed
That secret power by all obeyed,
Which warps not less the passive mind,
Its source concealed or undefined;
Whether an impulse, that has birth
Soon as the infant wakes on earth,
One with our feelings and our powers,
And rather part of us than ours;
Or whether fitlier termed the sway
Of habit, formed in early day?
Howe'er derived, its force confessed
Rules with despotic sway the breast,
And drags us on by viewless chain,
While taste and reason plead in vain.
Look east, and ask the Belgian why,
Beneath Batavia's sultry sky,
He seeks not eager to inhale
The freshness of the mountain gale,
Content to rear his whitened wall
Beside the dank and dull canal?
He 'll say, from youth he loved to see
The white sail gliding by the tree.
Or see yon weather-beaten hind,
Whose sluggish herds before him wind,
Whose tattered plaid and rugged cheek
His northern clime and kindred speak;
Through England's laughing meads he goes,
And England's wealth around him flows:
Ask if it would content him well,
At ease in those gay plains to dwell,
Where hedge-rows spread a verdant screen,
And spires and forests intervene,
And the neat cottage peeps between?

No ! not for these will he exchange
His dark Lochaber's boundless range,
Not for fair Devon's meads forsake
Ben Nevis gray and Garry's lake.

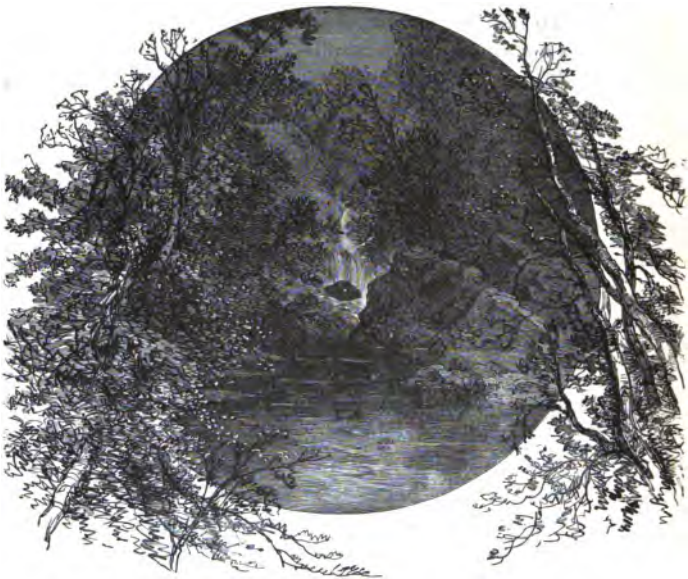
Thus while I ape the measure wild
Of tales that charmed me yet a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time ;
And feelings, roused in life's first day,
Glow in the line and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour.
Though no broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic song,
Though sighed no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale,
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
Claimed homage from a shepherd's reed,
Yet was poetic impulse given
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
It was a barren scene and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled,
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green ;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruined wall.
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its round surveyed ;
And still I thought that shattered tower
The mightiest work of human power,
And marvelled as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitched my mind

Of forayers, who with headlong force
Down from that strength had spurred their horse,
Their southern rapine to renew
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And, home returning, filled the hall
With revel, wassail-rout, and brawl.
Methought that still with trump and clang
The gateway's broken arches rang;
Methought grim features, seamed with scars,
Glared through the window's rusty bars,
And ever, by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lovers' sleights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;
Of patriot battles, won of old
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold;
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When, pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans in headlong sway
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
While stretched at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er,
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war displayed;
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
And still the scattered Southron fled before.

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace
Anew each kind familiar face
That brightened at our evening fire!
From the thatched mansion's gray-haired sire,
Wise without learning, plain and good,
And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood;
Whose eye in age, quick, clear, and keen,
Showed what in youth its glance had been;

Whose doom discording neighbors sought,
Content with equity unbought;
To him the venerable priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest,
Whose life and manners well could paint
Alike the student and the saint,
Alas! whose speech too oft I broke
With gambol rude and timeless joke:
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-willed imp, a grandame's child,
But half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caressed.

From me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask
The classic poet's well-conned task?
Nay, Erskine, nay — on the wild hill
Let the wild heath-bell flourish still;
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,
But freely let the woodbine twine,
And leave untrimmed the eglantine:
Nay, my friend, nay — since oft thy praise
Hath given fresh vigor to my lays,
Since oft thy judgment could refine
My flattened thought or cumbrous line,
Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,
And in the minstrel spare the friend.
Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my tale!



CANTO THIRD.

THE HOSTEL, OR INN.

I.

THE livelong day Lord Marmion rode ;
The mountain path the Palmer showed
By glen and streamlet winded still,
Where stunted birches hid the rill.
They might not choose the lowland road,
For the Merse forayers were abroad,

Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
Had scarcely failed to bar their way.
Oft on the trampling band from crown
Of some tall cliff the deer looked down;
On wing of jet from his repose
In the deep heath the blackcock rose;
Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,
Nor waited for the bending bow;
And when the stony path began
By which the naked peak they wan,
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.
The noon had long been passed before
They gained the height of Lammermoor;
Thence winding down the northern way,
Before them at the close of day
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.

II.

No summons calls them to the tower,
To spend the hospitable hour.
To Scotland's camp the lord was gone;
His cautious dame, in bower alone,
Dreaded her castle to unclose,
So late, to unknown friends or foes.
On through the hamlet as they paced,
Before a porch whose front was graced
With bush and flagon trimly placed,
Lord Marmion drew his rein:
The village inn seemed large, though rude;
Its cheerful fire and hearty food
Might well relieve his train.
Down from their seats the horsemen sprung,
With jingling spurs the court-yard rung;
They bind their horses to the stall,

For forage, food, and firing call,
And various clamor fills the hall:
Weighing the labor with the cost,
Toils everywhere the bustling host.

III.

Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze,
Through the rude hostel might you gaze,
Might see where in dark nook aloof
The rafters of the sooty roof
Bore wealth of winter cheer;
Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,
And gammons of the tusky boar,
And savory haunch of deer.
The chimney arch projected wide;
Above, around it, and beside,
Were tools for housewives' hand;
Nor wanted, in that martial day,
The implements of Scottish fray,
The buckler, lance, and brand.
Beneath its shade, the place of state,
On oaken settle Marmion sate,
And viewed around the blazing hearth
His followers mix in noisy mirth;
Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,
From ancient vessels ranged aside,
Full actively their host supplied.

IV.

Theirs was the glee of martial breast,
And laughter theirs at little jest;
And oft Lord Marmion deigned to aid,
And mingle in the mirth they made;

For though, with men of high degree,
The proudest of the proud was he,
Yet, trained in camps, he knew the art
To win the soldier's hardy heart.
They love a captain to obey,
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May;
With open hand and brow as free,
Lover of wine and minstrelsy;
Ever the first to scale a tower,
As venturous in a lady's bower: —
Such buxom chief shall lead his host
From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

V.

Resting upon his pilgrim staff,
Right opposite the Palmer stood,
His thin dark visage seen but half,
Half hidden by his hood.
Still fixed on Marmion was his look,
Which he, who ill such gaze could brook,
Strove by a frown to quell;
But not for that, though more than once
Full met their stern encountering glance,
The Palmer's visage fell.

VI.

By fits less frequent from the crowd
Was heard the burst of laughter loud;
For still, as squire and archer stared
On that dark face and matted beard,
Their glee and game declined.
All gazed at length in silence drear,
Unbroke save when in comrade's ear
Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,

Thus whispered forth his mind:
'Saint Mary! saw'st thou e'er such sight?
How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,
Whene'er the firebrand's fickle light
Glances beneath his cowl!
Full on our lord he sets his eye;
For his best palfrey would not I
Endure that sullen scowl.'

VII.

But Marmion, as to chase the awe
Which thus had quelled their hearts who saw
The ever-varying firelight show
That figure stern and face of woe,
Now called upon a squire:
'Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay,
To speed the lingering night away?
We slumber by the fire.'

VIII.

'So please you,' thus the youth rejoined,
'Our choicest minstrel 's left behind.
Ill may we hope to please your ear,
Accustomed Constant's strains to hear.
The harp full deftly can he strike,
And wake the lover's lute alike;
To dear Saint Valentine no thrush
Sings livelier from a springtide bush,
No nightingale her lovelorn tune
More sweetly warbles to the moon.
Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,
Detains from us his melody,

"On Lowland plains."

Lavished on rocks and billows stern,
Or duller monks of Lindisfarne.
Now must I venture as I may,
To sing his favorite roundelay.'

IX.

A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had,
The air he chose was wild and sad;
Such have I heard in Scottish land
Rise from the busy harvest band,
When falls before the mountaineer
On Lowland plains the ripened ear.

Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus swells the song:
Oft have I listened and stood still
As it came softened up the hill,
And deemed it the lament of men
Who languished for their native glen,
And thought how sad would be such sound
On Susquehanna's swampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumbered brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles in the strain
Recalled fair Scotland's hills again!

X.

SONG.

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted forever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;

There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted forever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never!

XI.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it, —
Never, O never!

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never!

XII.

It ceased, the melancholy sound,
And silence sunk on all around.
The air was sad; but sadder still
It fell on Marmion's ear,
And plained as if disgrace and ill,
And shameful death, were near.
He drew his mantle past his face,
Between it and the band,
And rested with his head a space
Reclining on his hand.
His thoughts I scan not; but I ween
That, could their import have been seen,
The meanest groom in all the hall,
That e'er tied courser to a stall,
Would scarce have wished to be their prey,
For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

XIII.

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!
Fear for their scourge mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave!
Yet fatal strength they boast to steel
Their minds to bear the wounds they feel,
Even while they writhe beneath the smart
Of civil conflict in the heart.
For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,
And smiling to Fitz-Eustace said:
'Is it not strange that, as ye sung,
Seemed in mine ear a death-peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul?

Say, what may this portend?'
Then first the Palmer silence broke, —
The livelong day he had not spoke, —
'The death of a dear friend.'

XIV.

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye
Ne'er changed in worst extremity,
Marmion, whose soul could scantly brook
Even from his king a haughty look,
Whose accent of command controlled
In camps the boldest of the bold —
Thought, look, and utterance failed him now,
Fallen was his glance and flushed his brow;
For either in the tone,
Or something in the Palmer's look,
So full upon his conscience strook
That answer he found none.
Thus oft it haps that when within
They shrink at sense of secret sin,
A feather daunts the brave;
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,
And proudest princes vail their eyes
Before their meanest slave.

XV.

Well might he falter! — By his aid
Was Constance Beverley betrayed.
Not that he augured of the doom
Which on the living closed the tomb:
But, tired to hear the desperate maid
Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid,

And wroth because in wild despair
She practised on the life of Clare,
Its fugitive the Church he gave,
Though not a victim, but a slave,
And deemed restraint in convent strange
Would hide her wrongs and her revenge.
Himself, proud Henry's favorite peer,
Held Romish thunders idle fear;
Secure his pardon he might hold
For some slight mulct of penance-gold.
Thus judging, he gave secret way
When the stern priests surprised their prey.
His train but deemed the favorite page
Was left behind to spare his age;
Or other if they deemed, none dared
To mutter what he thought and heard:
Woe to the vassal who durst pry
Into Lord Marmion's privacy!

XVI.

His conscience slept — he deemed her well,
And safe secured in distant cell;
But, wakened by her favorite lay,
And that strange Palmer's boding say
That fell so ominous and drear
Full on the object of his fear,
To aid remorse's venomed throes,
Dark tales of convent-vengeance rose;
And Constance, late betrayed and scorned,
All lovely on his soul returned;
Lovely as when at treacherous call
She left her convent's peaceful wall,

Crimsoned with shame, with terror mute,
Dreading alike escape, pursuit,
Till love, victorious o'er alarms,
Hid fears and blushes in his arms.

XVII.

'Alas!' he thought, 'how changed that mien!
How changed these timid looks have been,
Since years of guilt and of disguise
Have steeled her brow and armed her eyes!
No more of virgin terror speaks
The blood that mantles in her cheeks;
Fierce and unfeminine are there,
Frenzy for joy, for grief despair;
And I the cause — for whom were given
Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven! —
Would,' thought he, as the picture grows,
'I on its stalk had left the rose!
Oh, why should man's success remove
The very charms that wake his love? —
Her convent's peaceful solitude
Is now a prison harsh and rude;
And, pent within the narrow cell,
How will her spirit chafe and swell!
How brook the stern monastic laws!
The penance how — and I the cause! —
Vigil and scourge — perchance even worse!' —
And twice he rose to cry, 'To horse!'
And twice his sovereign's mandate came,
Like damp upon a kindling flame;
And twice he thought, 'Gave I not charge
She should be safe, though not at large?
They durst not, for their island, shred
One golden ringlet from her head.'

XVIII.

While thus in Marmion's bosom strove
Repentance and reviving love,
Like whirlwinds whose contending sway

LOCH VENNACHAR.

I 've seen Loch Vennachar obey,
Their host the Palmer's speech had heard,
And talkative took up the word:
'Ay, reverend pilgrim, you who stray
From Scotland's simple land away,
To visit realms afar,
Full often learn the art to know
Of future weal or future woe,
By word, or sign, or star;
Yet might a knight his fortune hear,

If, knight-like, he despises fear,
Not far from hence; — if fathers old
Aright our hamlet legend told.'
These broken words the menials move, —
For marvels still the vulgar love, —
And, Marmion giving license cold,
His tale the host thus gladly told: —

XIX.

THE HOST'S TALE.

'A clerk could tell what years have flown
Since Alexander filled our throne, —
Third monarch of that warlike name, —
And eke the time when here he came
To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord:
A braver never drew a sword;
A wiser never, at the hour
Of midnight, spoke the word of power;
The same whom ancient records call
The founder of the Goblin-Hall.
I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay
Gave you that cavern to survey.
Of lofty roof and ample size,
Beneath the castle deep it lies:
To hew the living rock profound,
The floor to pave, the arch to round,
There never toiled a mortal arm,
It all was wrought by word and charm;
And I have heard my grandsire say
That the wild clamor and affray
Of those dread artisans of hell,
Who labored under Hugo's spell,
Sounded as loud as ocean's war
Among the caverns of Dunbar.

XX.

'The king Lord Gifford's castle sought,
Deep laboring with uncertain thought.
Even then he mustered all his host,
To meet upon the western coast;
For Norse and Danish galleys plied
Their oars within the Firth of Clyde.
There floated Haco's banner trim
Above Norweyan warriors grim,
Savage of heart and large of limb,
Threatening both continent and isle,
Bute, Arran, Cunninghame, and Kyle.
Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,
Heard Alexander's bugle sound,
And tarried not his garb to change,
But, in his wizard habit strange,
Came forth, — a quaint and fearful sight:
His mantle lined with fox-skins white;
His high and wrinkled forehead bore
A pointed cap, such as of yore
Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi wore;
His shoes were marked with cross and spell,
Upon his breast a pentacle;
His zone of virgin parchment thin,
Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,
Bore many a planetary sign,
Combust, and retrograde, and trine;
And in his hand he held prepared
A naked sword without a guard.

XXI.

'Dire dealings with the fiendish race
Had marked strange lines upon his face;

Vigil and fast had worn him grim,
His eyesight dazzled seemed and dim,
As one unused to upper day;
Even his own menials with dismay
Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly sire
In this unwonted wild attire;
Unwonted, for traditions run
He seldom thus beheld the sun.
"I know," he said, — his voice was hoarse,
And broken seemed its hollow force, —
"I know the cause, although untold,
Why the king seeks his vassal's hold:
Vainly from me my liege would know
His kingdom's future weal or woe;
But yet, if strong his arm and heart,
His courage may do more than art.

XXII.

'"Of middle air the demons proud,
Who ride upon the racking cloud,
Can read in fixed or wandering star
The issue of events afar,
But still their sullen aid withhold,
Save when by mightier force controlled.
Such late I summoned to my hall;
And though so potent was the call
That scarce the deepest nook of hell
I deemed a refuge from the spell,
Yet, obstinate in silence still,
The haughty demon mocks my skill.
But thou, — who little know'st thy might
As born upon that blessed night
When yawning graves and dying groan
Proclaimed hell's empire overthrown, —

With untaught valor shalt compel
Response denied to magic spell."
"Gramercy," quoth our monarch free,
"Place him but front to front with me,
And, by this good and honored brand,
The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,
Soothly I swear that, tide what tide,
The demon shall a buffet bide."
His bearing bold the wizard viewed,
And thus, well pleased, his speech renewed:
"There spoke the blood of Malcolm! — mark:
Forth pacing hence at midnight dark,
The rampart seek whose circling crown
Crests the ascent of yonder down:
A southern entrance shalt thou find;
There halt, and there thy bugle wind,
And trust thine elfin foe to see
In guise of thy worst enemy.
Couch then thy lance and spur thy steed —
Upon him! and Saint George to speed!
If he go down, thou soon shalt know
Whate'er these airy sprites can show;
If thy heart fail thee in the strife,
I am no warrant for thy life."

XXIII.

'Soon as the midnight bell did ring,
Alone and armed, forth rode the king
To that old camp's deserted round.
Sir Knight, you well might mark the mound
Left hand the town, — the Pictish race
The trench, long since, in blood did trace;
The moor around is brown and bare,
The space within is green and fair.

The spot our village children know,
For there the earliest wild-flowers grow;
But woe betide the wandering wight
That treads its circle in the night!
The breadth across, a bowshot clear,
Gives ample space for full career;
Opposed to the four points of heaven,
By four deep gaps are entrance given.
The southernmost our monarch passed,
Halted, and blew a gallant blast;
And on the north, within the ring,
Appeared the form of England's king,
Who then, a thousand leagues afar,
In Palestine waged holy war:
Yet arms like England's did he wield;
Alike the leopards in the shield,
Alike his Syrian courser's frame,
The rider's length of limb the same.
Long afterwards did Scotland know
Fell Edward was her deadliest foe.

XXIV.

'The vision made our monarch start,
But soon he manned his noble heart,
And in the first career they ran,
The Elfin Knight fell, horse and man;
Yet did a splinter of his lance
Through Alexander's visor glance,
And razed the skin — a puny wound.
The king, light leaping to the ground,
With naked blade his phantom foe
Compelled the future war to show.
Of Largs he saw the glorious plain,
Where still gigantic bones remain,

Memorial of the Danish war;
Himself he saw, amid the field,
On high his brandished war-axe wield
And strike proud Haco from his car,
While all around the shadowy kings
Denmark's grim ravens cowered their wings.
'T is said that in that awful night
Remoter visions met his sight,
Foreshowing future conquest far,
When our sons' sons wage Northern war;
A royal city, tower and spire,
Reddened the midnight sky with fire,
And shouting crews her navy bore
Triumphant to the victor shore.
Such signs may learned clerks explain,
They pass the wit of simple swain.

XXV.

'The joyful king turned home again,
Headed his host, and quelled the Dane;
But yearly, when returned the night
Of his strange combat with the sprite,
His wound must bleed and smart;
Lord Gifford then would gibing say,
"Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay
The penance of your start."
Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,
King Alexander fills his grave,
Our Lady give him rest!
Yet still the knightly spear and shield
The Elfin Warrior doth wield
Upon the brown hill's breast,
And many a knight hath proved his chance
In the charmed ring to break a lance,

But all have foully sped;
Save two, as legends tell, and they
Were Wallace wight and Gilbert Hay. —
Gentles, my tale is said.'

XXVI.

The quaighs were deep, the liquor strong,
And on the tale the yeoman-throng
Had made a comment sage and long,
But Marmion gave a sign:
And with their lord the squires retire,
The rest around the hostel fire
Their drowsy limbs recline;
For pillow, underneath each head,
The quiver and the targe were laid.
Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,
Oppressed with toil and ale, they snore;
The dying flame, in fitful change,
Threw on the group its shadows strange.

XXVII.

Apart, and nestling in the hay
Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay;
Scarce by the pale moonlight were seen
The foldings of his mantle green:
Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
Of sport by thicket, or by stream,
Of hawk or hound, or ring or glove,
Or, lighter yet, of lady's love.
A cautious tread his slumber broke,
And, close beside him when he woke,
In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,
Stood a tall form with nodding plume;
But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,
His master Marmion's voice he knew:

XXVIII.

'Fitz-Eustace! rise, — I cannot rest;
Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast,
And graver thoughts have chafed my mood;
The air must cool my feverish blood,
And fain would I ride forth to see
The scene of elfin chivalry.
Arise, and saddle me my steed;
And, gentle Eustace, take good heed
Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves;
I would not that the prating knaves
Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,
That I could credit such a tale.'
Then softly down the steps they slid,
Eustace the stable door undid,
And, darkling, Marmion's steed arrayed,
While, whispering, thus the baron said: —

XXIX.

'Didst never, good my youth, hear tell
That on the hour when I was born
Saint George, who graced my sire's chapelle,
Down from his steed of marble fell,
A weary wight forlorn?
The flattering chaplains all agree
The champion left his steed to me.
I would, the omen's truth to show,
That I could meet this elfin foe!
Blithe would I battle for the right
To ask one question at the sprite. —
Vain thought! for elves, if elves there be,
An empty race, by fount or sea

To dashing waters dance and sing,
Or round the green oak wheel their ring.'
Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,
And from the hostel slowly rode.

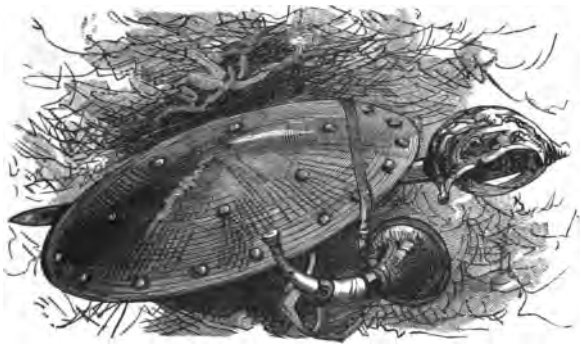
XXX.

Fitz-Eustace followed him abroad,
And marked him pace the village road,
And listened to his horse's tramp,
Till, by the lessening sound,
He judged that of the Pictish camp
Lord Marmion sought the round.
Wonder it seemed, in the squire's eyes,
That one, so wary held and wise, —
Of whom 't was said, he scarce received
For gospel what the Church believed, —
Should, stirred by idle tale,
Ride forth in silence of the night,
As hoping half to meet a sprite,
Arrayed in plate and mail.
For little did Fitz-Eustace know
That passions in contending flow
Unfix the strongest mind;
Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,
We welcome fond credulity,
Guide confident, though blind.

XXXI.

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared,
But patient waited till he heard
At distance, pricked to utmost speed,
The foot-tramp of a flying steed

Come townward rushing on;
First, dead, as if on turf it trode,
Then, clattering on the village road, —
In other pace than forth he yode,
Returned Lord Marmion.
Down hastily he sprung from selle,
And in his haste wellnigh he fell;
To the squire's hand the rein he threw,
And spoke no word as he withdrew:
But yet the moonlight did betray
The falcon-crest was soiled with clay;
And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see,
By stains upon the charger's knee
And his left side, that on the moor
He had not kept his footing sure.
Long musing on these wondrous signs,
At length to rest the squire reclines,
Broken and short; for still between
Would dreams of terror intervene:
Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark
The first notes of the morning lark.



INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH.

To JAMES SKENE, ESQ.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

An ancient Minstrel sagely said,
'Where is the life which late we led?'
That motley clown in Arden wood,
Whom humorous Jaques with envy viewed,
Not even that clown could amplify
On this trite text so long as I.
Eleven years we now may tell
Since we have known each other well,
Since, riding side by side, our hand
First drew the voluntary brand;
And sure, through many a varied scene,
Unkindness never came between.
Away these winged years have flown,
To join the mass of ages gone;

And though deep marked, like all below,
With checkered shades of joy and woe,
Though thou o'er realms and seas hast ranged,
Marked cities lost and empires changed,
While here at home my narrower ken
Somewhat of manners saw and men;
Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears
Fevered the progress of these years,
Yet now, days, weeks, and months but seem
The recollection of a dream,
So still we glide down to the sea
Of fathomless eternity.

Even now it scarcely seems a day
Since first I tuned this idle lay;
A task so often thrown aside,
When leisure graver cares denied,
That now November's dreary gale,
Whose voice inspired my opening tale,
That same November gale once more
Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore.
Their vexed boughs streaming to the sky,
Once more our naked birches sigh,
And Blackhouse heights and Ettrick Pen
Have donned their wintry shrouds again,
And mountain dark and flooded mead
Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed.
Earlier than wont along the sky,
Mixed with the rack, the snow mists fly;
The shepherd who, in summer sun,
Had something of our envy won,
As thou with pencil, I with pen,
The features traced of hill and glen,—
He who, outstretched the livelong day,
At ease among the heath-flowers lay,

Viewed the light clouds with vacant look,
Or slumbered o'er his tattered book,
Or idly busied him to guide
His angle o'er the lessened tide, —
At midnight now the snowy plain
Finds sterner labor for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun
Through heavy vapors dank and dun,
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail and sleeted rain
Against the casement's tinkling pane;
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till, dark above and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine;
Whistling and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:
His flock he gathers and he guides
To open downs and mountain-sides,
Where fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast that whistles o'er the fells
Stiffens his locks to icicles;
Oft he looks back while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star, —
Loses its feeble gleam, — and then

Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale;
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffened swain:
The widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And, close beside him in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirn's loud revelry,
His native hill-notes tuned on high
To Marion of the blithesome eye,
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed?

Changes not so with us, my Skene,
Of human life the varying scene?
Our youthful summer oft we see
Dance by on wings of game and glee,
While the dark storm reserves its rage
Against the winter of our age;
As he, the ancient chief of Troy,
His manhood spent in peace and joy,
But Grecian fires and loud alarms

Called ancient Priam forth to arms.
Then happy those, since each must drain
His share of pleasure, share of pain, —
Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,
To whom the mingled cup is given;
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,
Whose joys are chastened by their grief.
And such a lot, my Skene, was thine,
When thou of late wert doomed to twine —
Just when thy bridal hour was by —
The cypress with the myrtle tie.
Just on thy bride her sire had smiled,
And blessed the union of his child,
When love must change its joyous cheer,
And wipe affection's filial tear.
Nor did the actions next his end
Speak more the father than the friend:
Scarce had lamented Forbes paid
The tribute to his minstrel's shade,
The tale of friendship scarce was told,
Ere the narrator's heart was cold —
Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind!
But not around his honored urn
Shall friends alone and kindred mourn;
The thousand eyes his care had dried
Pour at his name a bitter tide,
And frequent falls the grateful dew
For benefits the world ne'er knew.
If mortal charity dare claim
The Almighty's attributed name,
Inscribe above his mouldering clay,
'The widow's shield, the orphan's stay.'
Nor, though it wake thy sorrow, deem
My verse intrudes on this sad theme,

For sacred was the pen that wrote,
'Thy father's friend forget thou not;'
And grateful title may I plead,
For many a kindly word and deed,
To bring my tribute to his grave: —
'T is little — but 't is all I have.

To thee, perchance, this rambling strain
Recalls our summer walks again;
When, doing nought, — and, to speak true,
Not anxious to find aught to do, —
The wild unbounded hills we ranged,
While oft our talk its topic changed,
And, desultory as our way,
Ranged unconfined from grave to gay.
Even when it flagged, as oft will chance,
No effort made to break its trance,
We could right pleasantly pursue
Our sports in social silence too;
Thou gravely laboring to portray
The blighted oak's fantastic spray,
I spelling o'er with much delight
The legend of that antique knight,
Tirante by name, ycleped the White.
At either's feet a trusty squire,
Pandour and Camp, with eyes of fire,
Jealous each other's motions viewed,
And scarce suppressed their ancient feud.
The laverock whistled from the cloud;
The stream was lively, but not loud;
From the white thorn the May-flower shed
Its dewy fragrance round our head:
Not Ariel lived more merrily
Under the blossomed bough than we.

And blithesome nights, too, have been ours,
When Winter stript the Summer's bowers.
Careless we heard, what now I hear,
The wild blast sighing deep and drear,
When fires were bright and lamps beamed gay,
And ladies tuned the lovely lay,
And he was held a laggard soul
Who shunned to quaff the sparkling bowl.
Then he whose absence we deplore,
Who breathes the gales of Devon's shore,
The longer missed, bewailed the more,
And thou, and I, and dear-loved Rae,
And one whose name I may not say, —
For not mimosa's tender tree
Shrinks sooner from the touch than he, —
In merry chorus well combined,
With laughter drowned the whistling wind.
Mirth was within, and Care without
Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout.
Not but amid the buxom scene
Some grave discourse might intervene —
Of the good horse that bore him best,
His shoulder, hoof, and arching crest;
For, like mad Tom's, our chiefest care
Was horse to ride and weapon wear.
Such nights we 've had; and, though the game
Of manhood be more sober tame,
And though the field-day or the drill
Seem less important now, yet still
Such may we hope to share again.
The sprightly thought inspires my strain!
And mark how, like a horseman true,
Lord Marmion's march I thus renew.

CANTO FOURTH.

THE CAMP.

I.

EUSTACE, I said, did blithely mark
The first notes of the merry lark.
The lark sang shrill, the cock he crew,
And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,
And with their light and lively call
Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.
Whistling they came and free of heart,
But soon their mood was changed;
Complaint was heard on every part
Of something disarranged.
Some clamored loud for armor lost;
Some brawled and wrangled with the host;

'By Becket's bones,' cried one, 'I fear
That some false Scot has stolen my spear!'
Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire,
Found his steed wet with sweat and mire,
Although the rated horseboy sware
Last night he dressed him sleek and fair.
While chafed the impatient squire like thunder,
Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder, —
'Help, gentle Blount! help, comrades all!
Bevis lies dying in his stall;
To Marmion who the plight dare tell
Of the good steed he loves so well?'
Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw
The charger panting on his straw;
Till one, who would seem wisest, cried,
'What else but evil could betide,
With that cursed Palmer for our guide?
Better we had through mire and bush
Been lantern-led by Friar Rush.'

II.

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but guessed,
Nor wholly understood,
His comrades' clamorous plaints suppressed;
He knew Lord Marmion's mood.
Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,
And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,
And did his tale display
Simply, as if he knew of nought
To cause such disarray.
Lord Marmion gave attention cold,
Nor marvelled at the wonders told, —
Passed them as accidents of course,
And bade his clarions sound to horse.

III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost
Had reckoned with their Scottish host;
And, as the charge he cast and paid,
'Ill thou deserv'st thy hire,' he said;
'Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight?
Fairies have ridden him all the night,
And left him in a foam!
I trust that soon a conjuring band,
With English cross and blazing brand,
Shall drive the devils from this land
To their infernal home;
For in this haunted den, I trow,
All night they trampled to and fro.'
The laughing host looked on the hire:
'Gramercy, gentle southern squire,
And if thou com'st among the rest,
With Scottish broadsword to be blest,
Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,
And short the pang to undergo.'
Here stayed their talk, for Marmion
Gave now the signal to set on.
The Palmer showing forth the way,
They journeyed all the morning-day.

IV.

The greensward way was smooth and good,
Through Humbie's and through Saltoun's wood;
A forest glade, which, varying still,
Here gave a view of dale and hill,
There narrower closed till overhead
A vaulted screen the branches made.
'A pleasant path,' Fitz-Eustace said;

'Such as where errant-knights might see
Adventures of high chivalry,
Might meet some damsel flying fast,
With hair unbound and looks aghast;
And smooth and level course were here,
In her defence to break a spear.
Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells;
And oft in such, the story tells,
The damsel kind, from danger freed,
Did grateful pay her champion's meed.'
He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind,
Perchance to show his lore designed;
For Eustace much had pored
Upon a huge romantic tome,
In the hall-window of his home,
Imprinted at the antique dome
Of Caxton or de Worde.
Therefore he spoke, — but spoke in vain,
For Marmion answered nought again.

V.

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill,
In notes prolonged by wood and hill,
Were heard to echo far;
Each ready archer grasped his bow,
But by the flourish soon they know
They breathed no point of war.
Yet cautious, as in foeman's land,
Lord Marmion's order speeds the band
Some opener ground to gain;
And scarce a furlong had they rode,
When thinner trees receding showed
A little woodland plain.

Just in that advantageous glade
The halting troop a line had made,
As forth from the opposing shade
Issued a gallant train.

VI.

First came the trumpets, at whose clang
So late the forest echoes rang;
On prancing steeds they forward pressed,
With scarlet mantle, azure vest;
Each at his trump a banner wore,
Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore:
Heralds and pursuivants, by name
Bute, Islay, Marchmount, Rothsay, came,
In painted tabards, proudly showing
Gules, argent, or, and azure glowing,
Attendant on a king-at-arms,
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held
That feudal strife had often quelled
When wildest its alarms.

VII.

He was a man of middle age,
In aspect manly, grave, and sage,
As on king's errand come;
But in the glances of his eye
A penetrating, keen, and sly
Expression found its home;
The flash of that satiric rage
Which, bursting on the early stage,
Branded the vices of the age,
And broke the keys of Rome.

On milk-white palfrey forth he paced;
His cap of maintenance was graced
With the proud heron-plume.
From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast,
Silk housings swept the ground,
With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,
Embroidered round and round.
The double tressure might you see,
First by Achaius borne,
The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,
And gallant unicorn.
So bright the king's armorial coat
That scarce the dazzled eye could note,
In living colors blazoned brave,
The Lion, which his title gave;
A train, which well beseemed his state,
But all unarmed, around him wait.
Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms,
Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King-at-arms!

VIII.

Down from his horse did Marmion spring
Soon as he saw the Lion-King;
For well the stately baron knew
To him such courtesy was due
Whom royal James himself had crowned,
And on his temples placed the round
Of Scotland's ancient diadem,
And wet his brow with hallowed wine,
And on his finger given to shine
The emblematic gem.
Their mutual greetings duly made,
The Lion thus his message said:—

'Though Scotland's King hath deeply swore
Ne'er to knit faith with Henry more,
And strictly hath forbid resort
From England to his royal court,
Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name
And honors much his warlike fame,
My liege hath deemed it shame and lack
Of courtesy to turn him back;
And by his order I, your guide,
Must lodging fit and fair provide
Till finds King James meet time to see
The flower of English chivalry.'

IX.

Though inly chafed at this delay,
Lord Marmion bears it as he may.
The Palmer, his mysterious guide,
Beholding thus his place supplied,
Sought to take leave in vain;
Strict was the Lion-King's command
That none who rode in Marmion's band
Should sever from the train.
'England has here enow of spies
In Lady Heron's witching eyes:'
To Marchmount thus apart he said,
But fair pretext to Marmion made.
The right-hand path they now decline,
And trace against the stream the Tyne.

X.

At length up that wild dale they wind,
Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank;
For there the Lion's care assigned
A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.

CRICHTOUN CASTLE.

That castle rises on the steep
  Of the green vale of Tyne;
And far beneath, where slow they creep
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist and willows weep,
  You hear her streams repine.
The towers in different ages rose,
Their various architecture shows
  The builders' various hands;
A mighty mass, that could oppose,
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
  The vengeful Douglas bands.

XI.

Crichtoun! though now thy miry court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rude and tottered keep
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
Oft have I traced, within thy fort,
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
Scutcheons of honor or pretence,
Quartered in old armorial sort,
Remains of rude magnificence.
Nor wholly yet hath time defaced
Thy lordly gallery fair,
Nor yet the stony cord unbraced
Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,
Adorn thy ruined stair.
Still rises unimpaired below
The court-yard's graceful portico;
Above its cornice, row and row
Of fair hewn facets richly show
Their pointed diamond form,
Though there but houseless cattle go,
To shield them from the storm.
And, shuddering, still may we explore,
Where oft whilom were captives pent,
The darkness of thy Massy More,
Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,
May trace in undulating line
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

XII.

Another aspect Crichtoun showed
As through its portal Marmion rode;
But yet 't was melancholy state
Received him at the outer gate,

For none were in the castle then
But women, boys, or aged men.
With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame
To welcome noble Marmion came;
Her son, a stripling twelve years old,
Proffered the baron's rein to hold;
For each man that could draw a sword
Had marched that morning with their lord,
Earl Adam Hepburn, — he who died
On Flodden by his sovereign's side.
Long may his lady look in vain!
She ne'er shall see his gallant train
Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-Dean.
'T was a brave race before the name
Of hated Bothwell stained their fame.

XIII.

And here two days did Marmion rest,
With every right that honor claims,
Attended as the king's own guest; —
Such the command of Royal James,
Who marshalled then his land's array,
Upon the Borough-moor that lay.
Perchance he would not foeman's eye
Upon his gathering host should pry,
Till full prepared was every band
To march against the English land.
Here while they dwelt, did Lindesay's wit
Oft cheer the baron's moodier fit;
And, in his turn, he knew to prize
Lord Marmion's powerful mind and wise, —
Trained in the lore of Rome and Greece,
And policies of war and peace.

XIV.

It chanced, as fell the second night,
That on the battlements they walked,
And by the slowly fading light
Of varying topics talked;
And, unaware, the herald-bard
Said Marmion might his toil have spared
In travelling so far,
For that a messenger from heaven
In vain to James had counsel given
Against the English war;
And, closer questioned, thus he told
A tale which chronicles of old
In Scottish story have enrolled: —

XV.

SIR DAVID LINDESAY'S TALE.

'Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling
In Scotland, far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park, in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay!
The wild buck bells from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake,
The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see all nature gay.
But June is to our sovereign dear
The heaviest month in all the year;
Too well his cause of grief you know,
June saw his father's overthrow.

LINLITHGOW PALACE.

Woe to the traitors who could bring
The princely boy against his king!
Still in his conscience burns the sting.
In offices as strict as Lent
King James's June is ever spent.

XVI.

'When last this ruthful month was come,
And in Linlithgow's holy dome
The king, as wont, was praying;
While for his royal father's soul
The chanters sung, the bells did toll,

The bishop mass was saying —
For now the year brought round again
The day the luckless king was slain —
In Catherine's aisle the monarch knelt,
With sackcloth shirt and iron belt,
And eyes with sorrow streaming;
Around him in their stalls of state
The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,
Their banners o'er them beaming.
I too was there, and, sooth to tell,
Bedeafened with the jangling knell,
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,
Through the stained casement gleaming;
But while I marked what next befell
It seemed as I were dreaming.
Stepped from the crowd a ghostly wight,
In azure gown, with cincture white;
His forehead bald, his head was bare,
Down hung at length his yellow hair. —
Now, mock me not when, good my lord,
I pledge to you my knightly word
That when I saw his placid grace,
His simple majesty of face.
His solemn bearing, and his pace
So stately gliding on, —
Seemed to me ne'er did limner paint
So just an image of the saint
Who propped the Virgin in her faint,
The loved Apostle John!

XVII.

'He stepped before the monarch's chair,
And stood with rustic plainness there,

And little reverence made;
Nor head, nor body, bowed, nor bent,
But on the desk his arm he leant,
And words like these he said,
In a low voice, — but never tone
So thrilled through vein, and nerve, and bone: —
"My mother sent me from afar,
Sir King, to warn thee not to war, —
Woe waits on thine array;
If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
James Stuart, doubly warned, beware:
God keep thee as he may!" —
The wondering monarch seemed to seek
For answer, and found none;
And when he raised his head to speak,
The monitor was gone.
The marshal and myself had cast
To stop him as he outward passed;
But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,
He vanished from our eyes,
Like sunbeam on the billow cast,
That glances but, and dies.'

XVIII.

While Lindesay told his marvel strange
The twilight was so pale,
He marked not Marmion's color change
While listening to the tale;
But, after a suspended pause,
The baron spoke: 'Of Nature's laws
So strong I held the force,
That never superhuman cause
Could e'er control their course,

And, three days since, had judged your aim
Was but to make your guest your game;
But I have seen, since past the Tweed,
What much has changed my sceptic creed,
And made me credit aught.' — He stayed,
And seemed to wish his words unsaid,
But, by that strong emotion pressed
Which prompts us to unload our breast
Even when discovery 's pain,
To Lindesay did at length unfold
The tale his village host had told,
At Gifford, to his train.
Nought of the Palmer says he there,
And nought of Constance or of Clare;
The thoughts which broke his sleep he seems
To mention but as feverish dreams.

XIX.

'In vain,' said he, 'to rest I spread
My burning limbs, and couched my head;
Fantastic thoughts returned,
And, by their wild dominion led,
My heart within me burned.
So sore was the delirious goad,
I took my steed and forth I rode,
And, as the moon shone bright and cold,
Soon reached the camp upon the wold.
The southern entrance I passed through,
And halted, and my bugle blew.
Methought an answer met my ear, —
Yet was the blast so low and drear,
So hollow, and so faintly blown,
It might be echo of my own.

XX.

'Thus judging, for a little space
I listened ere I left the place,
But scarce could trust my eyes,
Nor yet can think they serve me true,
When sudden in the ring I view,
In form distinct of shape and hue,
A mounted champion rise. —
I 've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,
In single fight and mixed affray,
And ever, I myself may say,
Have borne me as a knight;
But when this unexpected foe
Seemed starting from the gulf below, —
I care not though the truth I show, —
I trembled with affright;
And as I placed in rest my spear,
My hand so shook for very fear,
I scarce could couch it right.

XXI.

'Why need my tongue the issue tell?
We ran our course, — my charger fell; —
What could he 'gainst the shock of hell?
I rolled upon the plain.
High o'er my head with threatening hand
The spectre shook his naked brand, —
Yet did the worst remain:
My dazzled eyes I upward cast, —
Not opening hell itself could blast
Their sight like what I saw!
Full on his face the moonbeam strook! —
A face could never be mistook!

I knew the stern vindictive look,
And held my breath for awe.
I saw the face of one who, fled
To foreign climes, has long been dead, —
I well believe the last;
For ne'er from visor raised did stare
A human warrior with a glare
So grimly and so ghast.
Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade;
But when to good Saint George I prayed, —
The first time e'er I asked his aid, —
He plunged it in the sheath,
And, on his courser mounting light,
He seemed to vanish from my sight:
The moonbeam drooped, and deepest night
Sunk down upon the heath. —
'T were long to tell what cause I have
To know his face that met me there,
Called by his hatred from the grave
To cumber upper air;
Dead or alive, good cause had he
To be my mortal enemy.'

XXII.

Marvelled Sir David of the Mount;
Then, learned in story, gan recount
Such chance had happed of old,
When once, near Norham, there did fight
A spectre fell of fiendish might,
In likeness of a Scottish knight,
With Brian Bulmer bold,
And trained him nigh to disallow
The aid of his baptismal vow.
'And such a phantom, too, 't is said,
With Highland broadsword, targe, and plaid,

And fingers red with gore,
Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,
Or where the sable pine-trees shade
Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnaslaid,
Dromouchty, or Glenmore.
And yet, whate'er such legends say
Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,
On mountain, moor, or plain,
Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,
True son of chivalry should hold
These midnight terrors vain;
For seldom have such spirits power
To harm, save in the evil hour
When guilt we meditate within
Or harbor unrepented sin.' —
Lord Marmion turned him half aside,
And twice to clear his voice he tried,
Then pressed Sir David's hand, —
But nought, at length, in answer said;
And here their further converse stayed,
Each ordering that his band
Should bowne them with the rising day,
To Scotland's camp to take their way, —
Such was the king's command.

XXIII.

Early they took Dun-Edin's road,
And I could trace each step they trode;
Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,
Lies on the path to me unknown.
Much might it boast of storied lore;
But, passing such digression o'er,
Suffice it that their route was laid
Across the furzy hills of Braid.

They passed the glen and scanty rill,
And climbed the opposing bank, until
They gained the top of Blackford Hill.

XXIV.

Blackford ! on whose uncultured breast,
Among the broom and thorn and whin,
A truant-boy, I sought the nest,
Or listed, as I lay at rest,
While rose on breezes thin
The murmur of the city crowd,
And, from his steeple jangling loud,
Saint Giles's mingling din.
Now, from the summit to the plain,
Waves all the hill with yellow grain ;
And o'er the landscape as I look,
Nought do I see unchanged remain,
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.
To me they make a heavy moan
Of early friendships past and gone.

XXV.

But different far the change has been,
Since Marmion from the crown
Of Blackford saw that martial scene
Upon the bent so brown :
Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Spread all the Borough-moor below,
Upland, and dale, and down.
A thousand did I say? I ween,
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That checkered all the heath between
The streamlet and the town,

In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular;
Oft giving way where still there stood
Some relics of the old oak wood,
That darkly huge did intervene
And tamed the glaring white with green:
In these extended lines there lay
A martial kingdom's vast array.

XXVI.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
And from the southern Redswire edge
To furthest Rosse's rocky ledge,
From west to east, from south to north,
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come, —
The horses' tramp and tinkling clank,
Where chiefs reviewed their vassal rank,
And charger's shrilling neigh, —
And see the shifting lines advance,
While frequent flashed from shield and lance
The sun's reflected ray.

XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of failing smoke declare
To embers now the brands decayed,
Where the night-watch their fires had made.
They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
And dire artillery's clumsy car,
By sluggish oxen tugged to war;

And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,
And culverins which France had given.
Ill-omened gift! the guns remain
The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

XXVIII.

Nor marked they less where in the air
A thousand streamers flaunted fair;
Various in shape, device, and hue,
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and square,
Scroll, pennon, pencil, bandrol, there
O'er the pavilions flew.
Highest and midmost, was descried
The royal banner floating wide;
The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight,
Pitched deeply in a massive stone,
Which still in memory is shown,
Yet bent beneath the standard's weight,
Whene'er the western wind unrolled
With toil the huge and cumbrous fold,
And gave to view the dazzling field,
Where in proud Scotland's royal shield
The ruddy lion ramped in gold.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion viewed the landscape bright, —
He viewed it with a chief's delight, —
Until within him burned his heart,
And lightning from his eye did part,
As on the battle-day;
Such glance did falcon never dart
When stooping on his prey.

'Oh! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,
Thy king from warfare to dissuade
Were but a vain essay;
For, by Saint George, were that host mine,
Not power infernal nor divine
Should once to peace my soul incline,
Till I had dimmed their armor's shine
In glorious battle-fray!'
Answered the bard, of milder mood:
'Fair is the sight, — and yet 't were good
That kings would think withal,
When peace and wealth their land has blessed,
'T is better to sit still at rest
Than rise, perchance to fall.'

XXX.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendor red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!

But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleamed a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw,
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law;
And, broad between them rolled,
The gallant Firth the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle hand,
And making demi-volt in air,
Cried, 'Where 's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land!'
The Lindesay smiled his joy to see,
Nor Marmion's frown repressed his glee.

XXXI.

Thus while they looked, a flourish proud,
Where mingled trump, and clarion loud,
And fife, and kettle-drum,
And sackbut deep, and psaltery,
And war-pipe with discordant cry,
And cymbal clattering to the sky,
Making wild music bold and high,
Did up the mountain come;
The whilst the bells with distant chime
Merrily tolled the hour of prime,
And thus the Lindesay spoke:
'Thus clamor still the war-notes when
The king to mass his way has ta'en,

Or to Saint Catherine's of Sienne,
  Or Chapel of Saint Rocque.
To you they speak of martial fame,
But me remind of peaceful game,
  When blither was their cheer,
Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air,
In signal none his steed should spare,
But strive which foremost might repair
  To the downfall of the deer.

XXXII.

'Nor less,' he said, 'when looking forth
I view yon Empress of the North
  Sit on her hilly throne,
Her palace's imperial bowers,
Her castle, proof to hostile powers,
Her stately halls and holy towers —
  Nor less,' he said, 'I moan
To think what woe mischance may bring,
And how these merry bells may ring
The death-dirge of our gallant king,
  Or with their larum call
The burghers forth to watch and ward,
'Gainst Southern sack and fires to guard
  Dun-Edin's leaguered wall. —
But not for my presaging thought,
Dream conquest sure or cheaply bought!
  Lord Marmion, I say nay:
God is the guider of the field,
He breaks the champion's spear and shield, —
  But thou thyself shalt say,
When joins yon host in deadly stowre,
That England's dames must weep in bower,
  Her monks the death-mass sing;

For never saw'st thou such a power
Led on by such a king.'
And now, down winding to the plain,
The barriers of the camp they gain,
And there they made a stay. —
There stays the Minstrel, till he fling
His hand o'er every Border string,
And fit his harp the pomp to sing
Of Scotland's ancient court and king,
In the succeeding lay.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.

To GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.

Edinburgh.

WHEN dark December glooms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away;
When short and scant the sunbeam throws
Upon the weary waste of snows
A cold and profitless regard,
Like patron on a needy bard;
When sylvan occupation 's done,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,
And hang in idle trophy near,
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear;
When wiry terrier, rough and grim,
And greyhound, with his length of limb,
And pointer, now employed no more,
Cumber our parlor's narrow floor;
When in his stall the impatient steed
Is long condemned to rest and feed;

When from our snow-encircled home
Scarce cares the hardiest step to roam,
Since path is none, save that to bring
The needful water from the spring;
When wrinkled news-page, thrice conned o'er,
Beguiles the dreary hour no more,
And darkling politician, crossed,
Inveighs against the lingering post,
And answering housewife sore complains
Of carriers' snow-impeded wains;—
When such the country-cheer, I come
Well pleased to seek our city home;
For converse and for books to change
The Forest's melancholy range,
And welcome with renewed delight
The busy day and social night.

Not here need my desponding rhyme
Lament the ravages of time,
As erst by Newark's riven towers,
And Ettrick stripped of forest bowers.
True, Caledonia's Queen is changed
Since on her dusky summit ranged,
Within its steepy limits pent
By bulwark, line, and battlement,
And flanking towers, and laky flood,
Guarded and garrisoned she stood,
Denying entrance or resort
Save at each tall embattled port,
Above whose arch, suspended, hung
Portcullis spiked with iron prong.
That long is gone,—but not so long
Since, early closed and opening late,
Jealous revolved the studded gate,

Whose task, from eve to morning tide,
A wicket churlishly supplied.
Stern then and steel-girt was thy brow,
Dun-Edin ! Oh, how altered now,
When safe amid thy mountain court
Thou sitt'st, like empress at her sport,
And liberal, unconfined, and free,
Flinging thy white arms to the sea,
For thy dark cloud, with umbered lower,
That hung o'er cliff and lake and tower,
Thou gleam'st against the western ray
Ten thousand lines of brighter day !

Not she, the championess of old,
In Spenser's magic tale enrolled,
She for the charmed spear renowned,
Which forced each knight to kiss the ground, —
Not she more changed, when, placed at rest,
What time she was Malbecco's guest,
She gave to flow her maiden vest ;
When, from the corselet's grasp relieved,
Free to the sight her bosom heaved :
Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile,
Erst hidden by the aventayle,
And down her shoulders graceful rolled
Her locks profuse of paly gold.
They who whilom in midnight fight
Had marvelled at her matchless might,
No less her maiden charms approved,
But looking liked, and liking loved.
The sight could jealous pangs beguile,
And charm Malbecco's cares awhile ;
And he, the wandering Squire of Dames,
Forgot his Columbella's claims,

And passion, erst unknown, could gain
The breast of blunt Sir Satyrane;
Nor durst light Paridell advance,
Bold as he was, a looser glance.
She charmed, at once, and tamed the heart,
Incomparable Britomart!

So thou, fair City! disarrayed
Of battled wall and rampart's aid,
As stately seem'st, but lovelier far
Than in that panoply of war.
Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne
Strength and security are flown;
Still as of yore, Queen of the North!
Still canst thou send thy children forth.
Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call
Thy burghers rose to man thy wall
Than now, in danger, shall be thine,
Thy dauntless voluntary line;
For fosse and turret proud to stand,
Their breasts the bulwarks of the land.
Thy thousands, trained to martial toil,
Full red would stain their native soil,
Ere from thy mural crown there fell
The slightest knosp or pinnacle.
And if it come, as come it may,
Dun-Edin! that eventful day,
Renowned for hospitable deed,
That virtue much with Heaven may plead,
In patriarchal times whose care
Descending angels deigned to share;
That claim may wrestle blessings down
On those who fight for the Good Town,
Destined in every age to be
Refuge of injured royalty;

Since first, when conquering York arose,
To Henry meek she gave repose,
Till late, with wonder, grief, and awe,
Great Bourbon's relics sad she saw.

Truce to these thoughts! — for, as they rise,
How gladly I avert mine eyes,
Bodings, or true or false, to change
For Fiction's fair romantic range,
Or for Tradition's dubious light,
That hovers 'twixt the day and night:
Dazzling alternately and dim,
Her wavering lamp I 'd rather trim,
Knights, squires, and lovely dames to see,
Creation of my fantasy,
Than gaze abroad on reeky fen,
And make of mists invading men. —
Who loves not more the night of June
Than dull December's gloomy noon?
The moonlight than the fog of frost?
And can we say which cheats the most?

But who shall teach my harp to gain
A sound of the romantic strain
Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere
Could win the royal Henry's ear,
Famed Beauclerk called, for that he loved
The minstrel and his lay approved?
Who shall these lingering notes redeem,
Decaying on Oblivion's stream;
Such notes as from the Breton tongue
Marie translated, Blondel sung? —
Oh! born Time's ravage to repair,
And make the dying Muse thy care;

Who, when his scythe her hoary foe
Was poising for the final blow,
The weapon from his hand could wring,
And break his glass and shear his wing,
And bid, reviving in his strain,
The gentle poet live again;
Thou, who canst give to lightest lay
An unpedantic moral gay,
Nor less the dullest theme bid flit
On wings of unexpected wit;
In letters as in life approved,
Example honored and beloved, —
Dear ELLIS! to the bard impart
A lesson of thy magic art,
To win at once the head and heart, —
At once to charm, instruct, and mend,
My guide, my pattern, and my friend!

Such minstrel lesson to bestow
Be long thy pleasing task, — but, oh!
No more by thy example teach
What few can practise, all can preach, —
With even patience to endure
Lingering disease and painful cure,
And boast affliction's pangs subdued
By mild and manly fortitude.
Enough, the lesson has been given:
Forbid the repetition, Heaven!

Come listen, then! for thou hast known
And loved the Minstrel's varying tone,
Who, like his Border sires of old,
Waked a wild measure rude and bold,
Till Windsor's oaks and Ascot plain
With wonder heard the Northern strain.

Come listen ! bold in thy applause,
The bard shall scorn pedantic laws ;
And, as the ancient art could stain
Achievements on the storied pane,
Irregularly traced and planned,
But yet so glowing and so grand,
So shall he strive, in changeful hue,
Field, feast, and combat to renew,
And loves, and arms, and harpers' glee,
And all the pomp of chivalry.

DUN-EDIN.

CANTO FIFTH.

THE COURT.

I.

THE train has left the hills of Braid;
The barrier guard have open made —
So Lindesay bade — the palisade
That closed the tented ground;
Their men the warders backward drew,
And carried pikes as they rode through
Into its ample bound.
Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,

Upon the Southern band to stare,
And envy with their wonder rose,
To see such well-appointed foes;
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,
So huge that many simply thought
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought,
And little deemed their force to feel
Through links of mail and plates of steel
When, rattling upon Flodden vale,
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

II.

Nor less did Marmion's skilful view
Glance every line and squadron through,
And much he marvelled one small land
Could marshal forth such various band;
For men-at-arms were here,
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,
Like iron towers for strength and weight,
On Flemish steeds of bone and height,
With battle-axe and spear.
Young knights and squires, a lighter train,
Practised their chargers on the plain,
By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,
Each warlike feat to show,
To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,
And high curvet, that not in vain
The sword-sway might descend amain
On foeman's casque below.
He saw the hardy burghers there
March armed on foot with faces bare,
For visor they wore none,
Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight;
But burnished were their corselets bright,
Their brigantines and gorgets light

Like very silver shone.
Long pikes they had for standing fight,
Two-handed swords they wore,
And many wielded mace of weight,
And bucklers bright they bore.

III.

On foot the yeoman too, but dressed
In his steel-jack, a swarthy vest,
With iron quilted well;
Each at his back — a slender store —
His forty days' provision bore,
As feudal statutes toil.
His arms were halbert, axe, or spear,
A crossbow there, a hagbut here,
A dagger-knife, and brand.
Sober he seemed and sad of cheer,
As loath to leave his cottage dear
And march to foreign strand,
Or musing who would guide his steer
To till the fallow land.
Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye
Did aught of dastard terror lie;
More dreadful far his ire
Than theirs who, scorning danger's name,
In eager mood to battle came,
Their valor like light straw on flame,
A fierce but fading fire.

IV.

Not so the Borderer: — bred to war,
He knew the battle's din afar,
And joyed to hear it swell.

His peaceful day was slothful ease;
Nor harp nor pipe his ear could please
Like the loud slogan yell.
On active steed, with lance and blade,
The light-armed pricker plied his trade, —
Let nobles fight for fame;
Let vassals follow where they lead,
Burghers, to guard their townships, bleed,
But war 's the Borderers' game.
Their gain, their glory, their delight,
To sleep the day, maraud the night,
O'er mountain, moss, and moor;
Joyful to fight they took their way,
Scarce caring who might win the day,
Their booty was secure.
These, as Lord Marmion's train passed by,
Looked on at first with careless eye,
Nor marvelled aught, well taught to know
The form and force of English bow.
But when they saw the lord arrayed
In splendid arms and rich brocade,
Each Borderer to his kinsman said, —
'Hist, Ringan! seest thou there!
Canst guess which road they 'll homeward ride?
Oh! could we but on Border side,
By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide,
Beset a prize so fair!
That fangless Lion, too, their guide,
Might chance to lose his glistering hide;
Brown Maudlin of that doublet pied
Could make a kirtle rare.'

V.

Next, Marmion marked the Celtic race,
Of different language, form, and face,

A various race of man;
Just then the chiefs their tribes arrayed,
And wild and garish semblance made
The checkered trews and belted plaid,
And varying notes the war-pipes brayed
To every varying clan.
Wild through their red or sable hair
Looked out their eyes with savage stare
On Marmion as he passed;
Their legs above the knee were bare;
Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,

And hardened to the blast;
Of taller race, the chiefs they own
Were by the eagle's plumage known.

The hunted red-deer's undressed hide
Their hairy buskins well supplied;
The graceful bonnet decked their head;
Back from their shoulders hung the plaid;
A broadsword of unwieldy length,
A dagger proved for edge and strength,
A studded targe they wore,
And quivers, bows, and shafts, — but, oh!
Short was the shaft and weak the bow
To that which England bore.
The Isles-men carried at their backs
The ancient Danish battle-axe.
They raised a wild and wondering cry,
As with his guide rode Marmion by.
Loud were their clamoring tongues, as when
The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen,
And, with their cries discordant mixed,
Grumbled and yelled the pipes betwixt.

VI.

Thus through the Scottish camp they passed,
And reached the city gate at last,
Where all around, a wakeful guard,
Armed burghers kept their watch and ward.
Well had they cause of jealous fear,
When lay encamped in field so near
The Borderer and the Mountaineer.
As through the bustling streets they go,
All was alive with martial show;
At every turn with dinning clang
The armorer's anvil clashed and rang,
Or toiled the swarthy smith to wheel
The bar that arms the charger's heel,
Or axe or falchion to the side
Of jarring grindstone was applied.

Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,
Through street and lane and market-place,
  Bore lance or casque or sword;
While burghers, with important face,
  Described each new-come lord,
Discussed his lineage, told his name,
His following, and his warlike fame.
The Lion led to lodging meet,
Which high o'erlooked the crowded street;
  There must the baron rest
Till past the hour of vesper tide,
And then to Holy-Rood must ride, —
  Such was the king's behest.
Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns
A banquet rich and costly wines
  To Marmion and his train;
And when the appointed hour succeeds,
The baron dons his peaceful weeds,
And following Lindesay as he leads,
  The palace halls they gain.

VII.

Old Holy-Rood rung merrily
That night with wassail, mirth, and glee:
King James within her princely bower
Feasted the chiefs of Scotland's power,
Summoned to spend the parting hour;
For he had charged that his array
Should southward march by break of day.
Well loved that splendid monarch aye
  The banquet and the song,
By day the tourney, and by night
The merry dance, traced fast and light,
The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,
  The revel loud and long.

HOLYROOD PALACE.

This feast outshone his banquets past;
It was his blithest — and his last.
The dazzling lamps from gallery gay
Cast on the court a dancing ray;
Here to the harp did minstrels sing,
There ladies touched a softer string;
With long-eared cap and motley vest,
The licensed fool retailed his jest;
His magic tricks the juggler plied;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;
While some, in close recess apart,
Courted the ladies of their heart,

Nor courted them in vain;
For often in the parting hour
Victorious Love asserts his power
O'er coldness and disdain;
And flinty is her heart can view
To battle march a lover true —
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
Nor own her share of pain.

VIII.

Through this mixed crowd of glee and game
The king to greet Lord Marmion came,
While, reverent, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,
Although, his courtesy to show,
He doffed to Marmion bending low
His broidered cap and plume.
For royal were his garb and mien:
His cloak of crimson velvet piled,
Trimmed with the fur of marten wild,
His vest of changeful satin sheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,
The thistle brave of old renown;
His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a baldric bright;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was buttoned with a ruby rare:
And Marmion deemed he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.

IX.

The monarch's form was middle size,
For feat of strength or exercise
  Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye
  His short curled beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
  And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And, oh! he had that merry glance
  That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue,—
Suit lightly won and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
  I said he joyed in banquet bower;
But, mid his mirth, 't was often strange
How suddenly his cheer would change,
  His look o'ercast and lower,
If in a sudden turn he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance pain,
In memory of his father slain.
Even so 't was strange how evermore,
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
Forward he rushed with double glee
Into the stream of revelry.
Thus dim-seen object of affright
Startles the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside,
But feels the quickening spur applied,
And, straining on the tightened rein,
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

X.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway;
To Scotland's court she came
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,
And with the king to make accord
Had sent his lovely dame.
Nor to that lady free alone
Did the gay king allegiance own;
For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquoise ring and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance,
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
And march three miles on Southron land,
And bid the banners of his band
In English breezes dance.
And thus for France's queen he drest
His manly limbs in mailed vest,
And thus admitted English fair
His inmost councils still to share,
And thus for both he madly planned
The ruin of himself and land!
And yet, the sooth to tell,
Nor England's fair nor France's queen
Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,
From Margaret's eyes that fell, —
His own Queen Margaret, who in Lithgow's bower
All lonely sat and wept the weary hour.

XI.

The queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
And weeps the weary day

The war against her native soil,
Her monarch's risk in battle broil, —
And in gay Holy-Rood the while
Dame Heron rises with a smile
Upon the harp to play.
Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
The strings her fingers flew;
And as she touched and tuned them all,
Ever her bosom's rise and fall
Was plainer given to view;
For, all for heat, was laid aside
Her wimple, and her hood untied.
And first she pitched her voice to sing,
Then glanced her dark eye on the king,
And then around the silent ring,
And laughed, and blushed, and oft did say
Her pretty oath, by yea and nay,
She could not, would not, durst not play!
At length, upon the harp, with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft yet lively air she rung,
While thus the wily lady sung: —

XII.

LOCHINVAR.

Lady Heron's Song.

Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword, —
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word, —
'Oh! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?' —

'I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar, —
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, 'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

XIII.

The monarch o'er the siren hung,
And beat the measure as she sung;
And, pressing closer and more near,
He whispered praises in her ear.
In loud applause the courtiers vied,
And ladies winked and spoke aside.
The witching dame to Marmion threw
A glance, where seemed to reign
The pride that claims applauses due,
And of her royal conquest too
A real or feigned disdain:
Familiar was the look, and told
Marmion and she were friends of old.
The king observed their meeting eyes
With something like displeased surprise;
For monarchs ill can rivals brook,
Even in a word, or smile, or look.
Straight took he forth the parchment broad
Which Marmion's high commission showed:

'Our Borders sacked by many a raid,
Our peaceful liege-men robbed,' he said,
'On day of truce our warden slain,
Stout Barton killed, his vessels ta'en —
Unworthy were we here to reign,
Should these for vengeance cry in vain;
Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,
Our herald has to Henry borne.'

XIV.

He paused, and led where Douglas stood
And with stern eye the pageant viewed;
I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore,
Who coronet of Angus bore,
And, when his blood and heart were high,
Did the third James in camp defy,
And all his minions led to die
On Lauder's dreary flat.
Princes and favorites long grew tame,
And trembled at the homely name
Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat;
The same who left the dusky vale
Of Hermitage in Liddisdale,
Its dungeons and its towers,
Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,
And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,
To fix his princely bowers.
Though now in age he had laid down
His armor for the peaceful gown,
And for a staff his brand,
Yet often would flash forth the fire
That could in youth a monarch's ire
And minion's pride withstand;

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

And even that day at council board,
Unapt to soothe his sovereign's mood,
Against the war had Angus stood,
And chafed his royal lord.

XV.

His giant-form, like ruined tower,
Though fallen its muscles' brawny vaunt,
Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,
Seemed o'er the gaudy scene to lower;

His locks and beard in silver grew,
His eyebrows kept their sable hue.
Near Douglas when the monarch stood,
His bitter speech he thus pursued:
'Lord Marmion, since these letters say
That in the North you needs must stay
While slightest hopes of peace remain,
Uncourteous speech it were and stern
To say — Return to Lindisfarne,
Until my herald come again.
Then rest you in Tantallon hold;
Your host shall be the Douglas bold, —
A chief unlike his sires of old.
He wears their motto on his blade,
Their blazon o'er his towers displayed,
Yet loves his sovereign to oppose
More than to face his country's foes.
And, I bethink me, by Saint Stephen,
But e'en this morn to me was given
A prize, the first fruits of the war,
Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,
A bevy of the maids of heaven.
Under your guard these holy maids
Shall safe return to cloister shades,
And, while they at Tantallon stay,
Requiem for Cochran's soul may say.'
And with the slaughtered favorite's name
Across the monarch's brow there came
A cloud of ire, remorse, and shame.

XVI.

In answer nought could Angus speak,
His proud heart swelled well-nigh to break;
He turned aside, and down his cheek

A burning tear there stole.
His hand the monarch sudden took,
That sight his kind heart could not brook:
'Now, by the Bruce's soul,
Angus, my hasty speech forgive!
For sure as doth his spirit live,
As he said of the Douglas old,
I well may say of you, —
That never king did subject hold,
In speech more free, in war more bold,
More tender and more true;
Forgive me, Douglas, once again.' —
And, while the king his hand did strain,
The old man's tears fell down like rain.
To seize the moment Marmion tried,
And whispered to the king aside:
'Oh! let such tears unwonted plead
For respite short from dubious deed!
A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part,
A stripling for a woman's heart;
But woe awaits a country when
She sees the tears of bearded men.
Then, oh! what omen, dark and high,
When Douglas wets his manly eye!'

XVII.

Displeased was James that stranger viewed
And tampered with his changing mood.
'Laugh those that can, weep those that may,'
Thus did the fiery monarch say,
'Southward I march by break of day;
And if within Tantallon strong
The good Lord Marmion tarries long,

Perchance our meeting next may fall
At Tamworth in his castle-hall.' —
The haughty Marmion felt the taunt,
And answered grave the royal vaunt:
'Much honored were my humble home,
If in its halls King James should come;
But Nottingham has archers good,
And Yorkshire men are stern of mood,
Northumbrian prickers wild and rude.
On Derby Hills the paths are steep,
In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep;
And many a banner will be torn,
And many a knight to earth be borne,
And many a sheaf of arrows spent,
Ere Scotland's king shall cross the Trent:
Yet pause, brave prince, while yet you may!' —
The monarch lightly turned away,
And to his nobles loud did call,
'Lords, to the dance, — a hall! a hall!'
Himself his cloak and sword flung by,
And led Dame Heron gallantly;
And minstrels, at the royal order,
Rung out 'Blue Bonnets o'er the Border.'

XVIII.

Leave we these revels now to tell
What to Saint Hilda's maids befell,
Whose galley, as they sailed again
To Whitby, by a Scot was ta'en.
Now at Dun-Edin did they bide
Till James should of their fate decide,
And soon by his command
Were gently summoned to prepare
To journey under Marmion's care,
As escort honored, safe, and fair,

Again to English land.
The abbess told her chaplet o'er,
Nor knew which Saint she should implore;
For, when she thought of Constance, sore
She feared Lord Marmion's mood.
And judge what Clara must have felt!
The sword that hung in Marmion's belt
Had drunk De Wilton's blood.
Unwittingly King James had given,
As guard to Whitby's shades,
The man most dreaded under heaven
By these defenceless maids;
Yet what petition could avail,
Or who would listen to the tale
Of woman, prisoner, and nun,
Mid bustle of a war begun?
They deemed it hopeless to avoid
The convoy of their dangerous guide.

XIX.

Their lodging, so the king assigned,
To Marmion's, as their guardian, joined;
And thus it fell that, passing nigh,
The Palmer caught the abbess' eye,
Who warned him by a scroll
She had a secret to reveal
That much concerned the Church's weal
And health of sinner's soul;
And, with deep charge of secrecy,
She named a place to meet
Within an open balcony,
That hung from dizzy pitch and high
Above the stately street,
To which, as common to each home,
At night they might in secret come.

XX.

At night in secret there they came,
The Palmer and the holy dame.
The moon among the clouds rode high,
And all the city hum was by.
Upon the street, where late before
Did din of war and warriors roar,
You might have heard a pebble fall,
A beetle hum, a cricket sing,
An owlet flap his boding wing
On Giles's steeple tall.
The antique buildings, climbing high,
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky,
Were here wrapt deep in shade;
There on their brows the moonbeam broke,
Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,
And on the casements played.
And other light was none to see,
Save torches gliding far,
Before some chieftain of degree
Who left the royal revelry
To bowne him for the war. —
A solemn scene the abbess chose,
A solemn hour, her secret to disclose.

XXI.

'O holy Palmer!' she began, —
'For sure he must be sainted man,
Whose blessed feet have trod the ground
Where the Redeemer's tomb is found, —
For his dear Church's sake, my tale
Attend, nor deem of light avail,
Though I must speak of worldly love, —
How vain to those who wed above! —

De Wilton and Lord Marmion wooed
Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood; —
Idle it were of Whitby's dame
To say of that same blood I came; —
And once, when jealous rage was high,
Lord Marmion said despiteously,
Wilton was traitor in his heart,
And had made league with Martin Swart
When he came here on Simnel's part,
And only cowardice did restrain
His rebel aid on Stokefield's plain, —
And down he threw his glove. The thing
Was tried, as wont, before the king;
Where frankly did De Wilton own
That Swart in Guelders he had known,
And that between them then there went
Some scroll of courteous compliment.
For this he to his castle sent;
But when his messenger returned,
Judge how De Wilton's fury burned!
For in his packet there were laid
Letters that claimed disloyal aid
And proved King Henry's cause betrayed.
His fame, thus blighted, in the field
He strove to clear by spear and shield; —
To clear his fame in vain he strove,
For wondrous are His ways above!
Perchance some form was unobserved,
Perchance in prayer or faith he swerved,
Else how could guiltless champion quail,
Or how the blessed ordeal fail?

XXII.

'His squire, who now De Wilton saw
As recreant doomed to suffer law,

Repentant, owned in vain
That while he had the scrolls in care
A stranger maiden, passing fair,
Had drenched him with a beverage rare;
His words no faith could gain.
With Clare alone he credence won,
Who, rather than wed Marmion,
Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair,
To give our house her livings fair
And die a vestal votaress there.
The impulse from the earth was given,
But bent her to the paths of heaven.
A purer heart, a lovelier maid,
Ne'er sheltered her in Whitby's shade,
No, not since Saxon Edelfled;
Only one trace of earthly stain,
That for her lover's loss
She cherishes a sorrow vain,
And murmurs at the cross. —
And then her heritage: — it goes
Along the banks of Tame;
Deep fields of grain the reaper mows,
In meadows rich the heifer lows,
The falconer and huntsman knows
Its woodlands for the game.
Shame were it to Saint Hilda dear,
And I, her humble votaress here,
Should do a deadly sin,
Her temple spoiled before mine eyes,
If this false Marmion such a prize
By my consent should win;
Yet hath our boisterous monarch sworn
That Clare shall from our house be torn,
And grievous cause have I to fear
Such mandate doth Lord Marmion bear.

XXIII.

'Now, prisoner, helpless, and betrayed
To evil power, I claim thine aid,
By every step that thou hast trod
To holy shrine and grotto dim,
By every martyr's tortured limb,
By angel, saint, and seraphim,
And by the Church of God!
For mark: when Wilton was betrayed,
And with his squire forged letters laid,
She was, alas! that sinful maid
By whom the deed was done, —
Oh! shame and horror to be said!
She was — a perjured nun!
No clerk in all the land like her
Traced quaint and varying character.
Perchance you may a marvel deem,
That Marmion's paramour —
For such vile thing she was — should scheme
Her lover's nuptial hour;
But o'er him thus she hoped to gain,
As privy to his honor's stain,
Illimitable power.
For this she secretly retained
Each proof that might the plot reveal,
Instructions with his hand and seal;
And thus Saint Hilda deigned,
Through sinners' perfidy impure,
Her house's glory to secure
And Clare's immortal weal.

XXIV.

'T were long and needless here to tell
How to my hand these papers fell;

With me they must not stay.
Saint Hilda keep her abbess true!
Who knows what outrage he might do
While journeying by the way?—
O blessed Saint, if e'er again
I venturous leave thy calm domain,
To travel or by land or main,
Deep penance may I pay!—
Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer:
I give this packet to thy care,
For thee to stop they will not dare;
And oh! with cautious speed
To Wolsey's hand the papers bring,
That he may show them to the king:
And for thy well-earned meed,
Thou holy man, at Whitby's shrine
A weekly mass shall still be thine
While priests can sing and read.—
What ail'st thou?—Speak!'—For as he took
The charge a strong emotion shook
His frame, and ere reply
They heard a faint yet shrilly tone,
Like distant clarion feebly blown,
That on the breeze did die;
And loud the abbess shrieked in fear,
'Saint Withold, save us!—What is here!
Look at yon City Cross!
See on its battled tower appear
Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear
And blazoned banners toss!'—

XXV.

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillared stone,
Rose on a turret octagon;—

But now is razed that monument,
Whence royal edict rang,
And voice of Scotland's law was sent
In glorious trumpet-clang.
Oh! be his tomb as lead to lead
Upon its dull destroyer's head! —
A minstrel's malison is said. —
Then on its battlements they saw
A vision, passing Nature's law,
Strange, wild, and dimly seen;
Figures that seemed to rise and die,
Gibber and sign, advance and fly,
While nought confirmed could ear or eye
Discern of sound or mien.
Yet darkly did it seem as there
Heralds and pursuivants prepare,
With trumpet sound and blazon fair,
A summons to proclaim;
But indistinct the pageant proud,
As fancy forms of midnight cloud
When flings the moon upon her shroud
A wavering tinge of flame;
It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,
From midmost of the spectre crowd,
This awful summons came: —

XXVI.

'Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,
Whose names I now shall call,
Scottish or foreigner, give ear!
Subjects of him who sent me here,
At his tribunal to appear
I summon one and all:
I cite you by each deadly sin
That e'er hath soiled your hearts within;

I cite you by each brutal lust
That e'er defiled your earthly dust, —
By wrath, by pride, by fear,
By each o'ermastering passion's tone,
By the dark grave and dying groan!
When forty days are passed and gone,
I cite you, at your monarch's throne
To answer and appear.' —
Then thundered forth a roll of names: —
The first was thine, unhappy James!
Then all thy nobles came;
Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,
Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle, —
Why should I tell their separate style?
Each chief of birth and fame,
Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,
Foredoomed to Flodden's carnage pile,
Was cited there by name;
And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye;
De Wilton, erst of Aberley,
The self-same thundering voice did say. —
But then another spoke:
'Thy fatal summons I deny
And thine infernal lord defy,
Appealing me to Him on high
Who burst the sinner's yoke.'
At that dread accent, with a scream,
Parted the pageant like a dream,
The summoner was gone.
Prone on her face the abbess fell,
And fast, and fast, her beads did tell;
Her nuns came, startled by the yell,
And found her there alone.
She marked not, at the scene aghast,
What time or how the Palmer passed.

XXVII.

Shift we the scene. — The camp doth move;
Dun-Edin's streets are empty now,
Save when, for weal of those they love
To pray the prayer and vow the vow,
The tottering child, the anxious fair,
The gray-haired sire, with pious care,
To chapels and to shrines repair. —
Where is the Palmer now? and where
The abbess, Marmion, and Clare? —
Bold Douglas! to Tantallon fair
They journey in thy charge:
Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,
The Palmer still was with the band;
Angus, like Lindesay, did command
That none should roam at large.
But in that Palmer's altered mien
A wondrous change might now be seen;
Freely he spoke of war,
Of marvels wrought by single hand
When lifted for a native land,
And still looked high, as if he planned
Some desperate deed afar.
His courser would he feed and stroke,
And, tucking up his sable frock,
Would first his mettle bold provoke,
Then soothe or quell his pride.
Old Hubert said that never one
He saw, except Lord Marmion,
A steed so fairly ride.

XXVIII.

Some half-hour's march behind there came,
By Eustace governed fair,

A troop escorting Hilda's dame,
With all her nuns and Clare.
No audience had Lord Marmion sought;
Ever he feared to aggravate
Clara de Clare's suspicious hate;
And safer 't was, he thought,
To wait till, from the nuns removed,
The influence of kinsmen loved,
And suit by Henry's self approved,
Her slow consent had wrought.
His was no flickering flame, that dies
Unless when fanned by looks and sighs
And lighted oft at lady's eyes;
He longed to stretch his wide command
O'er luckless Clara's ample land:
Besides, when Wilton with him vied,
Although the pang of humbled pride
The place of jealousy supplied,
Yet conquest, by that meanness won
He almost loathed to think upon,
Led him, at times, to hate the cause
Which made him burst through honor's laws.
If e'er he loved, 't was her alone
Who died within that vault of stone.

XXIX.

And now, when close at hand they saw
North Berwick's town and lofty Law,
Fitz-Eustace bade them pause awhile
Before a venerable pile
Whose turrets viewed afar
The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle,
The ocean's peace or war.
At tolling of a bell, forth came

The convent's venerable dame,
And prayed Saint Hilda's abbess rest
With her, a loved and honored guest,
Till Douglas should a bark prepare
To waft her back to Whitby fair.
Glad was the abbess, you may guess,
And thanked the Scottish prioress;
And tedious were to tell, I ween,
The courteous speech that passed between.
O'erjoyed the nuns their palfreys leave;
But when fair Clara did intend,
Like them, from horseback to descend,
Fitz-Eustace said: 'I grieve,
Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,
Such gentle company to part;—
Think not discourtesy,
But lords' commands must be obeyed,
And Marmion and the Douglas said
That you must wend with me.
Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,
Which to the Scottish earl he showed,
Commanding that beneath his care
Without delay you shall repair
To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.'

XXX.

The startled abbess loud exclaimed;
But she at whom the blow was aimed
Grew pale as death and cold as lead,—
She deemed she heard her death-doom read.
'Cheer thee, my child!' the abbess said,
'They dare not tear thee from my hand,
To ride alone with armed band.'—
'Nay, holy mother, nay,'

Fitz-Eustace said, 'the lovely Clare
Will be in Lady Angus' care,
In Scotland while we stay;
And when we move an easy ride
Will bring us to the English side,
Female attendance to provide
Befitting Gloster's heir;
Nor thinks nor dreams my noble lord,
By slightest look, or act, or word,
To harass Lady Clare.
Her faithful guardian he will be,
Nor sue for slightest courtesy
That e'en to stranger falls,
Till he shall place her safe and free
Within her kinsman's halls.'
He spoke, and blushed with earnest grace;
His faith was painted on his face,
And Clare's worst fear relieved.
The Lady Abbess loud exclaimed
On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,
Entreated, threatened, grieved,
To martyr, saint, and prophet prayed,
Against Lord Marmion inveighed,
And called the prioress to aid,
To curse with candle, bell, and book.
Her head the grave Cistertian shook:
'The Douglas and the king,' she said,
'In their commands will be obeyed;
Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall
The maiden in Tantallon Hall.'

XXXI.

The abbess, seeing strife was vain,
Assumed her wonted state again,—
For much of state she had,—

Composed her veil, and raised her head,
And 'Bid,' in solemn voice she said,
'Thy master, bold and bad,
The records of his house turn o'er,
And, when he shall there written see
That one of his own ancestry
Drove the monks forth of Coventry,
Bid him his fate explore!
Prancing in pride of earthly trust,
His charger hurled him to the dust,
And, by a base plebeian thrust,
He died his band before.
God judge 'twixt Marmion and me;
He is a chief of high degree,
And I a poor recluse,
Yet oft in holy writ we see
Even such weak minister as me
May the oppressor bruise;
For thus, inspired, did Judith slay
The mighty in his sin,
And Jael thus, and Deborah'—
Here hasty Blount broke in:
Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band;
Saint Anton' fire thee! wilt thou stand
All day, with bonnet in thy hand,
To hear the lady preach?
By this good light! if thus we stay,
Lord Marmion for our fond delay
Will sharper sermon teach.
Come, don thy cap and mount thy horse;
The dame must patience take perforce.'

XXXII.

'Submit we then to force,' said Clare,
'But let this barbarous lord despair

His purposed aim to win;
Let him take living, land, and life,
But to be Marmion's wedded wife
In me were deadly sin:
And if it be the king's decree
That I must find no sanctuary
In that inviolable dome
Where even a homicide might come
And safely rest his head,
Though at its open portals stood,
Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood,
The kinsmen of the dead,
Yet one asylum is my own
Against the dreaded hour,—
A low, a silent, and a lone,
Where kings have little power.
One victim is before me there.—
Mother, your blessing, and in prayer
Remember your unhappy Clare!'
Loud weeps the abbess, and bestows
Kind blessings many a one;
Weeping and wailing loud arose,
Round patient Clare, the clamorous woes
Of every simple nun.
His eyes the gentle Eustace dried,
And scarce rude Blount the sight could bide.
Then took the squire her rein,
And gently led away her steed,
And by each courteous word and deed
To cheer her strove in vain.

XXXIII.

But scant three miles the band had rode,
When o'er a height they passed,

And, sudden, close before them showed
His towers Tantallon vast,
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war.
On a projecting rock they rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows,
The fourth did battled walls enclose
And double mound and fosse.
By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates, an entrance long,
To the main court they cross.
It was a wide and stately square;
Around were lodgings fit and fair,
And towers of various form,
Which on the court projected far
And broke its lines quadrangular.
Here was square keep, there turret high,
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the warder could descry
The gathering ocean-storm.

XXXIV.

Here did they rest. — The princely care
Of Douglas why should I declare,
Or say they met reception fair?
Or why the tidings say,
Which varying to Tantallon came,
By hurrying posts or fleeter fame,
With every varying day?
And, first, they heard King James had won
Etall, and Wark, and Ford; and then,
That Norham Castle strong was ta'en.
At that sore marvelled Marmion,
And Douglas hoped his monarch's hand
Would soon subdue Northumberland;

But whispered news there came,
That while his host inactive lay,
And melted by degrees away,
King James was dallying off the day
With Heron's wily dame.
Such acts to chronicles I yield;
Go seek them there and see:
Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,
And not a history.—
At length they heard the Scottish host
On that high ridge had made their post
Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain;
And that brave Surrey many a band
Had gathered in the Southern land,
And marched into Northumberland,
And camp at Wooler ta'en.
Marmion, like charger in the stall,
That hears, without, the trumpet-call,
Began to chafe and swear:—
'A sorry thing to hide my head
In castle, like a fearful maid,
When such a field is near.
Needs must I see this battle-day;
Death to my fame if such a fray
Were fought, and Marmion away!
The Douglas, too, I wot not why,
Hath bated of his courtesy;
No longer in his halls I 'll stay:'
Then bade his band they should array
For march against the dawning day.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

To RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.

Mertoun House, Christmas.

HEAP on more wood! — the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We 'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer:
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain,
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer,
Caroused in seas of sable beer,
While round in brutal jest were thrown
The half-gnawed rib and marrowbone,
Or listened all in grim delight
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
Then forth in frenzy would they hie,

While wildly loose their red locks fly,
And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas eve the mass was sung:
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merrymen go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of 'post and pair.'
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;

The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell
How, when, and where, the monster fell,
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassail round, in good brown bowls
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum-porridge stood and Christmas pie;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce
At such high tide her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But oh! what maskers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'T was Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'T was Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger in our northern clime
Some remnants of the good old time,
And still within our valleys here
We hold the kindred title dear,
Even when, perchance, its far-fetched claim
To Southron ear sounds empty name;
For course of blood, our proverbs deem,
Is warmer than the mountain-stream.
And thus my Christmas still I hold
Where my great-grandsire came of old,
With amber beard and flaxen hair
And reverend apostolic air,
The feast and holy-tide to share,
And mix sobriety with wine,
And honest mirth with thoughts divine:
Small thought was his, in after time
E'er to be hitched into a rhyme.
The simple sire could only boast
That he was loyal to his cost,
The banished race of kings revered,
And lost his land, — but kept his beard.

In these dear halls, where welcome kind
Is with fair liberty combined,
Where cordial friendship gives the hand,
And flies constraint the magic wand
Of the fair dame that rules the land,
Little we heed the tempest drear,
While music, mirth, and social cheer
Speed on their wings the passing year.
And Mertoun's halls are fair e'en now,
When not a leaf is on the bough.
Tweed loves them well, and turns again,
As loath to leave the sweet domain,

And holds his mirror to her face,
And clips her with a close embrace: —
Gladly as he we seek the dome,
And as reluctant turn us home.

How just that at this time of glee
My thoughts should, Heber, turn to thee!
For many a merry hour we 've known,
And heard the chimes of midnight's tone.
Cease, then, my friend! a moment cease,
And leave these classic tomes in peace!
Of Roman and of Grecian lore
Sure mortal brain can hold no more.
These ancients, as Noll Bluff might say,
'Were pretty fellows in their day,'
But time and tide o'er all prevail —
On Christmas eve a Christmas tale —
Of wonder and of war — 'Profane!
What! leave the lofty Latian strain,
Her stately prose, her verse's charms,
To hear the clash of rusty arms;
In Fairy-land or Limbo lost,
To jostle conjurer and ghost,
Goblin and witch!' — Nay, Heber dear,
Before you touch my charter, hear;
Though Leyden aids, alas! no more,
My cause with many-languaged lore,
This may I say: — in realms of death
Ulysses meets Alcides' *wraith*,
Æneas upon Thracia's shore
The ghost of murdered Polydore;
For omens, we in Livy cross
At every turn *locutus Bos*.
As grave and duly speaks that ox
As if he told the price of stocks,

Or held in Rome republican
The place of Common-councilman.

All nations have their omens drear,
Their legends wild of woe and fear.
To Cambria look — the peasant see
Bethink him of Glendowerdy
And shun 'the Spirit's Blasted Tree.' —
The Highlander, whose red claymore
The battle turned on Maida's shore,
Will on a Friday morn look pale,
If asked to tell a fairy tale:
He fears the vengeful Elfin King,
Who leaves that day his grassy ring;
Invisible to human ken,
He walks among the sons of men.

Didst e'er, dear Heber, pass along
Beneath the towers of Franchémont,
Which, like an eagle's nest in air,
Hang o'er the stream and hamlet fair?
Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,
A mighty treasure buried lay,
Amassed through rapine and through wrong
By the last Lord of Franchémont.
The iron chest is bolted hard,
A huntsman sits its constant guard;
Around his neck his horn is hung,
His hanger in his belt is slung;
Before his feet his bloodhounds lie:
An 't were not for his gloomy eye,
Whose withering glance no heart can brook,
As true a huntsman doth he look
As bugle e'er in brake did sound,
Or ever hallooed to a hound.

To chase the fiend and win the prize
In that same dungeon ever tries
An aged necromantic priest;
It is an hundred years at least
Since 'twixt them first the strife begun,
And neither yet has lost nor won.
And oft the conjurer's words will make
The stubborn demon groan and quake;
And oft the bands of iron break,
Or bursts one lock that still amain,
Fast as 't is opened, shuts again.
That magic strife within the tomb
May last until the day of doom,
Unless the adept shall learn to tell
The very word that clenched the spell
When Franch'mont locked the treasure cell.
An hundred years are passed and gone,
And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may
Excuse for old Pitscottie say,
Whose gossip history has given
My song the messenger from heaven
That warned, in Lithgow, Scotland's king,
Nor less the infernal summoning;
May pass the Monk of Durham's tale,
Whose demon fought in Gothic mail;
May pardon plead for Fordun grave,
Who told of Gifford's Goblin-Cave.
But why such instances to you,
Who in an instant can renew
Your treasured hoards of various lore,
And furnish twenty thousand more?
Hoards, not like theirs whose volumes rest
Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest,

While gripple owners still refuse
To others what they cannot use;
Give them the priest's whole century,
They shall not spell you letters three, —
Their pleasure in the books the same
The magpie takes in pilfered gem.
Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
Delight, amusement, science, art,
To every ear and eye impart;
Yet who, of all who thus employ them,
Can like the owner's self enjoy them? —
But, hark! I hear the distant drum!
The day of Flodden Field is come, —
Adieu, dear Heber! life and health,
And store of literary wealth.

TANTALLON CASTLE.

CANTO SIXTH.

THE BATTLE.

I.

WHILE great events were on the gale,
And each hour brought a varying tale,
And the demeanor, changed and cold,
Of Douglas fretted Marmion bold,
And, like the impatient steed of war,
He snuffed the battle from afar,

And hopes were none that back again
Herald should come from Terouenne,
Where England's king in leaguer lay,
Before decisive battle-day, —
While these things were, the mournful Clare
Did in the dame's devotions share;
For the good countess ceaseless prayed
To Heaven and saints her sons to aid,
And with short interval did pass
From prayer to book, from book to mass,
And all in high baronial pride, —
A life both dull and dignified:
Yet, as Lord Marmion nothing pressed
Upon her intervals of rest,
Dejected Clara well could bear
The formal state, the lengthened prayer,
Though dearest to her wounded heart
The hours that she might spend apart.

II.

I said Tantallon's dizzy steep
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.
Many a rude tower and rampart there
Repelled the insult of the air,
Which, when the tempest vexed the sky,
Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.
Above the rest a turret square
Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,
Of sculpture rude, a stony shield;
The Bloody Heart was in the field,
And in the chief three mullets stood,
The cognizance of Douglas blood.
The turret held a narrow stair,
Which, mounted, gave you access where

A parapet's embattled row
Did seaward round the castle go.
Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,
Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,
Sometimes in platform broad extending,
Its varying circle did combine
Bulwark, and bartizan, and line,
And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign.
Above the booming ocean leant
The far-projecting battlement;
The billows burst in ceaseless flow
Upon the precipice below.
Where'er Tantallon faced the land,
Gate-works and walls were strongly manned;
No need upon the sea-girt side:
The steepy rock and frantic tide
Approach of human step denied,
And thus these lines and ramparts rude
Were left in deepest solitude.

III.

And, for they were so lonely, Clare
Would to these battlements repair,
And muse upon her sorrows there,
  And list the sea-bird's cry,
Or slow, like noontide ghost, would glide
Along the dark-gray bulwarks' side,
And ever on the heaving tide
  Look down with weary eye.
Oft did the cliff and swelling main
Recall the thoughts of Whitby's fane, —
A home she ne'er might see again;
  For she had laid adown,

So Douglas bade, the hood and veil,
And frontlet of the cloister pale,
And Benedictine gown:
It were unseemly sight, he said,
A novice out of convent shade. —
Now her bright locks with sunny glow
Again adorned her brow of snow;
Her mantle rich, whose borders round
A deep and fretted broidery bound,
In golden foldings sought the ground;
Of holy ornament, alone
Remained a cross with ruby stone;
And often did she look
On that which in her hand she bore,
With velvet bound and broidered o'er,
Her breviary book.
In such a place, so lone, so grim,
At dawning pale or twilight dim,
It fearful would have been
To meet a form so richly dressed,
With book in hand, and cross on breast,
And such a woful mien.
Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,
To practise on the gull and crow,
Saw her at distance gliding slow,
And did by Mary swear
Some lovelorn fay she might have been,
Or in romance some spell-bound queen,
For ne'er in work-day world was seen
A form so witching fair.

IV.

Once walking thus at evening tide
It chanced a gliding sail she spied.

And sighing thought — 'The abbess there
Perchance does to her home repair;
Her peaceful rule, where Duty free
Walks hand in hand with Charity,
Where oft Devotion's tranced glow
Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow
That the enraptured sisters see
High vision and deep mystery, —
The very form of Hilda fair,
Hovering upon the sunny air
And smiling on her votaries' prayer.
Oh! wherefore to my duller eye
Did still the Saint her form deny?

Was it that, seared by sinful scorn,
My heart could neither melt nor burn?
Or lie my warm affections low
With him that taught them first to glow?
Yet, gentle abbess, well I knew
To pay thy kindness grateful due,
And well could brook the mild command
That ruled thy simple maiden band.
How different now, condemned to bide
My doom from this dark tyrant's pride! —
But Marmion has to learn ere long
That constant mind and hate of wrong
Descended to a feeble girl
From Red de Clare, stout Gloster's Earl:
Of such a stem a sapling weak,
He ne'er shall bend, although he break.

V.

'But see! — what makes this armor here?' —
For in her path there lay
Targe, corselet, helm; — she viewed them near. —
'The breastplate pierced! — Ay, much I fear,
Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear,
That hath made fatal entrance here,
As these dark blood-gouts say. —
Thus Wilton! — Oh! not corselet's ward,
Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,
Could be thy manly bosom's guard
On yon disastrous day!' —
She raised her eyes in mournful mood, —
Wilton himself before her stood!
It might have seemed his passing ghost,
For every youthful grace was lost,
And joy unwonted and surprise
Gave their strange wildness to his eyes, —

Expect not, noble dames and lords,
That I can tell such scene in words:
What skilful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?
Far less can my weak line declare
Each changing passion's shade:
Brightening to rapture from despair,
Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,
And joy with her angelic air,
And hope that paints the future fair,
Their varying hues displayed;
Each o'er its rival's ground extending,
Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,
Till all fatigued the conflict yield,
And mighty love retains the field.
Shortly I tell what then he said,
By many a tender word delayed,
And modest blush, and bursting sigh,
And question kind, and fond reply: —

VI.

DE WILTON'S HISTORY.

'Forget we that disastrous day
When senseless in the lists I lay.
Thence dragged, — but how I cannot know,
For sense and recollection fled, —
I found me on a pallet low
Within my ancient beadsman's shed.
Austin, — remember'st thou, my Clare,
How thou didst blush when the old man,
When first our infant love began,

Said we would make a matchless pair? —
Menials and friends and kinsmen fled
From the degraded traitor's bed, —
He only held my burning head,
And tended me for many a day
While wounds and fever held their sway.
But far more needful was his care
When sense returned to wake despair;
For I did tear the closing wound,
And dash me frantic on the ground,
If e'er I heard the name of Clare.
At length, to calmer reason brought,
Much by his kind attendance wrought,
With him I left my native strand,
And, in a palmer's weeds arrayed,
My hated name and form to shade,
I journeyed many a land,
No more a lord of rank and birth,
But mingled with the dregs of earth.
Oft Austin for my reason feared,
When I would sit, and deeply brood
On dark revenge and deeds of blood,
Or wild mad schemes upreared.
My friend at length fell sick, and said
God would remove him soon;
And while upon his dying bed
He begged of me a boon —
If e'er my deadliest enemy
Beneath my brand should conquered lie,
Even then my mercy should awake
And spare his life for Austin's sake.

VII.

'Still restless as a second Cain,
To Scotland next my route was ta'en,

Full well the paths I knew.
Fame of my fate made various sound,
That death in pilgrimage I found,
That I had perished of my wound, —
None cared which tale was true;
And living eye could never guess
De Wilton in his palmer's dress,
For now that sable slough is shed,
And trimmed my shaggy beard and head,
I scarcely know me in the glass.
A chance most wondrous did provide
That I should be that baron's guide —
I will not name his name! —
Vengeance to God alone belongs;
But, when I think on all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame!
And ne'er the time shall I forget
When, in a Scottish hostel set,
Dark looks we did exchange:
What were his thoughts I cannot tell,
But in my bosom mustered Hell
Its plans of dark revenge.

VIII.

'A word of vulgar augury
That broke from me, I scarce knew why,
Brought on a village tale,
Which wrought upon his moody sprite,
And sent him armed forth by night.
I borrowed steed and mail
And weapons from his sleeping band;
And, passing from a postern door,
We met and 'countered, hand to hand, —
He fell on Gifford-moor.

For the death-stroke my brand I drew, —
Oh ! then my helmed head he knew,
The palmer's cowl was gone, —
Then had three inches of my blade
The heavy debt of vengeance paid, —
My hand the thought of Austin stayed ;
I left him there alone. —
O good old man ! even from the grave
Thy spirit could thy master save :
If I had slain my foeman, ne'er
Had Whitby's abbess in her fear
Given to my hand this packet dear,
Of power to clear my injured fame
And vindicate De Wilton's name. —
Perchance you heard the abbess tell
Of the strange pageantry of hell
That broke our secret speech —
It rose from the infernal shade,
Or featly was some juggle played,
A tale of peace to teach.
Appeal to Heaven I judged was best
When my name came among the rest.

IX.

' Now here within Tantallon hold
To Douglas late my tale I told,
To whom my house was known of old.
Won by my proofs, his falchion bright
This eve anew shall dub me knight.
These were the arms that once did turn
The tide of fight on Otterburne,
And Harry Hotspur forced to yield
When the Dead Douglas won the field.
These Angus gave — his armorer's care
Ere morn shall every breach repair ;

For nought, he said, was in his halls
But ancient armor on the walls,
And aged chargers in the stalls,
And women, priests, and gray-haired men;
The rest were all in Twisel glen.
And now I watch my armor here,
By law of arms, till midnight 's near;
Then, once again a belted knight,
Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light.

X.

'There soon again we meet, my Clare!
This baron means to guide thee there:
Douglas reveres his king's command,
Else would he take thee from his band.
And there thy kinsman Surrey, too,
Will give De Wilton justice due.
Now meeter far for martial broil,
Firmer my limbs and strung by toil,
Once more' — 'O Wilton! must we then
Risk new-found happiness again,
Trust fate of arms once more?
And is there not an humble glen
Where we, content and poor,
Might build a cottage in the shade,
A shepherd thou, and I to aid
Thy task on dale and moor? —
That reddening brow! — too well I know
Not even thy Clare can peace bestow
While falsehood stains thy name:
Go then to fight! Clare bids thee go!
Clare can a warrior's feelings know
And weep a warrior's shame,

Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,
Buckle the spurs upon thy heel
And belt thee with thy brand of steel,
And send thee forth to fame!'

XI.

That night upon the rocks and bay
The midnight moonbeam slumbering lay,
And poured its silver light and pure
Through loophole and through embrasure
Upon Tantallon tower and hall;
But chief where arched windows wide
Illuminate the chapel's pride
The sober glances fall.
Much was there need; though seamed with scars,
Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,
Though two gray priests were there,
And each a blazing torch held high,
You could not by their blaze descry
The chapel's carving fair.
Amid that dim and smoky light,
Checkering the silvery moonshine bright,
A bishop by the altar stood,
A noble lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen and rochet white.
Yet showed his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy;
More pleased that in a barbarous age
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.
Beside him ancient Angus stood,
Doffed his furred gown and sable hood;
O'er his huge form and visage pale
He wore a cap and shirt of mail,

And leaned his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sweeping brand
Which wont of yore in battle fray
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.
He seemed as, from the the tombs around
Rising at judgment-day,
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array;
So pale his face, so huge his limb,
So old his arms, his look so grim.

XII.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,
And Clare the spurs bound on his heels;
And think what next he must have felt
At buckling of the falchion belt!
And judge how Clara changed her hue
While fastening to her lover's side
A friend, which, though in danger tried,
He once had found untrue!
Then Douglas struck him with his blade:
'Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,
I dub thee knight.
Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir!
For king, for church, for lady fair,
See that thou fight.'
And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,
Said: 'Wilton! grieve not for thy woes,
Disgrace, and trouble;
For He who honor best bestows
May give thee double.'
De Wilton sobbed, for sob he must:
'Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust

That Douglas is my brother!'
'Nay, nay,' old Angus said, 'not so;
To Surrey's camp thou now must go,
Thy wrongs no longer smother.
I have two sons in yonder field;
And, if thou meet'st them under shield,
Upon them bravely — do thy worst,
And foul fall him that blenches first!'

XIII.

Not far advanced was morning day
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.
The ancient earl with stately grace
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered in an undertone,
'Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.'
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
'Though something I might plain,' he said,
'Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand.' —
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke: —
'My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.

My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone —
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.'

XIV.

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire
And shook his very frame for ire,
And — 'This to me!' he said,
'An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near, —
Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword, —
I tell thee, thou 'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!'
On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth, — 'And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go? —

No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms — what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall.' —
Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need, —
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending razed his plume.

XV.

The steed along the drawbridge flies
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
'Horse! horse!' the Douglas cried, 'and chase!'
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
'A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name. —
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed?
At first in heart it liked me ill
When the king praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line;
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill. —
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.

'T is pity of him too,' he cried :
' Bold can he speak and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried.'
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

XVI.

The day in Marmion's journey wore ;
Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er,
They crossed the heights of Stanrig-moor.
His troop more closely there he scanned,
And missed the Palmer from the band.
' Palmer or not,' young Blount did say,
' He parted at the peep of day ;
Good sooth, it was in strange array.'
' In what array ? ' said Marmion quick.
' My lord, I ill can spell the trick ;
But all night long with clink and bang
Close to my couch did hammers clang ;
At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,
And from a loophole while I peep,
Old Bell-the-Cat came from the keep,
Wrapped in a gown of sables fair,
As fearful of the morning air ;
Beneath, when that was blown aside,
A rusty shirt of mail I spied,
By Archibald won in bloody work
Against the Saracen and Turk :
Last night it hung not in the hall ;
I thought some marvel would befall.
And next I saw them saddled lead
Old Cheviot forth, the earl's best steed,
A matchless horse, though something old,
Prompt in his paces, cool and bold.

I heard the Sheriff Sholto say
The earl did much the Master pray
To use him on the battle-day,
But he preferred' — 'Nay, Henry, cease!
Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace. —
Eustace, thou bear'st a brain — I pray,
What did Blount see at break of day?' —

XVII.

'In brief, my lord, we both descried —
For then I stood by Henry's side —
The Palmer mount and outwards ride
Upon the earl's own favorite steed.
All sheathed he was in armor bright,
And much resembled that same knight
Subdued by you in Cotswold fight;
Lord Angus wished him speed.' —
The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,
A sudden light on Marmion broke: —
'Ah! dastard fool, to reason lost!'
He muttered; ''T was nor fay nor ghost
I met upon the moonlight wold,
But living man of earthly mould. —
O dotage blind and gross!
Had I but fought as wont, one thrust
Had laid De Wilton in the dust,
My path no more to cross. —
How stand we now? — he told his tale
To Douglas, and with some avail;
'T was therefore gloomed his rugged brow. —
Will Surrey dare to entertain
'Gainst Marmion charge disproved and vain?
Small risk of that, I trow.
Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun,
Must separate Constance from the nun —

Oh! what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive!
A Palmer too! — no wonder why
I felt rebuked beneath his eye;
I might have known there was but one
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion.'

XVIII.

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed
His troop, and reached at eve the Tweed,
Where Lennel's convent closed their march. —
There now is left but one frail arch,
Yet mourn thou not its cells;
Our time a fair exchange has made:
Hard by, in hospitable shade,
A reverend pilgrim dwells,
Well worth the whole Bernardine brood
That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood. —
Yet did Saint Bernard's abbot there
Give Marmion entertainment fair,
And lodging for his train and Clare.
Next morn the baron climbed the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power,
Encamped on Flodden edge;
The white pavilions made a show
Like remnants of the winter snow
Along the dusky ridge.
Long Marmion looked: — at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry
Amid the shifting lines;
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For, flashing on the hedge of spears,
The eastern sunbeam shines.
Their front now deepening, now extending,

TWISEL BRIDGE.

Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skilful Marmion well could know
They watched the motions of some foe
Who traversed on the plain below.

XIX.

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watched them as they crossed
The Till by Twisel Bridge.

High sight it is and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rearing
Upon the eastern bank you see;
Still pouring down the rocky den
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet clang,
Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

XX.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,

His host Lord Surrey lead?
What vails the vain knight-errant's brand? —
O Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
Oh! for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight
And cry, 'Saint Andrew and our right!'
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockbourne! —
The precious hour has passed in vain,
And England's host has gained the plain,
Wheeling their march and circling still
Around the base of Flodden hill.

XXI.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,
'Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
And see ascending squadrons come
Between Tweed's river and the hill,
Foot, horse, and cannon! Hap what hap,
My basnet to a prentice cap,
Lord Surrey 's o'er the Till! —
Yet more! yet more! — how fair arrayed
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
And sweep so gallant by!
With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armor flashing high,
Saint George might waken from the dead,
To see fair England's standards fly.' —
'Stint in thy prate,' quoth Blount, 'thou 'dst best,
And listen to our lord's behest.' —
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,
'This instant be our band arrayed;

The river must be quickly crossed,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
If fight King James, — as well I trust
That fight he will, and fight he must, —
The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry while the battle joins.'

XXII.

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Scarce to the abbot bade adieu,
Far less would listen to his prayer
To leave behind the helpless Clare.
Down to the Tweed his band he drew,
And muttered as the flood they view,
'The pheasant in the falcon's claw,
He scarce will yield to please a daw;
Lord Angus may the abbot awe,
So Clare shall bide with me.'
Then on that dangerous ford and deep
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep
He ventured desperately:
And not a moment will he bide
Till squire or groom before him ride;
Headmost of all he stems the tide,
And stems it gallantly.
Eustace held Clare upon her horse,
Old Hubert led her rein,
Stoutly they braved the current's course,
And, though far downward driven perforce,
The southern bank they gain.
Behind them straggling came to shore,
As best they might, the train:
Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,
A caution not in vain;

Deep need that day that every string,
By wet unharmed, should sharply ring.
A moment then Lord Marmion stayed,
And breathed his steed, his men arrayed,
  Then forward moved his band,
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
He halted by a cross of stone,
That on a hillock standing lone
  Did all the field command.

XXIII.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host for deadly fray;
Their marshalled lines stretched east and west,
  And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation passed
  From the loud cannon mouth;

Not in the close successive rattle
That breathes the voice of modern battle,
But slow and far between.
The hillock gained, Lord Marmion stayed:
'Here, by this cross,' he gently said,
'You well may view the scene.
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:
Oh! think of Marmion in thy prayer! —
Thou wilt not? — well, no less my care
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare. —
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten picked archers of my train;
With England if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed amain. —
But if we conquer, cruel maid,
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
When here we meet again.'
He waited not for answer there,
And would not mark the maid's despair,
Nor heed the discontented look
From either squire, but spurred amain,
And, dashing through the battle-plain,
His way to Surrey took.

XXIV.

'The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
Welcome to danger's hour! —
Short greeting serves in time of strife. —
Thus have I ranged my power:
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,
My sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,

Shall be in rearward of the fight,
And succor those that need it most.
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go;
Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
With thee their charge will blithely share;
There fight thine own retainers too
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true.'
'Thanks, noble Surrey!' Marmion said,
Nor further greeting there he paid,
But, parting like a thunderbolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of 'Marmion! Marmion!' that the cry,
Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

XXV.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill,
On which — for far the day was spent —
The western sunbeams now were bent;
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view:
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
'Unworthy office here to stay!
No hope of gilded spurs to-day. —
But see! look up — on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.'
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war

As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear or see their foes
Until at weapon-point they close. —
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;
Oh! life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

XXVI.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And first the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears,
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white seamew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook and falchions flashed amain;

Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly;
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight,
Although against them come
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly and with Home.

XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle,
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied.
'T was vain. — But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced, — forced back, — now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,

It wavered mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear:
'By heaven and all its saints! I swear
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads and patter prayer, —
I gallop to the host.'
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made for a space an opening large, —
The rescued banner rose, —
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree rooted from the ground
It sank among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too, — yet stayed,
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

XXVIII.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone. —
The scattered van of England wheels; —

She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roared, 'Is Wilton there?' —
They fly, or, maddened by despair,
Fight but to die, — 'Is Wilton there?'
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand.
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion! . . .
Young Blount his armor did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said, 'By Saint George, he 's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped,
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good-night to Marmion.' —
'Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes,' said Eustace; 'peace!'

XXIX.

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around gan Marmion wildly stare:
'Where 's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon, — charge again!
Cry, "Marmion to the rescue!" — Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again! —
Yet my last thought is England's — fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring. —

Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie:
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His lifeblood stains the spotless shield;
Edmund is down; my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England 's lost.—
Must I bid twice? — hence, varlets! fly!—
Leave Marmion here alone — to die.'
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured, 'Is there none
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!'

XXX.

O Woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When with the baron's casque the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,

But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain's side
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn? — behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray.
For. the. kind. soul. of. Sibyl. Grey.
Who. built. this. cross. and. well.
She filled the helm and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stooped his brow to lave —
'Is it the hand of Clare,' he said,
'Or injured Constance, bathes my head?'
Then, as remembrance rose, —
'Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!' —
'Alas!' she said, 'the while, —
Oh! think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She — died at Holy Isle.' —
Lord Marmion started from the ground
As light as if he felt no wound,

Though in the action burst the tide
In torrents from his wounded side.
'Then it was truth,' he said — 'I knew
That the dark presage must be true. —
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be! — this dizzy trance —
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand.'
Then fainting down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.

XXXII.

With fruitless labor Clara bound
And strove to stanch the gushing wound;
The monk with unavailing cares
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear;
For that she ever sung,
'*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!'
So the notes rung. —
'Avoid thee, Fiend! — with cruel hand
Shake not the dying sinner's sand! —
Oh! look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
Oh! think on faith and bliss! —

By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
  But never aught like this.' —
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
  And 'Stanley!' was the cry. —
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
  And fired his glazing eye;
With dying hand above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
  And shouted 'Victory! —
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'
Were the last words of Marmion.

XXXIII.

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where 's now their victor vaward wing,
  Where Huntly, and where Home? —
Oh! for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
  That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
  On Roncesvalles died!
Such blasts might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain
And turn the doubtful day again,
  While yet on Flodden side
Afar the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils and bleeds and dies
  Our Caledonian pride!

In vain the wish — for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sibyl's Cross the plunderers stray. —
'O lady,' cried the monk, 'away!'
And placed her on her steed,
And led her to the chapel fair
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.
There all the night they spent in prayer,
And at the dawn of morning there
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

XXXIV.

But as they left the darkening heath
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well,
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;

And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field, as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band
Disordered through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song
Shall many an age that wail prolong;
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear
And broken was her shield!

XXXV.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side. —
There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride,
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one;
The sad survivors all are gone. —
View not that corpse mistrustfully,
Defaced and mangled though it be;
Nor to yon Border castle high
Look northward with upbraiding eye;
Nor cherish hope in vain
That, journeying far on foreign strand,
The Royal Pilgrim to his land

May yet return again.
He saw the wreck his rashness wrought;
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
And fell on Flodden plain:
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clenched within his manly hand,
Beseemed the monarch slain.
But oh! how changed since yon blithe night!—
Gladly I turn me from the sight
Unto my tale again.

XXXVI.

Short is my tale: — Fitz-Eustace' care
A pierced and mangled body bare
To moated Lichfield's lofty pile;
And there, beneath the southern aisle,
A tomb with Gothic sculpture fair
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear. —
Now vainly for its site you look;
'T was levelled when fanatic Brook
The fair cathedral stormed and took,
But, thanks to Heaven and good Saint Chad,
A guerdon meet the spoiler had! —
There erst was martial Marmion found,
His feet upon a couchant hound,
His hands to heaven upraised;
And all around, on scutcheon rich,
And tablet carved, and fretted niche,
His arms and feats were blazed.
And yet, though all was carved so fair,
And priest for Marmion breathed the prayer,
The last Lord Marmion lay not there.
From Ettrick woods a peasant swain
Followed his lord to Flodden plain, —

One of those flowers whom plaintive lay
In Scotland mourns as 'wede away:'
Sore wounded, Sibyl's Cross he spied,
And dragged him to its foot, and died
Close by the noble Marmion's side.
The spoilers stripped and gashed the slain,
And thus their corpses were mista'en;
And thus in the proud baron's tomb
The lowly woodsman took the room.

XXXVII.

Less easy task it were to show
Lord Marmion's nameless grave and low.
They dug his grave e'en where he lay,
But every mark is gone:
Time's wasting hand has done away
The simple Cross of Sibyl Grey,
And broke her font of stone;
But yet from out the little hill
Oozes the slender springlet still.
Oft halts the stranger there,
For thence may best his curious eye
The memorable field descry;
And shepherd boys repair
To seek the water-flag and rush,
And rest them by the hazel bush,
And plait their garlands fair,
Nor dream they sit upon the grave
That holds the bones of Marmion brave. —
When thou shalt find the little hill,
With thy heart commune and be still.
If ever in temptation strong
Thou left'st the right path for the wrong,
If every devious step thus trod
Still led thee further from the road,

Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom
On noble Marmion's lowly tomb;
But say, 'He died a gallant knight,
With sword in hand, for England's right.'

XXXVIII.

I do not rhyme to that dull elf
Who cannot image to himself
That all through Flodden's dismal night
Wilton was foremost in the fight,
That when brave Surrey's steed was slain
'T was Wilton mounted him again;
'T was Wilton's brand that deepest hewed
Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood:
Unnamed by Holinshed or Hall,
He was the living soul of all;
That, after fight, his faith made plain,
He won his rank and lands again,
And charged his old paternal shield
With bearings won on Flodden Field.
Nor sing I to that simple maid
To whom it must in terms be said
That king and kinsmen did agree
To bless fair Clara's constancy;
Who cannot, unless I relate,
Paint to her mind the bridal's state, —
That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,
More, Sands, and Denny, passed the joke;
That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,
And Katherine's hand the stocking threw;
And afterwards, for many a day,
That it was held enough to say,
In blessing to a wedded pair,
'Love they like Wilton and like Clare!'

L'ENVOY.

TO THE READER.

WHY then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song,
Unless to bid the gentles speed,
Who long have listed to my rede?
To statesmen grave, if such may deign
To read the minstrel's idle strain,
Sound head, clean hand, and piercing wit,
And patriotic heart — as PITT!
A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her he loves the best!
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight?
To every faithful lover too,
What can I wish but lady true?
And knowledge to the studious sage,
And pillow soft to head of age!
To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay
Has cheated of thy hour of play,
Light task and merry holiday!
To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Cf. (*confer*), compare.
F. Q., Spenser's *Faërie Queene*.
fol., following.
Id. (*idem*), the same.
Imp. Dict., Ogilvie's *Imperial Dictionary* (Century Co.'s ed., New York, 1883).
ind., introduction.
Lockhart, J. G. Lockhart's edition of Scott's poems (various issues).
P. L., Milton's *Paradise Lost*.
Rich., Richardson's Dictionary (London, 1838).
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto ed. of 1879).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto ed.).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood. The line-numbers are those of the "Globe" edition.

The references to the *Lady of the Lake* are to Rolfe's ed.

NOTES.

"North Berwick's town and lofty Law."

INTRODUCTION.

SCOTT began *Marmion* in November, 1806, while he was engaged upon his edition of Dryden. It was published on the 23d of February, 1808, "in a splendid quarto, price one guinea and a half" (about $7.50 in Federal money), and the first edition of two thousand copies was exhausted in less than a month. During the author's life some fifty thousand copies were sold, and ever since it has been one of the most popular of his poetical romances.

The poem was dedicated to "the right honorable Henry, Lord Montague," and was prefaced by the following "Advertisement:" —

It is hardly to be expected that an author whom the public have honored with some degree of applause should not be again a trespasser on their kindness. Yet the author of *Marmion* must be supposed to feel some anxiety concerning its success, since he is sensible that he hazards, by this second intrusion, any reputation which his first poem may have procured him. The present story turns upon the private adventures of a fictitious character, but is called a Tale of Flodden Field, because the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat and the causes which led to it. The design of the author was, if possible, to apprise his readers, at the outset, of the date of his story, and to prepare them for the manners of the age in which it is laid. Any historical narrative, far more an attempt at epic composition, exceeded his plan of a romantic tale; yet he may be permitted to hope, from the popularity of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, that an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting story, will not be unacceptable to the public.

The poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the defeat of Flodden, 9th September, 1513.

ASHESTIEL, 1808.

The edition of 1830 contained the following "Introduction:"—

What I have to say respecting this poem may be briefly told. In the Introduction to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* I have mentioned the circumstances, so far as my literary life is concerned, which induced me to resign the active pursuit of an honorable profession for the more precarious resources of literature. My appointment to the Sheriffdom of Selkirk called for a change of residence. I left, therefore, the pleasant cottage I had upon the side of the Esk, for the "pleasanter banks of the Tweed," in order to comply with the law, which requires that the sheriff shall be resident, at least during a certain number of months, within his jurisdiction. We found a delightful retirement, by my becoming the tenant of my intimate friend and cousin-german, Colonel Russel, in his mansion of Ashestiel, which was unoccupied during his absence on military service in India. The house was adequate to our accommodation and the exercise of a limited hospitality. The situation is uncommonly beautiful, by the side of a fine river whose streams are there very favorable for angling, surrounded by the remains of natural woods, and by hills abounding in game. In point of society, according to the heartfelt phrase of Scripture, we dwelt "amongst our own people;" and as the distance from the metropolis was only thirty miles, we were not out of reach of our Edinburgh friends, in which city we spent the terms of the summer and winter sessions of the court, that is, five or six months in the year.

An important circumstance had, about the same time, taken place in my life. Hopes had been held out to me from an influential quarter, of a nature to relieve me from the anxiety which I must have otherwise felt, as one upon the precarious tenure of whose own life rested the

principal prospects of his family, and especially as one who had necessarily some dependence upon the favor of the public, which is proverbially capricious; though it is but justice to add that in my own case I have not found it so. Mr. Pitt had expressed a wish to my personal friend, the Right Honorable William Dundas, now Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, that some fitting opportunity should be taken to be of service to me; and as my views and wishes pointed to a future rather than an immediate provision, an opportunity of accomplishing this was soon found. One of the Principal Clerks of Session, as they are called (official persons who occupy an important and responsible situation, and enjoy a considerable income), who had served upwards of thirty years, felt himself, from age and the infirmity of deafness with which it was accompanied, desirous of retiring from his official situation. As the law then stood, such official persons were entitled to bargain with their successors, either for a sum of money, which was usually a considerable one, or for an interest in the emoluments of the office during their life. My predecessor, whose services had been unusually meritorious, stipulated for the emoluments of his office during his life, while I should enjoy the survivorship, on the condition that I discharged the duties of the office in the mean time. Mr. Pitt, however, having died in the interval, his administration was dissolved, and was succeeded by that known by the name of the Fox and Grenville Ministry. My affair was so far completed that my commission lay in the office subscribed by his Majesty; but, from hurry or mistake, the interest of my predecessor was not expressed in it, as had been usual in such cases. Although, therefore, it only required payment of the fees, I could not in honor take out the commission in the present state, since, in the event of my dying before him, the gentleman whom I succeeded must have lost the vested interest which he had stipulated to retain. I had the honor of an interview with Earl Spencer on the subject, and he, in the most handsome manner, gave directions that the commission should issue as originally intended; adding, that the matter having received the royal assent, he regarded only as a claim of justice what he would have willingly done as an act of favor. I never saw Mr. Fox on this or on any other occasion, and never made any application to him, conceiving that in doing so I might have been supposed to express political opinions contrary to those which I had always professed. In his private capacity, there is no man to whom I would have been more proud to owe an obligation, had I been so distinguished.

By this arrangement I obtained the survivorship of an office the emoluments of which were fully adequate to my wishes; and as the law respecting the mode of providing for superannuated officers was, about five or six years after, altered from that which admitted the arrangement of assistant and successor, my colleague very handsomely took the opportunity of the alteration to accept of the retiring annuity provided in such cases, and admitted me to the full benefit of the office.

But although the certainty of succeeding to a considerable income, at the time I obtained it, seemed to assure me of a quiet harbor in my old age, I did not escape my share of inconvenience from the contrary tides and currents by which we are so often encountered in our journey

through life. Indeed, the publication of my next poetical attempt was prematurely accelerated, from one of those unpleasant accidents which can neither be foreseen nor avoided.

I had formed the prudent resolution to endeavor to bestow a little more labor than I had yet done on my productions, and to be in no hurry again to announce myself as a candidate for literary fame. Accordingly, particular passages of a poem which was finally called *Marmion* were labored with a good deal of care by one by whom much care was seldom bestowed. Whether the work was worth the labor or not, I am no competent judge; but I may be permitted to say that the period of its composition was a very happy one in my life; so much so, that I remember with pleasure, at this moment, some of the spots in which particular passages were composed. It is probably owing to this that the Introductions to the several cantos assumed the form of familiar epistles to my intimate friends, in which I alluded, perhaps more than was necessary or graceful, to my domestic occupations and amusements,—a loquacity which may be excused by those who remember that I was still young, light-headed, and happy, and that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

The misfortunes of a near relation and friend, which happened at this time, led me to alter my prudent determination, which had been to use great precaution in sending this poem into the world; and made it convenient at least, if not absolutely necessary, to hasten its publication. The publishers of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, emboldened by the success of that poem, willingly offered a thousand pounds for *Marmion*. The transaction, being no secret, afforded Lord Byron, who was then at general war with all who blacked paper, an apology for including me in his satire entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.[1] I never could conceive how an arrangement between an author and his publishers, if satisfactory to the persons concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party. I had taken no unusual or ungenerous

[1] Lockhart quotes the passage, which is as follows:

"Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, Scott! by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half a crown per line?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame;
Still for stern Mammon may they toil in vain!
And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long 'Good-night to Marmion.'"

means of enhancing the value of my merchandise, — I had never higgled a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once what I considered the handsome offer of my publishers. These gentlemen, at least, were not of opinion that they had been taken advantage of in the transaction, which indeed was one of their own framing; on the contrary, the sale of the poem was so far beyond their expectation as to induce them to supply the author's cellars with what is always an acceptable present to a young Scottish housekeeper, namely, a hogshead of excellent claret.

The poem was finished in too much haste to allow me an opportunity of softening down, if not removing, some of its most prominent defects. The nature of Marmion's guilt, although similar instances were found, and might be quoted, as existing in feudal times, was nevertheless not sufficiently peculiar to be indicative of the character of the period, forgery being the crime of a commercial rather than a proud and warlike age. This gross defect ought to have been remedied or palliated. Yet I suffered the tree to lie as it had fallen. I remember my friend, Dr. Leyden, then in the East, wrote me a furious remonstrance on the subject. I have, nevertheless, always been of opinion that corrections, however in themselves judicious, have a bad effect — after publication. An author is never so decidedly condemned as on his own confession, and may long find apologists and partisans until he gives up his own cause. I was not, therefore, inclined to afford matter for censure out of my own admissions; and, by good fortune, the novelty of the subject and, if I may say so, some force and vivacity of description, were allowed to atone for many imperfections. Thus the second experiment on the public patience, generally the most perilous, — for the public are then most apt to judge with rigor what in the first instance they had received perhaps with imprudent generosity, — was in my case decidedly successful. I had the good fortune to pass this ordeal favorably, and the return of sales before me makes the copies amount to thirty-six thousand printed between 1808 and 1825, besides a considerable sale since that period. I shall here pause upon the subject of *Marmion*, and, in a few prefatory words to *The Lady of the Lake*, the last poem of mine which obtained eminent success, I will continue the task which I have imposed on myself respecting the origin of my productions.

ABBOTSFORD, *April*, 1830.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

Lockhart states that the Introductions "were not originally intended to be interwoven in any fashion with the romance of *Marmion*." He adds: "Though the author himself does not allude to, and had perhaps forgotten the circumstance when writing the Introductory Essay of 1830, they were announced by an advertisement early in 1807, as 'Six Epistles from Ettrick Forest,' to be published in a separate volume; and perhaps it might have been better that this first plan had been adhered to.

But however that may be, are there any pages among all he ever wrote that one would be more sorry he should not have written? They are among the most delicious portraitures that genius ever painted of itself — buoyant, virtuous, happy genius — exulting in its own energies, yet possessed and mastered by a clear, calm, modest mind, and happy only in diffusing happiness around it."

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE (1775–1843), to whom this Introduction is addressed, was a poet of some reputation in his day, but now chiefly known by his translation of Ariosto (1823–31). Among his other works were free translations of the old romances of *Amadis de Gaul* (1803) and *Partenopex de Blois* (1807), referred to by Scott below (lines 310 fol.). See his memoir by Townsend, prefixed to Bohn's ed. of the Ariosto; Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, chaps. xvi., xlix., and lix.; *Blackwood's Mag.* for June, 1824; and C. R. Leslie's *Autobiographical Recollections*, chap. iv. (American ed. p. 60 fol.).

Ashestiel, or *Ashiestiel*, the home of Scott from the early part of 1804 until he removed to Abbotsford in May, 1812, is on the south bank of the Tweed, some six miles above the latter place. "A more beautiful situation for the house of a poet could not be conceived. The house was then a small one, but . . . its accommodations were amply sufficient. You approached it through an old-fashioned garden, with holly hedges and broad, green terrace walks. On one side close under the windows is a deep ravine, clothed with venerable trees, down which a mountain rivulet is heard, more than seen, in its progress to the Tweed. The river itself is separated from the high bank on which the house stands only by a narrow meadow of the richest verdure. Opposite, and all around, are the green hills. The valley there is narrow, and the aspect in every direction is that of perfect pastoral repose" (Lockhart). See also an interesting description of the place in Howitt's *Homes and Haunts of British Poets* (Harpers' ed. vol. ii. p. 207 fol.).

1. *November's sky*, etc. The metre of this Introduction (as of the entire poem, with occasional variations, mostly such as are found in the old "ballad measure") is *iambic*, that is, with the accents on the even syllables, and *octosyllabic*, or eight syllables to the line. An *Alexandrine*, or line of twelve syllables, is occasionally introduced at the end of a passage; as in 96, 205, and 283 below. In the poem proper, lines of six syllables are often interspersed, which give additional variety to the measure by interrupting the regular succession of rhymes.

3. *The steepy linn*. The "deep ravine" mentioned by Lockhart. For the poetical *steepy*, cf. Shakespeare, *T. of A.* i. 1. 74: "the steepy mount," etc. *Linn*, which here is = ravine, has a variety of other meanings; as cataract (cf. ii. ind. 269 below), deep pool (especially above or below a waterfall), precipice, etc.

Needpath-fell, *Yair* (or *Yare*), and *Glenkinnon's rill*, are all in the immediate neighborhood.

8. *Feeble*, *hoarse*, and *frequent* are of course used adverbially, as adjectives often are in poetry.

15. *No longer*, etc. The MS. (according to Lockhart) reads:

> "No longer now in glowing red
> The Ettericke-Forest hills are clad."

23. *Heaven.* Weather. Cf. the use of the Latin *caelum*.

32. *Him.* Used reflexively, as often in poetry.

37. *Imps.* Children; as in Old English. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ind. to Bk. i.:

> "And thou, most dreaded impe of highest Jove,
> Faire Venus sonne;" etc.

Holinshed speaks of "Prince Edward, that goodlie impe;" and Churchyard calls Edward VI. "that impe of grace."

50. *To the round.* That is, in response to your own song.

53. *To mute and to material things.* Note the alliteration; as in 49 above, 60 below, etc.

59. *What powerful call*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "What call awakens from the dead
> The hero's heart, the patriot's head?"

61. *Britain's weal.* Repeated too soon in 84 below.

64. *The meanest flower that blows.* Wordsworth, a few years earlier, had written (*Ode on Intimations of Immortality*):

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

69. *Deep graved.* Scott did well to revise the MS. reading:

> "Deep in each British bosom wrote,
> O never be those names forgot!"

72. *On Gadite wave.* That is, in the Bay of Trafalgar, where Nelson died in the hour of his famous victory. *Gadite*, like the more familiar *Gaditanian*, is from *Gades*, the ancient name of the neighboring *Cadiz*.

73. *Levin.* Lightning; obsolete except in poetry. Cf. i. 400 below, and Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 5. 48:

> "As percing levin, which the inner part
> Of every thing consumes, and calcineth by art."

So *levin-brond* (lightning-brand) = thunderbolt; as in *Id.* vii. 7. 30: "And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke."

80. *Who bade*, etc. Pitt was prime minister at the time.

82. *Hafnia.* Copenhagen (its Latin name); referring to Nelson's victory there in 1801.

83. *Emprise.* Enterprise; a poetical word.

84. *Early wise.* Pitt made his first great speech in Parliament before he was twenty-two, and at twenty-three was Chancellor of the Exchequer. For the other allusions to the career of the famous statesman, and to that of his great rival Fox, see any sketch of their lives.

91. *Amain.* Literally, with *main*, or force. This old word *main* still survives in the phrase "with might and main."

92. *Strained*, etc. The MS. has "Tugg'd at subjection's cracking rein;" and in 95 "bold" for *fierce*.

97. *Hadst thou*, etc. According to Lockhart, this passage was interpolated on the blank page of the MS., where it appears thus:

"Oh! had he lived, though stripp'd of power,
Like a lone watchman on the tower,
His thrilling trumpet through the land
Had warn'd when foemen were at hand;
As by some beacon's lonely light,
{By thee our course had steer'd aright;
{Our steady course had steer'd aright;
{Our pilots kept their course aright;
His single mind, unbent by fate,
Had propp'd his country's tottering weight;
As some {tall / vast} column left alone,
{Had propp'd our tottering state and throne;
{His strength had propp'd our tottering throne;
The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
The warder fallen, the column broke."

109. *Oh! think*, etc. The MS. has "Yet think," etc.

111. *Palinu. e's unaltered mood.* The allusion is to Palinurus, the pilot of Æneas. When the disguised Somnus tried to persuade him to leave his post and indulge in needed rest, he refused; and when the baffled god pushed him overboard he still clung to the helm, which was torn away as he fell. See Virgil, *Æn.* v. 833 fol.

121. *Hallowed day.* The MS. has "holy day."

127. *His rival slumbers nigh.* The grave of Fox in Westminster Abbey is close to that of Pitt.

130–141. *For talents . . . long rest.* In place of these twelve lines the MS. has the following:

"If genius high, and judgment sound,
And art that loved to play, not wound,
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine,
Could save one mortal of the herd
From error — Fox had never err'd."

135. *Resolve.* Analyze.

142. *Here.* That is, in the Abbey, where so many eminent men are buried.

146. *Where the fretted aisles prolong*, etc. Cf. Gray, *Elegy*, 39:

"Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

For the architectural sense of *aisle*, see any of the larger dictionaries.

152. *And, partial feeling*, etc. The MS. has "And party passion doff'd aside," which may serve as a comment on the use of *partial*.

159. *The sullied olive-branch returned.* Rejected the peace which he considered dishonorable.

161. *Nailed her colors to the mast.* Like Nelson, who, at the battle of Copenhagen, when Sir Hyde Parker, his superior in command, made signal for discontinuing the action, refused to obey. "Damn the signal!" he is said to have cried. "Keep mine for closer battle flying. That 's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast!"

162. *Heaven, to reward his firmness*, etc. Lockhart quotes what Jeffrey says in the *Edinburgh Review*: "The first episto lary effusion,

containing a threnody on Nelson, Pitt, and Fox, exhibits a remarkable failure. We are unwilling to quarrel with a poet on the score of politics; but the manner in which he has chosen to praise the last of these great men is more likely, we conceive, to give offence to his admirers than the most direct censure. The only deed for which he is praised is for having broken off the negotiation for peace; and for this act of firmness, it is added, Heaven rewarded him with a share in the honored grave of Pitt. It is then said that his errors should be forgotten, and that he *died* a Briton, — a pretty plain insinuation that, in the author's opinion, he did not live one; and just such an encomium as he himself pronounces over the grave of his villain hero, Marmion."

168. *Party.* The MS. has "courtier;" and in 179 below "pale moon" for *planets.*

177. *Thessalian cave.* Thessaly was noted for its witchcraft.

185. *Side by side.* See on 127 above. Lockhart quotes Byron, *Age of Bronze:*

> "Reader! remember when thou wert a lad,
> Then Pitt was all; or, if not all, so much,
> His very rival almost deem'd him such.
> We, we have seen the intellectual race
> Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face,
> Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea
> Of eloquence between, which flow'd all free
> As the deep billows of the Ægean roar
> Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian shore.
> But where are they — the rivals! — a few feet
> Of sullen earth divide each winding-sheet.
> How peaceful and how powerful is the grave,
> Which hushes all! a calm unstormy wave,
> Which oversweeps the world. The theme is old
> Of 'dust to dust;' but half its tale untold;
> Time tempers not its terrors."

194. *But search the land, of living men,* etc. The pointing is that of Scott in the first ed. His meaning evidently was: Search the land, and among living men where will you find, etc. The comma after *land* is omitted in most eds., altering the construction, though not materially affecting the sense.

199. *Hearse.* Here = coffin, or tomb. The *herse*, or *hearse*, was originally a temporary canopy covered with candles, which was placed over the coffin during the funeral ceremonies; afterwards the word was applied to a permanent framework over a tomb, and (poetically at least) to the tomb itself. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke:*

> "Underneath this sable herse
> Lies the subject of all verse," etc.

203. *The Border Minstrel.* Scott himself, whose *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* had been published in 1802–1803. In the Introduction prefixed to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* in 1830, the poet says that "among those who smiled on the adventurous minstrel were numbered the great names of William Pitt and Charles Fox." Lockhart, in his *Life of Scott*, says: "Through what channel or in what terms Fox made known his opinion of the *Lay*, I have failed to ascertain. Pitt's praise,

as expressed to his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, within a few weeks after the poem appeared, was repeated by her to William Rose, who of course communicated it forthwith to the author." Lockhart goes on to quote Mr. William Dundas, who writes to Scott: "I remember, at Mr. Pitt's table in 1805, . . . he repeated some lines from the *Lay*, describing the old harper's embarrassment when asked to play, and said, 'This is a sort of thing which I might have expected in painting, but could never have fancied capable of being given in poetry.'"

204. *Gothic.* Rude; perhaps with a reference also to Scott's choice of subjects for his poetry.

207. *Wildered.* Bewildered; but not to be printed "'wildered." See Wb. or the *Imp. Dict.* Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, p. 187.

217. *Ecstasy.* Overpowering emotion. Cf. Shakespeare, *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 157: "The ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself;" *Macb.* iii. 2. 22:

> "Than on the torture of the mind to lie
> In restless ecstasy," etc.

220. *Like frostwork*, etc. Lockhart quotes Rogers, *Pleas. of Memory:*

> "If but a dream of sober reason play,
> Lo! Fancy's fairy frostwork melts away."

221. *Fancy.* The early eds. have "fancied." The *fancy fabric* is the Abbey in which he has imagined himself to be.

232. *Prompt on unequal tasks to run.* Eager to undertake tasks to which he is unequal; referring to *son*, not *Nature*.

235. *Waste.* Idle away. Cf. Milton, *Sonnet to Mr. Laurence:* "Help waste a sullen day," etc.

238. *Shrilling.* Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 5. 6: "A shrilling trompett sownded from on hye;" *Id.* vi. 8. 46: "Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to shrill," etc. The verb is sometimes transitive; as in Shakespeare, *T. and C.* v. 3. 84: "How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!" Tennyson, *Talking Oak*, 68: "And shrill'd his tinsel shaft," etc.

242. *Trips it.* Cf. Milton, *L' Allegro*, 33: "Come, and trip it, as you go," etc.

244. *The ancient shepherd's tale to learn*, etc. As Scott was fond of doing. The whole picture is drawn from the life. It was thus that he gathered much of the material for his *Border Minstrelsy*.

245. *Though oft*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Though oft he stops to wonder still
> That his old legends have the skill
> To win so well the attentive ear,
> Perchance to draw the sigh or tear."

256. *Steely weeds.* Steel armor. For *steely*, cf. Shakespeare, 3 *Henry VI.* ii. 3. 16: "The steely point of Clifford's lance," etc.; and for *weeds* = garments, cf. v. 168 below. See also *Lady of the Lake*, p. 238.

258. *The Champion of the Lake.* Lancelot du Lac, one of the most famous of Arthur's knights. Scott has the following note here:

"The Romance of the *Morte d'Arthur* contains a sort of abridgment of the most celebrated adventures of the Round Table; and, being written in comparatively modern language, gives the general reader an excellent idea of what romances of chivalry actually were. It has also the merit of being written in pure old English; and many of the wild adventures which it contains are told with a simplicity bordering upon the sublime. Several of these are referred to in the text; . . . but I confine myself to the tale of the Chapel Perilous, and of the quest of Sir Launcelot after the Sangreal:

"'Right so Sir Launcelot departed, and when he came to the Chapell Perilous, he alighted downe, and tied his horse to a little gate. And as soon as he was within the churchyard, he saw, on the front of the chapell, many faire rich shields turned upside downe; and many of the shields Sir Launcelot had seene knights have before; with that he saw stand by him thirtie great knights, more, by a yard, than any man that ever he had seene, and all those grinned and gnashed at Sir Launcelot; and when he saw their countenance, hee dread them sore, and so put his shield afore him, and tooke his sword in his hand, ready to doe battaile; and they were all armed in black harneis, ready, with their shields and swords drawen. And when Sir Launcelot would have gone through them, they scattered on every side of him, and gave him the way; and therewith he waxed all bold, and entered into the chapell, and then hee saw no light but a dimme lampe burning, and then was he ware of a corps covered with a cloath of silke; then Sir Launcelot stooped downe, and cut a piece of that cloath away, and then it fared under him as the earth had quaked a little, whereof he was afeard, and then hee saw a faire sword lye by the dead knight, and that he gat in his hand, and hied him out of the chappell. As soon as he was in the chappell-yerd, all the knights spoke to him with a grimly voice, and said, "Knight, Sir Launcelot, lay that sword from thee, or else thou shalt die." — "Whether I live or die," said Sir Launcelot, "with no great words get yee it againe, therefore fight for it and yee list." Therewith he passed through them; and, beyond the chappell-yerd, there met him a faire damosell, and said, "Sir Launcelot, leave that sword behind thee, or thou wilt die for it." — "I will not leave it," said Sir Launcelot, "for no threats." — "No?" said she; "and ye did leave that sword, Queene Guenever should ye never see." — "Then were I a foole and I would leave this sword," said Sir Launcelot. — "Now, gentle knight," said the damosell, "I require thee to kisse me once." — "Nay," said Sir Launcelot, "that God forbid!" — "Well, sir," said she, "and thou haddest kissed me thy life dayes had been done; but now, alas!" said she, "I have lost all my labour; for I ordeined this chappell for thy sake, and for Sir Gawaine: and once I had Sir Gawaine within it; and at that time he fought with that knight which there lieth dead in yonder chappell, Sir Gilbert the bastard, and at that time hee smote off Sir Gilbert the bastard's left hand. And so, Sir Launcelot, now I tell thee, that I have loved thee this seaven yeare; but there may no woman have thy love but Queene Guenever; but sithen I may not rejoyce thee to have thy body alive, I had kept no more joy in this world but to have had thy dead body; and I would have balmed it and served, and so have kept it in my life daies, and

daily I should have clipped thee, and kissed thee, in the despite of Queene Guenever."—"Yee say well," said Sir Launcelot; "Jesus preserve me from your subtill craft." And therewith he took his horse and departed from her.'"

263. *Dame Ganore.* Guenever, or Guinevere, the faithless queen of Arthur, referred to in the above extract from the *Morte d'Arthur.*

267. *A sinful man,* etc. Scott has the following note on this passage:

"One day, when Arthur was holding a high feast with his Knights of the Round Table, the Sangreal, or vessel out of which the last passover was eaten, a precious relic, which had long remained concealed from human eyes, because of the sins of the land, suddenly appeared to him and all his chivalry. The consequence of this vision was, that all the knights took on them a solemn vow to seek the Sangreal. But, alas! it could only be revealed to a knight at once accomplished in earthly chivalry, and pure and guiltless of evil conversation. All Sir Launcelot's noble accomplishments were therefore rendered vain by his guilty intrigue with Queen Guenever, or Ganore; and in this holy quest he encountered only such disgraceful disasters as that which follows:

"'But Sir Launcelot rode overthwart and endlong in a wild forest, and held no path, but as wild adventure led him; and at the last, he came unto a stone crosse, which departed two wayes, in wast land; and, by the crosse, was a ston that was of marble; but it was so darke, that Sir Launcelot might not well know what it was. Then Sir Launcelot looked by him, and saw an old chappell, and there he wend to have found people. And so Sir Launcelot tied his horse to a tree, and there hee put off his shield, and hung it upon a tree, and then hee went unto the chappell doore, and found it wasted and broken. And within he found a faire alter full richly arrayed with cloth of silk, and there stood a faire candlestick, which beare six great candels, and the candlesticke was of silver. And when Sir Launcelot saw this light, hee had a great will for to enter into the chappell, but hee could find no place where hee might enter. Then was he passing heavie and dismaied. Then hee returned, and came again to his horse, and tooke off his saddle and his bridle, and let him pasture, and unlaced his helme, and ungirded his sword, and laide him downe to sleepe upon his shield before the crosse.

"'And so hee fell on sleepe, and halfe waking and halfe sleeping, hee saw come by him two palfryes, both faire and white, the which beare a litter, therein lying a sicke knight. And when he was nigh the crosse, he there abode still. All this Sir Launcelot saw and beheld, for hee slept not verily, and hee heard him say, "Oh sweete Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me, and when shall the holy vessel come by me, where through I shall be blessed, for I have endured thus long, for little trespasse." And thus a great while complained the knight, and allwaies Sir Launcelot heard it. With that Sir Launcelot saw the candlesticke, with the six tapers come before the crosse; but he could see no body that brought it. Also there came a table of silver, and the holy vessell of the Sancgreall, the which Sir Launcelot had seene before that time in King Petchour's house. And therewithall the sicke knight set him upright, and held up both his hands, and said, "Faire sweete

Lord, which is here within the holy vessell, take heede to mee, that I may bee hole of this great malady." And therewith upon his hands, and upon his knees, he went so nigh, that he touched the holy vessell, and kissed it: And anon he was hole, and then he said, "Lord God, I thank thee, for I am healed of this malady." Soo when the holy vessell had been there a great while, it went unto the chappell againe with the candlesticke and the light, so that Sir Launcelot wist not where it became, for he was overtaken with sinne, that hee had no power to arise against the holy vessell, wherefore afterward many men said of him shame. But he tooke repentance afterward. Then the sicke knight dressed him upright, and kissed the crosse. Then anon his squire brought him his armes, and asked his lord how he did. "Certainely," said hee, "I thanke God right heartily, for through the holy vessell I am healed: But I have right great mervaile of this sleeping knight, which hath had neither grace nor power to awake during the time that this holy vessell hath beene here present." "I dare it right well say," said the squire, "that this same knight is defouled with some manner of deadly sinne, whereof he was never confessed." "By my faith," said the knight, "whatsoever he be, he is unhappie; for as I deeme hee is of the fellowship of the Round Table, the which is entred into the quest of the Sancgreall." "Sir," said the squire, "here I have brought you all your armes, save your helme and your sword, and therefore, by mine assent, now may ye take this knight's helme and his sword," and so he did. And when he was cleane armed, he tooke Sir Launcelot's horse, for he was better than his owne, and so they departed from the crosse.

"'Then anon Sir Launcelot awaked, and set himselfe upright, and hee thought him what hee had there seene, and whether it were dreames or not, right so he heard a voice that said "Sir Launcelot, more harder then is the stone, and more bitter then is the wood, and more naked and bare then is the liefe of the fig-tree, therefore go thou from hence, and withdraw thee from this holy place;" and when Sir Launcelot heard this, hee was passing heavy, and wist not what to doe. And so he departed sore weeping, and cursed the time that he was borne; for then hee deemed never to have had more worship; for the words went unto his heart, till that he knew wherefore that hee was so called.'"

Unconfessed. That is, not having received absolution after confession.

For the story of the Sangreal, see also Tennyson's *Holy Grail* and *Sir Galahad*, and Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal.*

273. *Spenser's elfin dream.* That is, his *Faërie Queene.*

275. *And Dryden*, etc. Scott says: "Dryden's melancholy account of his projected Epic Poem, blasted by the selfish and sordid parsimony of his patrons, is contained in an *Essay on Satire*, addressed to the Earl of Dorset, and prefaced to the *Translation of Juvenal.* After mentioning a plan of supplying machinery from the guardian angels of kingdoms, mentioned in the Book of Daniel, he adds: 'Thus, my Lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your lordship, and by you the world, a rude draft of what I have been long laboring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice (though far unable for the

attempt of such a poem); and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This, too, I had intended chiefly for the honor of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged. Of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful whether I should choose that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons, which, being further distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention; or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel; which, for the compass or time, including only the expedition of one year, for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event, for the magnanimity of the English hero, opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored, and for the many beautiful episodes which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons (wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages in the succession of our imperial line),—with these helps, and those of the machines which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors, or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design; but being encouraged only with fair words by King Charles II., my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me; and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of the times, has wholly disabled me.'"

281. *Licentious satire*, etc. The MS. reads thus:

"Licentious song, lampoon, and play;
The world defrauded of the bold design,
And quench'd the heroic { fire, and marr'd the lofty line.
Profaned the heavenly {
Profaned his God-given strength, and marr'd his lofty line."

289. *Where long*, etc. This magic sleep, etc., was a favorite device with the old romancers.

294. *To prick*. To spur his steed. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1. 1: "A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine," etc. *On venturous quest* = in quest of adventures, like the knights of old.

295. *With all his train*. In the MS. the rest of the passage stands thus:

"Around him wait with all their { charms, spells,
Pure Love which { Virtue only warms; scarce his passion tells;
Mystery, half seen and half conceal'd;
And Honor, with unspotted shield;
Attention, with fix'd eye; and Fear,
That loves the tale she shrinks to hear;
And gentle Courtesy; and Faith,
And valor that despises death.

299. *And errant maid*, etc. Like Una in the *Faërie Queene*.

308. *Lion-mettled*. Lion-spirited, brave as a lion. *Mettle* is only another spelling of *metal*, and in old books we find the two used indis-

criminately. Shakespeare has *lion-mettled* in *Macb.* iv. i. 90: "Be lion-mettled, proud," etc. See also on iii. ind. 91 below.

310. *Thy fair achievement.* Your excellent work in literature. For the allusions to Mr. Rose's books in the lines that follow, see the account of that gentleman above.

312. *Ytene's oaks.* "The New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called" (Scott).

314. *Ascapart and Bevis bold.* Ascapart, or Ascabart, was a giant who figures in the *History of Bevis of Hampton*, by whom he was conquered. The images of the two are still to be seen on either side of an old gate at Southampton. Scott quotes the description of Ascapart from Mr. George Ellis's translation of the old romance:

> "This geaunt was mighty and strong,
> And full thirty foot was long.
> He was bristled like a sow;
> A foot he had between each brow;
> His lips were great, and hung aside;
> His eyen were hollow, his mouth was wide;
> Lothly he was to look on than,
> And liker a devil than a man.
> His staff was a young oak,
> Hard and heavy was his stroke."

315. *That Red King.* William Rufus (his surname being Latin for *red*), who was accidentally killed by an arrow from the bow of Sir Walter Tyrrel, while hunting in the New Forest, Aug. 2, 1100. *Boldre* is still the name of a village in the Forest.

321. *In hall.* That is, among men; just as *in bower* was often = among women. *In hall and bower* (among men and women) is a common expression in the old ballads. Cf. i. 348 below, and see also *Lady of the Lake*, p. 197, note on 112.

CANTO FIRST.

1. *Norham's castled steep.* "The ruinous castle of Norham (anciently called Ubbanford) is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins, as well as its historical importance, show it to have been a place of magnificence, as well as strength. Edward I. resided there when he was created umpire of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland; and, indeed, scarce any happened in which it had not a principal share. Norham Castle is situated on a steep bank which overhangs the river. The repeated sieges which the castle had sustained rendered frequent repairs necessary. In 1164 it was almost rebuilded by Hugh Pudsey, bishop of Durham, who added a huge keep or donjon; notwithstanding which, King Henry II., in 1174, took the castle from the bishop, and committed the keeping of it to William de Neville. After this

period it seems to have been chiefly garrisoned by the king, and considered as a royal fortress. The Greys of Chillinghame Castle were frequently the castellans or captains of the garrison. Yet, as the castle was situated in the patrimony of St. Cuthbert, the property was in the see of Durham till the Reformation.

"According to Mr. Pinkerton, there is, in the British Museum, a curious memoir of the Dacres on the state of Norham Castle in 1522, not long after the battle of Flodden. The inner ward or keep is represented as impregnable: 'The provisions are three great vats of salt eels, forty-four kine, three hogsheads of salted salmon, forty quarters of grain, besides many cows, and four hundred sheep lying under the castle wall nightly; but a number of the arrows wanted feathers, and a good *Fletcher* (*i. e.* maker of arrows) was required' (*History of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 201, note).

"The ruins of the castle consist of a large shattered tower, with many vaults, and fragments of other edifices, inclosed within an outward wall of great circuit" (Scott).

The MS. has "hoary keep" for *castled steep;* in 4, "donjon steep;" in 7, "ruddy lustre;" in 9, "eastern sky;" and in 12, "evening blaze."

3. *Cheviot's mountains.* The Cheviot Hills are directly south of Norham, bounding the view from the castle in that direction.

4. *Battled.* Battlemented; as in v. ind. 90 below. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, ii. 702: "the battled fence," etc.

"It is perhaps unnecessary to remind my readers that *donjon*, in its proper signification, means the strongest part of a feudal castle; a high square tower, with walls of tremendous thickness, situated in the centre of the other buildings, from which, however, it was usually detached. Here, in case of the outward defences being gained, the garrison retreated to make their last stand. The donjon contained the great hall, and principal rooms of state for solemn occasions, and also the prison of the fortress; from which last circumstance we derive the modern and restricted use of the word *dungeon*" (Scott).

14. *St. George's banner.* That is, the English flag.

20. *Parted.* Departed; as often in poetry, and formerly in prose. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 3. 22: "Soone as she parted thence;" Gray, *Elegy*, 1: "the knell of parting day," etc. See also ii. 621 and vi. 478 below.

29. *Horncliff-hill.* The hill and the village of Horncliff are a little way down the river from Norham.

Plump. This word properly means a flight of water-fowl, but is applied, by analogy, to a body of horse. Scott quotes *Flodden Field:*

> "There is a knight of the North Country,
> Which leads a lusty plump of spears."

In Elizabethan and earlier (as well as later) writers it is common in the sense of a group or mass of persons or things: "a plumpe of rogues" (Beaumont and Fletcher); "a plumpe of fine gallants" (Chapman); "a plump of trees" (Dryden), etc.

42. *Sewer.* The officer who served up the feast and arranged the dishes. It was also his duty to bring water for the hands of the guests. Nares quotes Barclay, *Ecl.* ii:

"Slow be the sewers in serving in alway,
But swift be they after, in taking meat away."

Cf. also Ben Jonson, *Epicœne*, iii. 3: "Clap me a clean towel about you, like a sewer;" and Chapman, *Odyssey:*

"Then the sewre
Pourd water from a great and golden ewre."

The *seneschal* was the steward or superintendent of the domestic concerns of the castle.

43. *Malvoisie.* The French name of *Malmsey* wine.

50. *Salvo-shot.* Salute; or, as the MS. has it, "welcome-shot."

56. *Unsparred.* Removed its spars or bars.

62. *Stalworth.* An old form of *stalwart.*

64. *The scar*, etc. The MS. reads:

"On his brown cheek an azure scar
Bore token true of Bosworth war."

The allusion is to the battle of Bosworth Field (Aug. 22, 1485), which terminated the Wars of the Roses.

75. *Carpet knight.* Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, v. 354:

"By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet knight," etc.

79. *Milan steel.* Scott says: "The artists of Milan were famous in the middle ages for their skill in armory, as appears from the following passage, in which Froissart gives an account of the preparations made by Henry, Earl of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV., and Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marischal, for their proposed combat in the lists at Coventry: 'These two lords made ample provision of all things necessary for the combat; and the Earl of Derby sent off messengers to Lombardy, to have armor from Sir Galeas, Duke of Milan. The duke complied with joy, and gave the knight, called Sir Francis, who had brought the message, the choice of all his armor for the Earl of Derby. When he had selected what he wished for in plated and mail armor, the lord of Milan, out of his abundant love for the Earl, ordered four of the best armorers in Milan to accompany the knight to England, that the Earl of Derby might be more completely armed' (Johnes's *Froissart*, vol. iv. p. 597)."

86. *Sable in an azure field.* The terms used are the technical ones of heraldry.

88. *Checks at.* A technical term in falconry, meaning "to stop at the sight of game not seen before;" hence, to meditate an attack. Cf. Shakespeare, *T. N.* ii. 5. 125: "And with what wing the staniel [hawk] checks at it!" and *Id.* iii. 1. 71:

"And, like the haggard [wild hawk], check at every feather
That comes before his eye."

Scott has the following note here:

"The crest and motto of Marmion are borrowed from the following story: Sir David de Lindsay, first Earl of Crauford, was, among other

gentlemen of quality, attended, during a visit to London, in 1390, by Sir William Dalzell, who was, according to my authority, Bower, not only excelling in wisdom, but also of a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, he there saw Sir Piers Courtenay, an English knight, famous for skill in tilting, and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, arrayed in a new mantle, bearing for device an embroidered falcon, with this rhyme,—

'I bear a falcon, fairest of flight,
Whoso pinches at her, his death is dight,[1]
In graith.'[2]

"The Scottish knight, being a wag, appeared next day in a dress exactly similar to that of Courtenay, but bearing a magpie instead of a falcon, with a motto ingeniously contrived to rhyme to the vaunting inscription of Sir Piers:—

'I bear a pie picking at a peice,
Whoso picks at her, I shall pick at his nese,[3]
In faith.'

"This affront could only be expiated by a joust with sharp lances. In the course, Dalzell left his helmet unlaced, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist's lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice: in the third encounter, the handsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell's fraud in not fastening his helmet, the Scottishman agreed to run six courses more, each champion staking in the hand of the king two hundred pounds, to be forfeited, if, on entering the lists, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the wily Scot demanded that Sir Piers, in addition to the loss of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburn. As Courtenay demurred to this equalization of optical powers, Dalzell demanded the forfeit, which, after much altercation, the king appointed to be paid to him, saying he surpassed the English both in wit and valor. This must appear to the reader a singular specimen of the humor of that time. I suspect the Jockey Club would have given a different decision from Henry IV."

95. *The gilded spurs to claim.* That is, to receive the badge of knighthood, to become knights. Cf. vi. 743 below.

98. *Bear the ring away.* That is, in the exercise of "riding at the ring," or trying to carry away a suspended ring on the point of the lance while riding at full speed.

100. *Carve at board.* Carving was considered a courtly accomplishment.

101. *Passing.* Surpassingly; a common adverbial use of the word.

104. *Halbert.* A kind of battle-axe fixed to a long pole. The *bill* was a form of the same weapon.

105. *They bore*, etc. The MS. has:

"One bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,
Two led his sumpter-mules along,
The third his palfrey, when at need," etc.

[1] Prepared. [2] Armor. [3] Nose.

108. *Him listed ease*, etc. It pleased him to ease, or relieve. For the old impersonal use, cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 9. 35: "In milder tearmes, as list them to devise," etc.

113. *Blazoned sable.* Heraldic terms; as in 86 above.

116. *Hosen.* The old plural; like *oxen*, etc. The *jerkin* was a kind of short coat.

122. *A cloth-yard shaft.* An arrow a yard long.

130. *Morion.* A steel cap, or helmet without a beaver (the part that let down and covered the face). Cf. Skelton, *Don Quixote:* "For they wanted a helmet, and had only a plain morrion; but he by his industry supplied that want, and framed with certain papers pasted together a beaver for his morrion."

134. *Linstock.* The *lint-stock*, or handle for holding the *lint*, or match with which a cannon was fired. Cf. Shakespeare, *Hen. V.* iii. chor. 32·

> "and the nimble gunner
> With linstock now the devilish cannon touches."

Yare. Ready; as in Shakespeare, *T. N.* iii. 4. 244: "be yare in thy preparation," etc.

136. *Entered*, etc. The MS. has:

> "And when he enter'd, such a clang
> As through the echoing turrets rang," etc.

139. *Morrice-pikes.* A long heavy spear, of Moorish origin, as its name (often spelt *morris-pike*) implies.

140. *Brave.* Bravely, or well; the same word as the Scottish *braw*. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, p. 203.

141. *Glanced.* Flashed; the primary meaning of the word.

146. *Angels.* A gold coin worth about ten shillings. Puns upon the word are common in Shakespeare and other old writers. See also 429 below.

149. *Brook.* Control, rein. The only meaning of the verb recognized by Worc. or Wb. is "bear, endure;" but Rich. gives "to render or become submissive or subservient," and to *render* submissive is clearly the sense here.

151. *Pursuivants.* Attendants on the heralds, "the third and lowest order of heraldic officers." The *tabard*, or coat worn by heralds and pursuivants, is sufficiently illustrated by the cut in the text.

The *British Critic* (quoted by Lockhart) says here: "The most picturesque of all poets, Homer, is frequently minute to the utmost degree in the description of the dresses and accoutrements of his personages. These particulars, often inconsiderable in themselves, have the effect of giving truth and identity to the picture, and assist the mind in realizing the scenes in a degree which no general description could suggest; nor could we so completely enter the castle with Lord Marmion, were any circumstances of the description omitted."

157. *They hailed him*, etc. Scott has the following note here:

"Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, indeed, the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenay, in Normandy, was highly distinguished.

Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire. One or both of these noble possessions was held by the honorable service of being the royal champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes of Normandy. But after the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in 20th Edward I. without issue male. He was succeeded in his castle of Tamworth by Alexander de Freville, who married Mazera, his granddaughter. Baldwin de Freville, Alexander's descendant, in the reign of Richard I., by the supposed tenure of his castle of Tamworth, claimed the office of royal champion, and to do the service appertaining; namely, on the day of coronation to ride, completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any who would gainsay the king's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dymoke, to whom the manor of Scrivelby had descended by another of the coheiresses of Robert de Marmion; and it remains in that family, whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day.[1] The family and possessions of Freville have merged in the Earls of Ferrars. I have not, therefore, created a new family, but only revived the titles of an old one in an imaginary personage.

"It was one of the Marmion family, who, in the reign of Edward II., performed that chivalrous feat before the very castle of Norham, which Bishop Percy has woven into his beautiful ballad, 'The Hermit of Warkworth.' The story is thus told by Leland:

"'The Scottes came yn to the marches of England, and destroyed the castles of Werk and Herbotel, and overran much of Northumberland marches.

"'At this tyme, Thomas Gray and his friendes defended Norham from the Scottes.

"'It were a wonderful processe to declare, what mischefes cam by hungre and asseges by the space of xi. yeres in Northumberland; for the Scottes became so proude after they had got Berwick, that they nothing esteemed the Englishmen.

"'About this tyme there was a greate feste made yn Lincolnshir, to which came many gentlemen and ladies; and amonge them one lady brought a heaulme for a man of were, with a very rich creste of gold, to William Marmion, knight, with a letter of commandement of her lady, that he should go into the daungerest place in England, and ther to let the heaulme be seene and known as famous. So he went to Norham; whither withyn 4 days of cumming cam Philip Moubray, guardian of Berwicke, having yn his bande 40 men of armes, the very flour of men of the Scottish marches.

[1] The last occasion of the champion's performance of his office was at the coronation of George IV. He was required to appear at the door of Westminster Hall, mounted on a white horse and clad in complete armor, "shortly before the serving of the second course of the coronation banquet." At the coronation of William IV. and Queen Victoria, the banquet being dispensed with, the champion's presence was not considered necessary. — Ed.

"'Thomas Gray, capitayne of Norham, seynge this, brought his garison afore the barriers of the castel, behynd whom cam William, richly arrayed, as al glittering in gold, and wering the heaulme, his lady's present.

"'Then said Thomas Gray to Marmion, "Sir knight, ye be cum hither to fame your helmet: mount up on yor horse, and ryde lyke a valiant man to yowr foes even here at hand, and I forsake God if I rescue not thy body deade or alyve, or I myself wyl dye for it."

"'Whereupon he toke his cursere, and rode among the throng of ennemyes; the which layed sore stripes on hym, and pullid hym at the last out of his sadel to the grounde.

"'Then Thomas Gray, with al the hole garrison, lette prik yn among the Scottes, and so wondid them and their horses, that they were overthrowan; and Marmion, sore beten, was horsid agayn, and, with Gray, persewed the Scottes yn chase. There were taken fifty horse of price; and the women of Norham brought them to the foote men to follow the chase.'"

162. *All as.* A common phrase in the old ballads.

163. *Now, largesse*, etc. "This was the cry with which heralds and pursuivants were wont to acknowledge the bounty received from the knights. Stewart of Lorn distinguishes a ballad, in which he satirizes the narrowness of James V., and his courtiers, by the ironical burden —

'*Lerges, lerges, lerges, hay,*
Lerges of this new-yeir day.
First lerges of the King, my chief,
Quhilk come als quiet as a theif,
And in my hand slid schillings tway,[1]
To put his lergnes to the preif,[2]
For lerges of this new-yeir day.'

"The heralds, like the minstrels, were a race allowed to have great claims upon the liberality of the knights, of whose feats they kept a record, and proclaimed them aloud, as in the text, upon suitable occasions.

"At Berwick, Norham, and other Border fortresses of importance, pursuivants usually resided, whose inviolable character rendered them the only persons that could, with perfect assurance of safety, be sent on necessary embassies into Scotland. This is alluded to in xxi. below" (Scott).

171. *Lordlings.* The diminutive is used in complimentary contrast to the *Lord.*

174. *The lists at Cottiswold.* The tournament at Cotswold in Gloucestershire. The downs there were a famous hunting-ground. Cf. Shakespeare, *Merry Wives*, i. 1. 92: "How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall." See also vi. 512 below.

181. *Pierce.* The MS. has "cleave."

185. *Reversed.* Reversing the escutcheon of a knight, or hanging it upside down, was one of the ceremonies in *degrading* him, or depriving him of knighthood.

192. *Hugh the Heron.* "Were accuracy of any consequence in a fictitious narrative, this castellan's name ought to have been William;

[1] Two. [2] Proof.

for William Heron of Ford was husband to the famous Lady Ford, whose siren charms are said to have cost our James IV. so dear. Moreover, the said William Heron was, at the time supposed, a prisoner in Scotland, being surrendered by Henry VIII., on account of his share in the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford. His wife, represented in the text as residing at the Court of Scotland, was, in fact, living in her own Castle at Ford. — See Sir Richard Heron's curious *Genealogy of the Heron Family*" (Scott).

Ford Castle is in Northumberland, on the east bank of the Till, within a few miles of the Scottish border and only one mile from Flodden Field. It was rebuilt in 1761, but some of the original towers were preserved, and the new portions of the castle are in perfect keeping with the old.

195. *The deas.* The dais, or elevated platform at the upper end of the castle-hall.

199. *Whiles.* Formerly used interchangeably with *while.*

200. *A rhyme,* etc. "The ballad here quoted was the production of Mr. R. Surtees, and palmed off by him upon Scott as a genuine relic of antiquity" (Lockhart). It may be found in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy* under the title of "The Death of Featherstonhaugh."

203. *Hardriding.* This does not refer, as might be supposed, to horsemanship. *Hardriding Dick* was Richard Ridley of Hardriding, the name of the family seat.

222. *Couch a spear.* To *lay the spear in rest,* or place its butt in the projection on the side of the armor called the *rest;* that is, in position for use in attack or defence. Cf. iii. 428 and iv. 420 below.

231. *Wassail-bowl.* The "gossip's bowl" of Shakespeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream,* ii. 1. 47. It was filled with a mixture of ale (sometimes wine), sugar, nutmeg, toast, and roasted "crabs," or crab-apples (cf. 384 below). As an old song says,

> "Our Wassel we do fill
> With apples and with spice;"

and again in the same lyric it is called "A Wassel of good ale" and "our spiced bowl."

234. *But first,* etc. The MS. has "And let me pray thee fair."

232. *Crowned it high.* That is, filled it so that the liquor rose above the brim. Nares quotes an old play: "We 'll drink her health in a crowned cup, my lads!"

238. *Raby-towers.* Raby Castle, in the county of Durham, is one of the grandest old strongholds in the North of England. It now belongs to the Duke of Cleveland.

243. *To burnish,* etc. The MS. has "To rub a shield or sharp a brand."

254. *Bower.* Chamber; as often. Cf. 281 and 348 below, and see on i. ind. 321 above.

255. *Sooth.* Truth. Cf. 443 (and v. 283) below, where *sooth to tell* = to tell the truth. We still have the word in *soothsayer* (teller of *hidden* truth).

257. *Lord Marmion,* etc. The MS. reads thus:

"Lord Marmion ill such jest could brook,
He roll'd his kindling eye;
Fix'd on the Knight his dark haught look,
And answer'd stern and high:
'That page thou did'st so closely eye,
So fair of hand and skin,
Is come, I ween, of lineage high,
And of thy lady's kin.
That youth, so like a paramour,
Who wept for shame and pride,
Was erst, in Wilton's lordly bower,
Sir Ralph de Wilton's bride.'"

261. *Goodly.* Adjectives in *-ly* are very often adverbial in poetry, as in old writers generally.

264. *Lindisfarne.* See on ii. 9 below.

271. *Light tales.* The MS. has "strange things;" and in 273, "The captain gay replied."

277. *Fosse.* Ditch or moat.

284. *Leash.* The thong or cord by which the greyhound was held until *let slip*, or set free to pursue the game. Cf. Shakespeare, *Cor.* i. 6. 38:

"Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will."

287. *She'll stoop*, etc. The MS. has "She 'll stoop again when tired her wing."

298. *Warbeck.* Scott has the following note here: "The story of Perkin Warbeck, or Richard, Duke of York, is well known. In 1496, he was received honorably in Scotland; and James IV., after conferring upon him in marriage his own relation, the Lady Catherine Gordon, made war on England in behalf of his pretensions. To retaliate an invasion of England, Surrey advanced into Berwickshire at the head of considerable forces, but retreated after taking the inconsiderable fortress of Ayton. Ford, in his *Dramatic Chronicle of Perkin Warbeck*, makes the most of this inroad:

'*Surrey.* Are all our braving enemies shrunk back,
Hid in the fogges of their distemper'd climate,
Not daring to behold our colours wave
In spight of this infected ayre? Can they
Looke on the strength of Cundrestine defac't;
The glorie of Heydonhall devasted; that
Of Edington cast downe; the Pile of Fulden
Orethrowne; and this, the strongest of their forts,
Old Ayton Castle, yeelded, and demolished,
And yet not peepe abroad? The Scots are bold,
Hardie in battayle, but it seemes the cause
They undertake considered, appears
Unjoynted in the frame on't.'"

301. *What time.* At the time when; a common poetical construction. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 28: "What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn," etc.

302. *Trow.* Think, believe. Cf. *Luke*, xvii. 9.

303. *Enow.* An old form of *enough*, generally plural as here, and in iv. 187 below. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* ii. 504: "Man had not hellish foes enow besides," etc.

304. *Be.* From the Anglo-Saxon *beon*, and used in old English interchangeably with *am*, etc. The 1st and 3d person plural *be* is common in Shakespeare and the Bible.

Pricked. Spurred, ridden. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, v. 486: "Still at the gallop pricked the knight," etc.

Scott says here. "The garrisons of the English castles of Wark, Norham, and Berwick, were, as may be easily supposed, very troublesome neighbors to Scotland. Sir Richard Maitland of Ledington, wrote a poem, called 'The Blind Baron's Comfort,' when his barony of Blythe, in Lauderdale, was *harried* by Rowland Foster, the English captain of Wark, with his company, to the number of 300 men. They spoiled the poetical knight of 5,000 sheep, 200 nolt, 30 horses and mares; the whole furniture of his house of Blythe, worth 100 pounds Scots (L. 8: 6: 8), and everything else that was portable. 'This spoil was committed the 16th day of May, 1570 (and the said Sir Richard was threescore and fourteen years of age, and grown blind), in time of peace; when nane of that country *lippened* [expected] such a thing.' 'The Blind Baron's Comfort' consists in a string of puns on the word *Blythe*, the name of the lands thus despoiled. Like John Littlewit, he had 'a conceit left him in his misery — a miserable conceit.'

"The last line of the text contains a phrase by which the Borderers jocularly intimated the burning a house. When the Maxwells, in 1685, burned the castle of Lockwood, they said they did so to give the Lady Johnstone 'light to set her hood.' Nor was the phrase inapplicable; for, in a letter to which I have mislaid the reference, the earl of Northumberland writes to the king and council, that he dressed himself, at midnight, at Warwick, by the blaze of the neighboring villages burned by the Scottish marauders."

306. *Saint Bothan's.* Cf. vi. 460 below.

307. *Lauderdale.* The *dale*, or valley, of the Lauder, a branch of the Tweed. The district is in the western part of Berwickshire, of which county *Greenlaw* (about 18 miles south of west from Berwick) is the capital.

308. *Harried.* Pillaged, plundered. Cf. Tennyson, *Coming of Arthur*, 9:

> "And still from time to time the heathen host
> Swarmed overseas, and harried what was left."

312. *Would not lack.* Would not *want*, or wish.

324. *Pardoner.* A licensed seller of *pardons*, or indulgences. It will be remembered that there was a pardoner among Chaucer's Pilgrims.

330. *The only men*, etc. See on 163 above.

332. *A bishop*, etc. See on 1 above.

337. *One stinted meal a day.* As in the prolonged *siege*.

338. *Durham aisle.* Durham cathedral. Cf. ii. 280 below.

342. *The priest of Shoreswood.* "This churchman seems to have been akin to Welsh, the vicar of St. Thomas of Exeter, a leader among the Cornish insurgents in 1549. 'This man,' says Holinshed, 'had many

good things in him. He was of no great stature, but well set, and mightilie compact: he was a very good wrestler; shot well, both in the long-bow, and also in the cross-bow; he handled his hand-gun and peece very well; he was a very good woodman, and a hardie, and such a one as would not give his head for the poling, or his beard for the washing He was a companion in any exercise of activitie, and of a courteous and gentle behaviour. He descended of a good, honest parentage, being borne at Peneverin, in Cornwall; and yet, in this rebellion, an arch-captain, and a principal doer.' This model of clerical talents had the misfortune to be hanged upon the steeple of his own church" (Scott).

348. *In hall and bower.* See on i. ind. 321 above.

351. *Holy-Rood.* That is, Holy-Rood Abbey in Edinburgh.

352. *As ill befalls.* As unluckily happens.

354. *Saint Bede.* The "Venerable Bede," who was a native of Northumberland. The day allotted him in the Calendar is May 27.

358. *An enemy to strife.* Like Falstaff, considering discretion the better part of valor.

360. *Swore.* Used for the sake of rhyme instead of *sworn* (cf. *tore* in 468 below); as by Shakespeare in *L. L. L.* i. 1. 114:

> "And though I have for barbarism spoke more
> Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
> Yet confident I 'll keep what I have swore," etc.

362. *Shrieve.* Shrive, absolve.

366. *Carved to.* For the preposition, cf. Shakespeare, *C. of E.* ii. 2. 120: "Unless I . . . carved to thee," etc.

368. *Woe were we.* An "ungrammatical remnant of ancient usage," as Abbott calls it in his *Shakes. Gr.* In our earliest writers *woe* is often joined with the dative of the pronoun; as "woe is (to) me," etc. But even in the time of Chaucer we find the construction confused and *woe* used as a predicate. Cf. Shakespeare, *A. and C.* iv. 14. 133: "Woe, woe are we, sir," etc.

372. *Tables.* The old name for backgammon; as in Shakespeare, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 326: "That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice," etc. It also came to be applied to other games played with the same board and men.

384. *Crabs.* Crab-apples. Cf. Shakespeare, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 935: "When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl;" that is, the wassail-bowl. See on 231 above.

387. *By my fay.* By my faith; as in *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 271: "for, by my fay, I cannot reason," etc. Cf. 454 below.

389. *A holy Palmer.* Scott says: "A *Palmer*, opposed to a *Pilgrim*, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines, travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity; whereas the Pilgrim retired to his usual home and occupations, when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage. The Palmers seem to have been the *Quæstionarii* of the ancient Scottish canons 1242 and 1296. There is in the Bannatyne MS. a burlesque account of two such persons, entitled, 'Simmy and his Brother.' Their

accoutrements are thus ludicrously described (I discard the ancient spelling):

'Syne shaped them up, to loup on leas,
Two tabards of the tartan;
They counted nought what their clouts were
When sew'd them on, in certain.
Syne clampit up St. Peter's keys,
Made of an old red gartane;
St. James's shells, on t' other side, shews
As pretty as a partane
Toe,
On Symmye and his brother.'"

390. *Salem.* That is, Jerusalem.

400. *Thunder-dint.* Thunder-stroke. For *levin*, cf. i. ind. 73 above.

402. *Saint James's cockle-shell.* Saint James the Great is often represented with the scallop-shell and other attributes of a pilgrim; as in Thorwaldsen's statue at Copenhagen, for example.

403. *Montserrat.* A mountain in the northeastern part of Spain, famous for the Benedictine abbey built upon it.

404. *And of that Grot*, etc. The MS. has "And of the Olives' shaded cell;" and in 407 below, "Retired to God Saint Rosalie."

Scott here quotes the *Voyage to Sicily and Malta*, by Mr. John Dryden (son of the poet): "Santa Rosalia was of Palermo, and born of a very noble family, and, when very young, abhorred so much the vanities of this world, and avoided the converse of mankind, resolving to dedicate herself wholly to God Almighty, that she, by divine inspiration, forsook her father's house, and never was more heard of, till her body was found in that cleft of a rock, on that almost inaccessible mountain, where now the chapel is built; and they affirm she was carried up there by the hands of angels; for that place was not formerly so accessible (as now it is) in the days of the Saint; and even now it is a very bad, and steepy, and breakneck way. In this frightful place this holy woman lived a great many years, feeding only on what she found growing on that barren mountain, and creeping into a narrow and dreadful cleft in a rock, which was always dropping wet, and was her place of retirement, as well as prayer; having worn out even the rock with her knees, in a certain place, which is now opened on purpose to show it to those who come here. This chapel is very richly adorned; and on the spot where the saint's dead body was discovered, which is just beneath the hole in the rock, which is opened on purpose, as I said, there is a very fine statue of marble, representing her in a lying posture, railed in all about with fine iron and brass work: and the altar, on which they say mass, is built just over it."

409. *Saint Thomas.* The martyred Thomas à Becket.

410. *Cuthbert.* See on ii. 257 below; and for *Saint Bede*, on 354 above.

421. *Gramercy.* A corruption of the French *grand merci*, "great thanks;" often used to express surprise as well as thankfulness.

426. *Holy-Rood.* Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh. Cf. 351 above.

427. *His good saint.* Cf. 402 above.

429. *Angels.* See on 146 above.

430. *Still.* Ever; as often in the Elizabethan writers. Cf. 452 below.

443. *Sooth to tell.* See on 255 above.

447. *As.* As if; a common Elizabethan construction. Cf. *Macbeth*, ii. 2. 28:

> "One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen!' the other,
> As they had seen me with these hangman's hands."

449. *Wrote.* Used for the sake of the rhyme, which is nevertheless an imperfect one.

452. *Himself still sleeps*, etc. Scott says: "Friar John understood the soporific virtue of his beads and breviary, as well as his namesake in Rabelais. 'But Gargantua could not sleep by any means, on which side soever he turned himself. Whereupon the monk said to him, "I never sleep soundly but when I am at sermon or prayers: Let us therefore begin, you and I, the seven penitential psalms, to try whether you shall not quickly fall asleep." The conceit pleased Gargantua very well; and, beginning the first of these psalms, as soon as they came to *Beati quorum*, they fell asleep, both the one and the other.'"

454. *Let pass.* Never mind.

460. *Came in place.* Made his appearance, entered; a phrase common in the old ballads. Cf. *in hall*, 472 below, and *in presence*, 485.

465. *The scallop-shell.* Cf. 402 above.

467. *Loretto.* A city in Italy, famous for the *Santa Casa*, or Holy House, reputed to be that in which the Virgin lived at Nazareth, and which, after several miraculous translations, finally rested on its present site.

468. *Tore.* Used instead of *torn* for the rhyme. Cf. 360 above.

470. *Palm-branch.* Whence the name *palmer*.

472. *Whenas.* When; often printed as two words in old books.

478. *And fronted*, etc. The MS. has "And near Lord Marmion took his seat."

479. *As.* As if. See on 447 above.

481. *Alas the while!* A common old exclamation, literally = alas for the times! but practically equivalent to the simple *alas! Woe the while!* is similarly used.

485. *In presence.* In the presence-chamber, or *hall of state.*

491. *And blanch*, etc. That the hair sometimes turns white from sudden or great fear, is a well-known fact.

492. *Hard toil*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Hard toil can alter form and face,
> And want can { roughen / quench / dim } youthful grace, } the eyes of grace."

496. *None of these.* The MS. has "none such woes."

500. *So he would*, etc. If he would, etc. The MS. has "ride" for *march*.

506. *Where good Saint Rule*, etc. Scott has the following note here: "Saint Regulus (*Scottice*, St. Rule), a monk of Patrae, in Achaia, warned by a vision, is said, A. D. 370, to have sailed westward, until he landed at St. Andrew's, in Scotland, where he founded a chapel and tower. The latter is still standing; and, though we may doubt the

precise date of its foundation, is certainly one of the most ancient edifices in Scotland. A cave, nearly fronting the ruinous castle of the Archbishops of St. Andrew's, bears the name of this religious person. It is difficult of access, and the rock in which it is hewed is washed by the German ocean. It is nearly round, about ten feet in diameter, and the same in height. On one side is a sort of stone altar; on the other an aperture into an inner den, where the miserable ascetic, who inhabited this dwelling, probably slept. At full tide, egress and regress is hardly practicable. As Regulus first colonized the metropolitan see of Scotland, and converted the inhabitants in the vicinity, he has some reason to complain that the ancient name of Killrule (*Cella Reguli*) should have been superseded, even in favor of the tutelar saint of Scotland. The reason of the change was, that St. Rule is said to have brought to Scotland the relics of St. Andrew."

509. *Saint Fillan's blessed well.* "Saint Fillan was a Scottish saint of some reputation. . . . There are in Perthshire several wells and springs dedicated to St. Fillan, which are still places of pilgrimage and offerings, even among the Protestants. They are held powerful in cases of madness; and, in some of very late occurrence, lunatics have been left all night bound to the holy stone, in confidencc that the saint would cure and unloose them before morning" (Scott). Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, p. 180.

521. *The cup went through*, etc. The MS. has "The cup passed round," etc.; and in 526, "Soon died the merry wassail roar."

534. *A hasty mass.* In a note to *The Abbot*, Scott says: "In Catholic countries, in order to reconcile the pleasures of the great with the observances of religion, it was common, when a party was bent for the chase, to celebrate mass, abridged and maimed of its rites, called a hunting-mass, the brevity of which was designed to correspond with the impatience of the audience."

536. *Substantial.* Metrically four syllables; as words ending with *-ial, -ion, -ean*, etc., are often lengthened in Elizabethan and earlier poetry. In the next line, the 1st ed. has "bugle."

538. *Stirrup-cup.* A cup of liquor given to a departing guest after he had mounted his horse.

551. *Till.* The MS. has "Slow."

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

THE REV. JOHN MARRIOT (so Scott spells the name, but recent eds have *Marriott*) was tutor to George Henry, Lord Scott, son of Charles, Earl of Dalkeith, afterwards fourth Duke of Buccleuch and sixth of Queensberry. The young man died in 1808. Mr. Marriot wrote several ballads included in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*.

The *Monthly Review* remarks: "The second epistle opens again with 'chance and change;' but it cannot be denied that the mode in which it is introduced is new and poetical. The comparison of Ettrick

Forest, now open and naked, with the state in which it once was, — covered with wood, the favorite resort of the royal hunt, and the refuge of daring outlaws, — leads the poet to imagine an ancient thorn gifted with the powers of reason, and relating the various scenes it has witnessed during a period of three hundred years. A melancholy train of fancy is naturally encouraged by the idea."

1. *The scenes*, etc. Scott has the following note here:

"Ettricke Forest, now a range of mountainous sheep-walks, was anciently reserved for the pleasure of the royal chase. Since it was disparked, the wood has been, by degrees, almost totally destroyed, although, wherever protected from the sheep, copses soon arise without any planting. When the king hunted there, he often summoned the array of the country to meet and assist his sport. Thus, in 1528, James V. 'made proclamation to all lords, barons, gentlemen, landwardmen, and freeholders, that they should compear at Edinburgh, with a month's victuals, to pass with the king where he pleased, to danton the thieves of Tiviotdale, Annandale, Liddisdale, and other parts of that country; and also warned all gentlemen that had good dogs, to bring them, that he might hunt in the said country as he pleased: The whilk the Earl of Argyle, the Earl of Huntley, the Earl of Athole, and so all the rest of the gentlemen of the Highland, did, and brought their hounds with them in like manner, to hunt with the king, as he pleased.

"'The second day of June the king passed out of Edinburgh to the hunting, with many of the nobles and gentlemen of Scotland with him, to the number of twelve thousand men; and then past to Meggitland, and hounded and hawked all the country and bounds; that is to say, Crammat, Pappert-law, St. Mary-laws, Carlavirick, Chapel, Ewindoores, and Longhope. I heard say, he slew, in these bounds, eighteen score of harts' (Pitscottie's *Hist. of Scotland*, folio ed. p. 143).

"These huntings had, of course, a military character, and attendance upon them was a part of the duty of a vassal. The act for abolishing ward or military tenures in Scotland enumerates the services of hunting, hosting, watching, and warding, as those which were in future to be illegal.

"Taylor, the Water-Poet, has given an account of the mode in which these huntings were conducted in the Highlands of Scotland in the seventeenth century, having been present at Braemar upon such an occasion:

"'There did I find the truly noble and right honorable lords, John Erskine, Earl of Mar; James Stewart, Earl of Murray; George Gordon, Earl of Engye, son and heir to the Marquis of Huntley; James Erskine, Earl of Buchan; and John, Lord Erskine, son and heir to the Earl of Mar, and their Countesses, with my much honored, and my last assured and approved friend, Sir William Murray, knight of Abercarney, and hundreds of others, knights, esquires, and their followers: all and every man, in general, in one habit, as if Lycurgus had been there, and made laws of equality; for once in the year, which is the whole month of August, and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom (for their pleasure) do come into

these Highland countries to hunt; where they do conform themselves to the habit of the Highlandmen, who, for the most part, speak nothing but Irish; and, in former time, were those people which were called the *Red-shanks*. Their habit is: shoes, with but one sole apiece; stockings (which they call short hose), made of a warm stuff of diverse colors, which they call tartan; as for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of; their garters being bands or wreaths of hay or straw; with a plaid about their shoulders; which is a mantle of diverse colors, much finer and lighter stuff than their hose; with blue flat caps on their heads; a handkerchief, knit with two knots, about their necks: and thus they are attired. Now, their weapons are: long bowes and forked arrows, swords, and targets, harquebusses, muskets, durks, and Lochaber axes. With these arms I found many of them armed for the hunting. As for their attire, any man, of what degree soever, that comes amongst them, must not disdain to wear it; for if they do, then they will disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring in their dogs; but if men be kind unto them, and be in their habit, then are they conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful. This was the reason that I found so many noblemen and gentlemen in those shapes. But to proceed to the hunting:

"'My good Lord of Mar having put me into that shape, I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruins of an old castle, called the castle of Kindroghit. It was built by King Malcolm Canmore (for a hunting-house), who reigned in Scotland, when Edward the Confessor, Harold, and Norman William reigned in England. I speak of it, because it was the last house I saw in those parts; for I was the space of twelve days after, before I saw either house, cornfield, or habitation for any creature, but deer, wild horses, wolves, and such like creatures, which made me doubt that I should never have seen a house again.

"'Thus, the first day, we travelled eight miles, where there were small cottages, built on purpose to lodge in, which they call Lonquhards. I thank my good Lord Erskine, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging: the kitchen being always on the side of a bank: many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and winding, with great variety of cheer, — as venison baked; sodden, rost, and stewed beef; mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridges, muircoots, heath cocks, caperkellies, and termagants; good ale, sacke, white and claret, tent (or allegant), with most potent aquavitæ.

"'All these, and more than these, we had continually in superfluous abundance, caught by falconers, fowlers, fishers, and brought by my lord's tenants and purveyors to victual our camp, which consisteth of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of the hunting is this: Five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven, eight, or ten miles compass, they do bring, or chase in, the deer in many herds (two, three, or four hundred in a herd), to such or such a place, as the noblemen shall appoint them; then, when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading

up to the middles, through burns and rivers; and then, they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts, which are called the Tinkhell, do bring down the deer; but, as the proverb says of a bad cook, so these tinkhell men do lick their own fingers; for, besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, we can hear now and then, a harquebuss or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain. Then after we had staid there three hours, or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us (their heads making a show like a wood), which, being followed close by the tinkhell, are chased down into the valley where we lay; then all the valley, on each side, being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are all let loose, as occasion serves, upon the herd of deer, that with dogs, guns, arrows, durks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore fat deer were slain; which after are disposed of, some one way and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us, to make merry withall, at our rendezvous.'"

14. *How broad*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "How broad the ash his shadows flung,
> How to the rock the rowan clung."

The *rowan* is the mountain-ash.

32. *Then oft*, etc. "The tale of the Outlaw Murray, who held out Newark Castle and Ettrick Forest against the king, may be found in the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. i. In the Macfarlane MS., among other causes of James the Fifth's charter to the burgh, is mentioned that the citizens assisted him to suppress this dangerous outlaw" (Scott).

The ruins of Newark Castle are still to be seen at the confluence of the Ettrick and Yarrow, about a mile from Selkirk. They are just outside the park of *Bowhill* (73 below). The castle was built by *a Scottish monarch* — James II. It plays an important part in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

41. *Leash.* See on i. 284 above. The *gazehound* is a hound that pursues by sight rather than by scent. The *bratchet* is defined by Scott as the "slowhound."

45. *Quarry.* A technical term for the game, or animal hunted. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, i. 127: "Nor farther might the quarry strain," etc.

48. The *harquebuss* (also spelt *arquebus*, *arquebuse*, *haquebut*, *hagbut*, etc.) was a kind of heavy musket. Cf. v. 54 below.

61. *Holt.* Wood or woodland; seldom used except in poetry.

73. *Bowhill.* A seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, which he occasionally occupied.

82. *Fair as the elves*, etc. *Carterhaugh* is a plain at the confluence of the Ettrick and Yarrow, two miles below Newark Castle. For the story of *Janet* and the *elves*, see the ballad of *The Young Tamlane* in the *Border Minstrelsy.*

84. *No youthful baron's left*, etc. Referring to the young nobleman mentioned above as Mr. Marriot's pupil. The *Forest-Sheriff* is Scott, who then held the office. See p. 230 above.

87. *Oberon.* The Fairy King of Shakespeare's *M. N. D.*, etc.

88. *And she is gone*, etc. Harriet, Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Duchess of Buccleuch.

90–93. *Though if . . . more fair.* These four lines were not in the original MS.

102. *Yair.* The ancient seat of the Pringles of Whytbank, about two miles below Ashestiel on the Tweed. The *boys* mentioned just below were the sons of Alexander Pringle, Esq., who was then the *Lord* of Yair.

113. *Wallace wight.* The gallant or warlike Wallace, as in vi. 611 below. The adjective in the old poets means quick, agile, etc., especially in war. Cf. *Imp. Dict.*

114. *His airy mound*, etc. "There is, on a high mountainous ridge above the farm of Ashestiel, a fosse called Wallace's Trench" (Scott).

125. *And Passion ply.* The MS. has "And youth shall ply."

133. *Bent.* Slope, declivity; a rare word.

147. *Lone Saint Mary's silent lake.* "This beautiful sheet of water forms the reservoir from which the Yarrow takes its source. It is connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of the Lowes, and surrounded by mountains. In the winter, it is still frequented by flights of wild swans; hence my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines:

> 'The swans on sweet Saint Mary's lake
> Float double, swan and shadow.'

"Near the lower extremity of the lake are the ruins of Dryhope Tower, the birthplace of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in latter days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lilias Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family. The editor well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name. The words usually sung to the air of 'Tweedside,' beginning 'What beauties does Flora disclose,' were composed in her honor" (Scott).

Lockhart says: "Wordsworth thought that Scott showed a lack of poetic appreciation in thus misquoting 'sweet' for 'still' in these lines from *Yarrow Unvisited*." Of course, it was a mere slip of memory, like "swans" and "Float" for "swan" and "Floats." The description of the lake in 148 fol. certainly indicates no lack of poetic appreciation.

151. *Level.* The MS. shows that Scott at first wavered between "silent" and "silver;" and the next line had originally "just a line of pebbly sand." In 154, 155, the MS. has

> "Far traced upon the lake you view
> The hill's { huge / bare } sides and sombre hue."

177. *Our Lady's Chapel.* "The Chapel of Saint Mary of the Lowes (*de lacubus*) was situated on the eastern side of the lake, to which it gives name. It was injured by the clan of Scott, in a feud with the Cranstouns, but continued to be a place of worship during the seven-

teenth century. The vestiges of the building can now scarcely be traced; but the burial ground is still used as a cemetery. A funeral, in a spot so very retired, has an uncommonly striking effect. The vestiges of the chaplain's house are yet visible. Being in a high situation, it commanded a full view of the lake, with the opposite mountain of Bourhope, belonging, with the lake itself, to Lord Napier. On the left hand is the tower of Dryhope, mentioned in a preceding note" (Scott).

184. *Here have I thought*, etc. Cf. a somewhat similar passage in *Lady of the Lake*, i. 280 fol.: "And, 'What a scene were here,' he cried," etc.

186. *That same peaceful hermitage*, etc. See *Il Penseroso*, 167:

> "And may at last my weary age
> Find out the peaceful hermitage,
> The hairy gown and mossy cell,
> Where I may sit and rightly spell
> Of every star that heaven doth show,
> And every herb that sips the dew;
> Till old experience do attain
> To something like prophetic strain.

202. *The Wizard's grave.* "At one corner of the burial ground of the demolished chapel, but without its precincts, is a small mound, called *Binram's corse*, where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chaplainry. His story much resembles that of Ambrosio in *The Monk*, and has been made the theme of a ballad by my friend Mr. James Hogg, more poetically designated the Ettrick Shepherd. To his volume entitled *The Mountain Bard*, which contains this and many other legendary stories and ballads of great merit, I refer the curious reader" (Scott).

210. *Spread wide*, etc. The MS. has "Spread through broad mist their snowy sail;" in 218, "Till fancy wild had all her sway;" and in 225, "brain" for *brow*.

237. *And my black Palmer's choice*, etc. If, as Lockhart says (see p. 233 above), Scott at first intended to publish these Introductions in a volume by themselves, he evidently modified them somewhat, when he decided to incorporate them in *Marmion*, by inserting passages like the present, which serve to connect them in some slight way with the cantos they preface.

239. *Loch-skene.* "A mountain lake, of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat-water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage, and the earn, or Scottish eagle, has for many ages built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Loch-skene discharges itself into a brook, which, after a short and precipitate course, falls from a cataract of immense height and gloomy grandeur, called, from its appearance, the 'Gray Mare's Tail.' The 'Giant's Grave,' afterwards mentioned, is a sort of trench which bears that name, a little way from the foot of the cataract. It has the appearance of a battery, designed to command the pass" (Scott).

259. *Linn.* Cataract. See on i. ind. 3 above.

264. *Thy harp.* For Mr. Marriot's ballads in the *Border Minstrelsy*, see p. 256 above. *On Isis* = at Oxford, which is situated on the Isis, a tributary of the Thames.

CANTO SECOND.

1. *The breeze*, etc. We may safely assert that this passage has never been correctly pointed until now. In the 1st edition a period was accidentally substituted for a comma at the end of line 5, and neither the author nor any former editor appears to have detected the error, though it makes nonsense of the passage by changing the participle *rolled* (referring to *smoke*) to a past tense of which *breeze* is the subject. *The breeze rolled round Norham Castle!* Is it conceivable that Scott wrote such stuff as that, or made the sentence beginning with line 6 grammatically independent of what precedes?

9. *High Whitby's cloistered pile.* "The Abbey of Whitby, on the coast of Yorkshire, was founded A. D. 657, in consequence of a vow of Oswy, King of Northumberland. It contained both monks and nuns of the Benedictine order; but, contrary to what was usual in such establishments, the abbess was superior to the abbot. The monastery was afterwards ruined by the Danes, and rebuilded by William Percy, in the reign of the Conqueror. There were no nuns there in Henry the Eighth's time, nor long before it. The ruins of Whitby Abbey are very magnificent.

"Lindisfarne, an isle on the coast of Northumberland, was called *Holy Island*, from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the Episcopal seat of the see of Durham during the early ages of British Christianity. A succession of holy men held that office; but their merits were swallowed up in the superior fame of St. Cuthbert, who was sixth bishop of Durham, and who bestowed the name of his 'patrimony' upon the extensive property of the see. The ruins of the monastery upon Holy Island betoken great antiquity. The arches are, in general, strictly Saxon; and the pillars which support them, short, strong, and massy. In some places, however, there are pointed windows, which indicate that the building has been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation. The exterior ornaments of the building, being of a light sandy stone, have been wasted, as described in the text. Lindisfarne is not properly an island, but rather, as the venerable Bede has termed it, a semi-isle; for, although surrounded by the sea at full tide, the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about three miles distant" (Scott).

14. *As.* As if. See on i. 447 above.

33. *Sea-dog.* The seal, as the description proves; not the dog-fish, as it sometimes means.

39. *Dedicated.* That is, to heaven.

61. *For this*, etc. The MS. has "'T was she that gave," etc; and just below:

> "'T was she, with carving rare and quaint,
> Who decked," etc.

79. *Voyage.* Metrically a dissyllable.

115. *Harpers have sung*, etc. See, for instance, the story of Una and the Lion in the *Faërie Queene*.

124. *With their bowl.* That is, with poison.

132. *Monk-Wearmouth.* At the mouth of the Wear, and a place of some note in the olden time. The monastery, founded in 674, was destroyed by the Danes in the 9th century, but was restored after the Conquest. *Tynemouth*, at the mouth of the Tyne, about eight miles farther on, was the seat of a *priory*, of which the ruins still exist. See on 371 below.

135. *Seaton-Delaval.* The seat of the Delaval family, who by marriage became the possessors of Ford Castle. The *hall* is now a ruin.

136. *The Blythe and Wansbeck floods.* Rivers flowing into the North Sea.

138. *The tower of Widderington.* Widderington Castle, still farther north on the coast, destroyed by fire, the only remnant of the original structure being a single tower. The family was a famous one. See the ballad of *Chevy Chase* in Percy's *Reliques*, etc.

140. *Coquet-isle.* A small island not far from the mouth of the Coquet river, where the remains of the ancient *cell*, or monastery, are still to be seen.

142. *The Alne.* This river is a few miles north of the Coquet, on the banks of which, about a mile from its mouth, is the grand Castle of *Warkworth*, the favorite residence of the Percy family, to whom it still belongs.

147. *Dunstanborough's caverned shore.* A wild and rocky part of the coast, where Dunstanborough Castle formerly stood.

148. *Bamborough.* This castle, of which the massive keep yet stands on its *tall rock*, was built by King Ida in the year 547. By the will of Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, in 1720, it was devoted to charitable purposes, and now contains an asylum and infirmary for shipwrecked sailors, etc. It is within sight of Holy Island, which is about six miles off.

154. *The tide*, etc. See on 9 above.

164. *Battled.* See on i. 4 above.

173. *By pointed aisle*, etc. Pointed arches and clustered columns were not known in the Saxon and Norman architecture of England, but appear first in the "Early English" Gothic of the close of the 12th century.

181. *Rovers.* That is, the Danes, who made frequent incursions on the coast of Northumberland.

211. *Hale.* Haul; of which word it is an old form. Cf. *Luke* xii. 58 and *Acts* viii. 3.

233. *Three barons bold*, etc. Scott says: "The popular account of this curious service, which was probably considerably exaggerated, is thus given in *A True Account*, printed and circulated at Whitby: 'In the fifth year of the reign of Henry II., after the conquest of England by William, Duke of Normandy, the lord of Uglebarnby, then called William de Bruce, the lord of Smeaton, called Ralph de Percy, with a gentleman and freeholder called Allatson, did, on the 16th of October, 1159, appoint to meet and hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood, or desert place, belonging to the abbot of Whitby: the place's name was Eskdale-side; and the abbot's name was Sedman. Then, these young

gentlemen being met, with their hounds and boar-staves, in the place before mentioned, and there having found a great wild boar, the hounds ran him well near about the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale-side, where was a monk of Whitby, who was an hermit. The boar, being very sorely pursued, and dead-run, took in at the chapel door, there laid him down, and presently died. The hermit shut the hounds out of the chapel, and kept himself within at his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay without. The gentlemen, in the thick of the wood, being put behind their game, followed the cry of their hounds, and so came to the hermitage, calling on the hermit, who opened the door, and came forth; and within they found the boar lying dead: for which the gentlemen, in a very great fury, because the hounds were put from their game, did most violently and cruelly run at the hermit with their boar-staves, whereby he soon after died. Thereupon the gentlemen perceiving and knowing that they were in peril of death, took sanctuary at Scarborough; but at that time the abbot being in very great favor with the king, removed them out of the sanctuary; whereby they came in danger of the law, and not to be privileged, but likely to have the severity of the law, which was death for death. But the hermit being a holy and devout man, and at the point of death, sent for the abbot, and desired him to send for the gentlemen who had wounded him. The abbot so doing, the gentlemen came; and the hermit being very sick and weak, said unto them, "I am sure to die of those wounds you have given me." The abbot answered, "They shall as surely die for the same." But the hermit answered, "Not so, for I will freely forgive them my death, if they will be content to be enjoined the penance I shall lay on them for the safeguard of their souls." The gentlemen being present, bade him save their lives. Then said the hermit: "You and yours shall hold your lands of the abbot of Whitby, and his successors, in this manner: That, upon Ascension-day, you, or some of you, shall come to the wood of the Strayheads, which is in Eskdale-side, the same day at sun-rising, and there shall the abbot's officer blow his horn, to the intent that you may know where to find him; and he shall deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten stakes, eleven strout stowers, and eleven yethers, to be cut by you, or some for you, with a knife of one penny price; and you, Ralph de Percy, shall take twenty-one of each sort, to be cut in the same manner; and you, Allatson, shall take nine of each sort, to be cut as aforesaid; and to be taken on your backs, and carried to the town of Whitby, and to be there before nine of the clock the same day before mentioned. At the same hour of nine of the clock, if it be full sea, your labor and service shall cease; and, if low water, each of you shall set your stakes to the brim, each stake one yard from the other, and so yether them on each side with your yethers; and so stake on each side with your strout stowers, that they may stand three tides, without removing by the force thereof. Each of you shall do, make, and execute the said service, at that very hour, every year, except it be full sea at that hour; but when it shall so fall out, this service shall cease. You shall faithfully do this, in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me; and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good works. The

officer of Eskdale-side shall blow, *Out on you! Out on you! Out on you!* for this heinous crime. If you, or your successors, shall refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea at the aforesaid hour, you, or yours, shall forfeit your lands to the abbot of Whitby, or his successors. This I entreat, and earnestly beg, that you may have lives and goods preserved for this service; and I request of you to promise, by your parts in heaven, that it shall be done by you, and your successors, as is aforesaid requested; and I will confirm it by the faith of an honest man." Then the hermit said, "My soul longeth for the Lord; and I do as freely forgive these men my death, as Christ forgave the thieves on the cross." And, in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said moreover these words, "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum, a vinculis enim mortis redemptisti me, Domine veritatis. Amen.*" — So he yielded up the ghost the eighth day of December, anno Domini 1159, whose soul God have mercy upon. Amen.

"'This service,' it is added, 'still continues to be performed with the proscribed ceremonies, though not by the proprietors in person. Part of the lands charged therewith are now held by a gentleman of the name of Herbert.'"

244. *Edelfled.* "She was the daughter of King Oswy, who, in gratitude to Heaven for the great victory which he won in 655, against Penda, the pagan King of Mercia, dedicated Edelfleda, then but a year old, to the service of God, in the monastery of Whitby, of which St. Hilda was then abbess. She afterwards adorned the place of her education with great magnificence" (Scott).

245. *And how of thousand snakes*, etc. "These two miracles are much insisted upon by all ancient writers, who have occasion to mention either Whitby or St. Hilda. The reliques of the snakes which infested the precincts of the convent, and were, at the abbess's prayer, not only beheaded, but petrified, are still found about the rocks, and are termed by Protestant fossilists *Ammonitæ*.

"The other miracle is thus mentioned by Camden: 'It is also ascribed to the power of her sanctity, that these wild geese, which, in the winter, fly in great flocks to the lakes and rivers unfrozen in the southern parts, to the great amazement of every one, fall down suddenly upon the ground, when they are in their flight over certain neighboring fields hereabouts: a relation I should not have made, if I had not received it from several credible men. But those who are less inclined to heed superstition, attribute it to some occult quality in the ground, and to somewhat of antipathy between it and the geese, such as they say is between wolves and scylla-roots. For that such hidden tendencies and aversions, as we call sympathies and antipathies, are implanted in many things by provident nature for the preservation of them, is a thing so evident, that everybody grants it.' The geese, it is almost unnecessary to add, have now forgot their obeisance to Saint Hilda, or their antipathy to the soil, and fly over Whitby with as little difficulty as anywhere else" (Scott).

Mr. Charlton, in his *History of Whitby*, suggests that the fable arose from the number of sea-gulls that often alight near Whitby when flying

from a storm; and from the woodcocks and other birds of passage which do the same on reaching the shore after a long flight.

257. *His body's resting-place*, etc. "St. Cuthbert was, in the choice of his sepulchre, one of the most mutable and unreasonable saints in the Calendar. He died A. D. 688, in a hermitage upon the Farne Islands, having resigned the bishopric of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, about two years before. His body was brought to Lindisfarne, where it remained until a descent of the Danes, about 793, when the monastery was nearly destroyed. The monks fled to Scotland, with what they deemed their chief treasure, the relics of St. Cuthbert. The saint was, however, a most capricious fellow-traveller; which was the more intolerable, as, like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, he journeyed upon the shoulders of his companions. They paraded him through Scotland for several years, and came as far west as Whithern, in Galloway, whence they attempted to sail for Ireland, but were driven back by tempests. He at length made a halt at Norham; from thence he went to Melrose, where he remained stationary for a short time, and then caused himself to be launched upon the Tweed in a stone coffin, which landed him at Tilmouth, in Northumberland. This boat is finely shaped, ten feet long, three feet and a half in diameter, and only four inches thick; so that, with very little assistance, it might certainly have swam. It still lies, or at least did so a few years ago, in two pieces, beside the ruined chapel of Tilmouth. From Tilmouth, Cuthbert wandered into Yorkshire; and at length made a long stay at Chester-le-Street, to which the bishop's see was transferred. At length, the Danes continuing to infest the country, the monks removed to Ripon for a season; and it was in returning from thence to Chester-le-Street, that, passing through a forest called Dunholme, the saint and his carriage became immovable at a place named Wardlaw, or Wardilaw. Here the saint chose his place of residence; and all who have seen Durham must admit, that, if difficult in his choice, he evinced taste in at length fixing it. It is said that the Northumbrian Catholics still keep secret the precise spot of the saint's sepulture, which is only intrusted to three persons at a time. When one dies, the survivors associate to them, in his room, a person judged fit to be the depositary of so valuable a secret" (Scott).

Lockhart adds: "The resting-place of the remains of this saint is not now matter of uncertainty. So recently as 17th May, 1827, 1139 years after his death, their discovery and disinterment were effected. Under a blue stone, in the middle of the shrine of St. Cuthbert, at the eastern extremity of the choir of Durham Cathedral, there was then found a walled grave, containing the coffins of the saint. The first, or outer one, was ascertained to be that of 1541, the second of 1041; the third, or inner one, answering in every particular to the description of that of 698, was found to contain, not indeed, as had been averred then, and even until 1539, the incorruptible body, but the entire skeleton of the saint; the bottom of the grave being perfectly dry, free from offensive smell, and without the slightest symptom that a human body had ever undergone decomposition within its walls. The skeleton was found swathed in five silk robes of emblematical embroidery, the ornamental parts laid with gold leaf and these again covered with a robe of linen.

Beside the skeleton was also deposited several gold and silver *insignia*, and other relics of the saint. The bones of the saint were again restored to the grave in a new coffin, amid the fragments of the former ones. Those portions of the inner coffin which could be preserved, including one of its rings, with the silver altar, golden cross, stole, comb, two maniples, bracelets, girdle, gold wire of the skeleton, and fragments of the five silk robes, and some of the rings of the outer coffin made in 1541, were deposited in the library of the Dean and Chapter, where they are now preserved."

287. *Even Scotland's dauntless king*, etc. "Every one has heard that when David I., with his son Henry, invaded Northumberland in 1136, the English host marched against them under the holy banner of St. Cuthbert; to the efficacy of which was imputed the great victory which they obtained in the bloody battle of Northallerton, or Cuton-moor. The conquerors were at least as much indebted to the jealousy and intractability of the different tribes who composed David's army; among whom, as mentioned in the text, were the Galwegians, the Britons of Strath-Clydè, the men of Teviotdale and Lothian, with many Norman and German warriors, who asserted the cause of the Empress Maud. See Chalmers's *Caledonia*, vol. i. p. 622; a most laborious, curious, and interesting publication, from which considerable defects of style and manner ought not to turn aside the Scottish antiquary" (Scott).

293. *'T was he*, etc. "Cuthbert, we have seen, had no great reason to spare the Danes, when opportunity offered. Accordingly, I find in Simeon of Durham, that the saint appeared in a vision to Alfred, when lurking in the marshes of Glastonbury, and promised him assistance and victory over his heathen enemies: a consolation which, as was reasonable, Alfred, after the victory of Ashendown, rewarded by a royal offering at the shrine of the saint. As to William the Conqueror, the terror spread before his army, when he marched to punish the revolt of the Northumbrians, in 1096, had forced the monks to fly once more to Holy Island with the body of the saint. It was, however, replaced before William left the North; and, to balance accounts, the Conqueror having intimated an indiscreet curiosity to view the saint's body, he was, while in the act of commanding the shrine to be opened, seized with heat and sickness, accompanied with such a panic terror that, notwithstanding there was a sumptuous dinner prepared for him, he fled without eating a morsel (which the monkish historian seems to have thought no small part both of the miracle and the penance), and never drew his bridle till he got to the river Tees" (Scott).

296. *Bowyer*. Bowman, archer. Cf. *sawyer*, *lawyer*, etc.

300. *Saint Cuthbert sits*, etc. "Although we do not learn that Cuthbert was, during his life, such an artificer as Dunstan, his brother in sanctity, yet since his death he has acquired the reputation of forging those *Entrochi* which are found among the rocks of Holy Island, and pass there by the name of St. Cuthbert's Beads. While at this task, he is supposed to sit during the night upon a certain rock, and use another as his anvil. This story was perhaps credited in former days; at least the saint's legend contains some not more probable" (Scott).

306. *Seen but,* etc. The MS. has "Seen only when the gathering storm." For the position of *but*, cf. iv. 362 below.

316. *Old Colwulf*, etc. "Ceolwulf, or Colwulf, King of Northumberland, flourished in the eighth century. He was a man of some learning; for the Venerable Bede dedicates to him his *Ecclesiastical History*. He abdicated the throne about 738, and retired to Holy Island, where he died in the odor of sanctity. Saint as Colwulf was, however, I fear the foundation of the penance-vault does not correspond with his character; for it is recorded among his *memorabilia*, that, finding the air of the island raw and cold, he indulged the monks, whose rule had hitherto confined them to milk or water, with the comfortable privilege of using wine or ale. If any rigid antiquary insists on this objection, he is welcome to suppose the penance-vault was intended, by the founder, for the more genial purposes of a cellar.

"These penitential vaults were the *Geissel-gewölbe* of German convents. In the earlier and more rigid times of monastic discipline, they were sometimes used as a cemetery for the lay benefactors of the convent, whose unsanctified corpses were then seldom permitted to pollute the choir. They also served as places of meeting for the chapter, when measures of uncommon severity were to be adopted. But their most frequent use, as implied by the name, was as places for performing penances, or undergoing punishment" (Scott).

329. *Whence.* The 1st ed. has "Where."

346. *Wore.* See on i. 360 above.

350. *Cresset.* "Antique chandelier" (Scott). The MS. reads:

"Suspended by an iron chain,
A.cresset show'd this { dark / drear } domain."

360. *Iron.* The MS. has "stony."

371. *Tynemouth's haughty prioress.* See on 132 above. Scott says here: "That there was an ancient priory at Tynemouth is certain. Its ruins are situated on a high rocky point; and, doubtless, many a vow was made at the shrine by the distressed mariners, who drove towards the iron-bound coast of Northumberland in stormy weather. It was anciently a nunnery; for Virca, abbess of Tynemouth, presented St. Cuthbert (yet alive) with a rare winding-sheet, in emulation of a holy lady called Tuda, who had sent him a coffin. But, as in the case of Whitby, and of Holy Island, the introduction of nuns at Tynemouth, in the reign of Henry VIII., is an anachronism. The nunnery at Holy Island is altogether fictitious. Indeed, St. Cuthbert was unlikely to permit such an establishment; for, notwithstanding his accepting the mortuary gifts above mentioned, and his carrying on a visiting acquaintance with the abbess of Coldingham, he certainly hated the whole female sex; and, in revenge of a slippery trick played to him by an Irish princess, he, after death, inflicted severe penances on such as presumed to approach within a certain distance of his shrine."

376. *Ruth.* Pity; obsolete, though we still have *ruthless.* Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 163: "Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth," etc.

389. *The badge of blue*, etc. Cf. i. 85 fol. above.

398. *Fontevraud.* The abbey of Fontevraud (a small town in the valley of the Loire, eight miles from Saumur) was one of the richest in France. The buildings are now used as a prison.

401. *When thus her face*, etc. Byron, in a letter to his publisher, Murray, dated Feb. 3, 1816, says: "I sent for *Marmion* because it occurred to me there might be a resemblance between part of *Parisina* and a similar scene in the second canto of *Marmion*. I fear there is, though I never thought of it before, and could hardly wish to imitate that which is inimitable. I wish you would ask Mr. Gifford whether I ought to say anything upon it. I had completed the story on the passage from Gibbon, which indeed leads to a like scene naturally, without a thought of the kind; but it comes upon me not very comfortably." Cf. *Parisina:*

> ". . . Parisina's fatal charms
> Again attracted every eye —
> Would she thus hear him doom'd to die!
> She stood, I said, all pale and still,
> The living cause of Hugo's ill;
> Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide,
> Not once had turn'd to either side —
> Nor once did those sweet eyelids close,
> Or shade the glance o'er which they rose,
> But round their orbs of deepest blue
> The circling white dilated grew —
> And there with glassy gaze she stood
> As ice were in her curdled blood;
> But every now and then a tear
> So large and slowly gather'd slid
> From the long dark fringe of that fair lid,
> It was a thing to see, not hear!
> And those who saw, it did surprise,
> Such drops could fall from human eyes.
> To speak she thought — the imperfect note
> Was choked within her swelling throat,
> Yet seem'd in that low hollow groan
> Her whole heart gushing in the tone."

420. *Aspires.* Some eds. misprint "inspires."

438. *Grisly.* Grim, horrible; an obsolete word common in old poetry. Cf. Shakespeare, 1 *Hen. VI.*, i. 4. 47: "My grisly countenance made others fly," etc. See also iii. 382 below.

448. *Cement.* Accented on the first syllable, as the noun should be.

450. *Chose.* Used instead of *chosen* for the rhyme's sake. Cf. i. 360, 468 above.

451. *Mankind.* Accented by Scott (as generally by Shakespeare) on the first syllable. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, iii. 161: "Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurled," etc.

458. *Still.* Ever. See on i. 430 above.

464. *And knew not where.* The reading of the 1st ed. The modern eds. (including Lockhart's) have "nor knew not where."

468. *Alive*, etc. "It is well known that the religious who broke their vows of chastity were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to inclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent; a slender pittance

of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, *Vade in pacem*, were the signal for immuring the criminal. It is not likely that, in latter times, this punishment was often resorted to; but, among the ruins of the abbey of Coldingham, were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which, from the shape of the niche and position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun" (Scott).

Lockhart, in reprinting the above note, has "*Vade in pace*;" but it is "*pacem*" in the 1st ed. As the *Edinburgh Review* noted, Scott mistranslates the Latin in 601 below. The meaning is "*Go into peace*, or into eternal rest, a pretty intelligible mittimus to another world."

475. '*Twixt each attempt.* A blundering construction, sometimes found in good prose writers.

477. '*T was ocean's swells*, etc. A harsh line.

486. *A hectic*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "A feeble and a flutter'd streak,
> Like that with which the mornings break
> In Autumn's sober sky."

491. *And armed herself*, etc. The MS. has:

> "And mann'd herself to bear.
> It was a fearful thing to see
> Such high resolve and constancy,
> In form so soft and fair;
> Like Summer's dew her accents fell,
> But dreadful was her tale to tell."

The next stanza goes on thus:

> "I speak not now to sue for grace,
> For well I know one minute's space
> Your mercy scarce would grant:
> Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
> For if my penance be in vain,
> Your prayers I cannot want.
> Full well I knew the Church's doom,
> What time I left a convent's gloom,
> To fly with him I loved;
> And well my folly's meed he gave —
> I forfeited, to be a slave,
> All here, and all beyond the grave,
> And faithless hath he proved;
> He saw another face more fair,
> He saw her of broad lands the heir,
> And Constance loved no more —
> Loved her no more, who, once Heaven's bride,
> Now a scorn'd menial by his side,
> Had wander'd Europe o'er."

520. *Plight.* Plighted. Such contraction of the participle of verbs ending in *d* and *t* was common in Elizabethan English. See Abbott, *Shakes. Gr.* § 342. Cf. *lift* for *lifted* in *Gen.* vii. 17, *Ps.* xciii. 3, etc.

523. *Mortal lists.* Deadly combat in the lists. For the formalities of a knightly contest of this kind, see Shakespeare, *Richard II.* i. 3, and the notes of our ed.

524. *Their oaths.* The combatants made oath that their quarrel was "true and just," etc.

531. *Say ye*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Say ye, who preach the heavens decide
> When in the lists the warriors ride."

556. *Hath.* The reading of the 1st and other early eds. All the more recent eds. have "has."

560. *Shall ever wed with Marmion.* The MS. adds, "His schemes reveal'd, his honor gone."

583. *Ignorant.* The MS. has "witless," which means the same.

587. *Wont.* Were wont, as we should have to say now, *wont* being used only as the participle. For the old use, as here, cf. Milton, *P. L.*, i. 332: "as when men wont to watch," etc.

588. *Stared.* Cf. Shakespeare, *J. C.*, iv. 3. 280: "That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare;" and *Tempest*, i. 2. 213: "with hair upstaring — then like reeds, not hair." The MS. reads here:

> "Stared up { aspiring / uncurling } from her head."

601. *Part in peace.* See on 468 above.

610. *That conclave*, etc. The MS. has, "From that dark penance-vault to-day."

617. *Tottering on.* The 1st ed. has a period after *on;* but this is evidently a misprint, though retained (as a colon) in all the more recent eds.

618. *Even*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "That night amid the vesper's swell,
> They thought they heard Constantia's yell,
> And bade the mighty bell to toll,
> For welfare of a passing soul."

Jeffrey remarks that the sound of the knell is "described with great force and solemnity."

621. *Parting.* Departing. See on i. 20 above.

624. *Warkworth.* See on 142 above. For the *hermit*, see Percy's ballad of *The Hermit of Warkworth.*

626. *Bamborough.* See on 148 above.

629. *The stag*, etc. On this description of the stag on the Cheviot Hills, cf. the *Lady of the Lake*, i. 40 fol.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

"WILLIAM ERSKINE, Esq., advocate, Sheriff-depute of the Orkneys, became a Judge of the Court of Session by the title of Lord Kinnedder, and died at Edinburgh in August, 1822. He had been from early youth the most intimate of the Poet's friends, and his chief confidant and adviser as to all literary matters. See a notice of his life and character by the late Mr. Hay Donaldson, to which Sir Walter Scott contributed several paragraphs" (Lockhart)

21. *Then, wild as cloud*, etc. Cf. 241, 242 below.

25. *In sounds*, etc. The 1st ed. has "In sound," etc. The MS. reading is:

> "With sound now lowly, and now higher,
> Irregular to wake the lyre."

28. *Loftier.* The reading of the 1st ed., misprinted "lofty" ever since.

32. *To poetry.* The MS. has "to thriftless rhyme."

35. *Approach those masters*, etc. That is, imitate the old classic poets, not the rude minstrels of Scotland.

43. *Or deem'st thou not*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Dost thou not deem our later day
> Yields topic meet for classic lay?
> Hast thou no elegiac tone
> To join that universal moan,
> Which mingled with the battle's yell
> Where venerable Brunswick fell?
> What! not a verse, a tear, a sigh,
> When valor bleeds for liberty?"

46. *For Brunswick's venerable hearse.* That is, for the *hearse* (see on i. ind. 199) of the venerable Duke of Brunswick, who commanded the Prussian forces at the battle of Jena, Oct. 14, 1806.

54. *Brandenburg.* Here put rhetorically for Prussia, the province of Brandenburg being the nucleus of the Prussian monarchy. Frederick III., Elector of Brandenburg, became the first King of Prussia.

59. *That dragon.* Napoleon Bonaparte.

67. *Seemed.* Apparently used for *beseemed.*

74. *For honored life*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "For honor'd life an honor'd close —
> The boon which falling heroes crave,
> A soldier's death, a warrior's grave.
> Or if, with more exulting swell,
> Of conquering chiefs thou lovest to tell,
> Give to the harp an unheard strain,
> And sing the triumphs of the main —
> Of him the Red-Cross hero teach,
> Dauntless on Acre's bloody breach,
> And, scorner of tyrannic power,
> As dauntless in the Temple's tower:
> Alike to him the sea, the shore,
> The brand, the bridle, or the oar,
> The general's eye, the pilot's art,
> The soldier's arm, the sailor's heart;
> Or if to touch such chord be thine," etc.

75. *And when revolves*, etc. When, as the Clown in *Twelfth Night* (v. 1. 385) says, "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

78. *Arminius.* The Latin name of the ancient German hero Hermann, who strove to free his country from the Roman yoke. Tacitus describes him as one "who dared to attack the Romans, not in the beginning but in the fulness of their power — in battle not always victorious, but unconquered in war."

81. *The Red-Cross hero.* Sir Sidney Smith, the famous English

admiral. The *Red-Cross* is the cross of St. George, the national emblem of England.

86. *The shattered walls*, etc. Referring to St. Jean d'Acre, where the Turks, supported by Smith and a handful of British sailors, kept Napoleon and the French army at bay for sixty days, when he raised the siege and retreated.

91. *When stubborn Russ*, etc. Smith, with the permission of his government, became a captain in the Swedish service during the war with Russia.

For *mettled* the early eds. have "metal'd." See on i. ind. 308 above.

92. *Warped.* Frozen; apparently suggested by Shakespeare's use of the word in *A. Y. L.*, ii. 7. 187: "Though thou [Winter] the waters warp;" where the reference is probably to the curving of the surface of the water in freezing, though some critics take *warp* in a more general sense (=change).

94. *The father*, etc. Sir Ralph Abercromby, the British general who commanded the expedition to Egypt in 1800–1801, and died from wounds received at the battle of Alexandria. Smith was wounded at the same time, and compelled to return to England.

100. *The wild harp.* That is, Shakespeare's.

103. *The bold Enchantress.* Joanna Baillie (1764–1851), who has been called "the Sister of Shakespeare." Scott admired and patronized her, and she sometimes made long visits at his house. *Basil* and *De Montfort* were two of her plays.

117. *Warps.* Gives a bend or bias to.

119. *Whether an impulse*, etc. Lockhart quotes Pope, *Essay on Man:*

> "As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
> Receives the lurking principle of death;
> The young disease, that must subdue at length,
> Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
> So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
> The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came:
> Each vital humor which should feed the whole
> Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
> Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
> As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
> Imagination plies her dangerous art,
> And pours it all upon the peccant part.
> Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse:
> Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
> Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
> As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour," etc.

130. *Batavia's sultry sky.* Batavia, the capital of the Dutch possessions in the East Indies, was laid out on a marshy flat and intersected by canals, making the city thoroughly Dutch but very unhealthy for that tropical climate.

137. *The weather-beaten hind.* The Scotch Highlander.

149. *Lochaber.* The wildest mountain district in Scotland. Here is Ben Nevis, the highest peak (4,406 feet) of the country. *Loch Garry* is a small lake in the Athole Forest region, the source of the river Garry. *Devonshire* is one of the loveliest portions of rural England.

158. *Then rise*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "The lonely hill, the rocky tower,
> That caught attention's wakening hour."

165. *Reed.* Pipe. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 345: "Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops."

172. *The lonely infant.* Scott, when three years old, was sent for his health to the farm of Sandy-Knowe, the residence of his paternal grandfather. Smailholm Tower, a ruined baronial keep in the neighborhood, is the *mountain tower* of 158. He afterwards made it the scene of his ballad, *The Eve of Saint John;* and it is supposed to be the original of Avenel Castle in *The Abbot* and *The Monastery.* It is about two miles from Dryburgh Abbey, where the poet is buried.

173. *Wall-flower.* The MS. has "woodbine."

180. *The aged hind.* "Auld Sandy Ormiston," the cow-herd of the farm, and the favorite companion of the young Scott. Lockhart says: "If the child saw him in the morning, he could not be satisfied unless the old man would set him astride on his shoulder, and take him to keep him company as he lay watching his charge."

183. *Strength.* Stronghold. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* vii. 141: "This inaccessible high strength," etc.

188–191. *Methought*, etc. These four lines are not in the MS.

194. *Sleights.* Stratagems. The 1st ed. has *sleights*, which has been corrupted to "slights" in all the more recent eds.

197. *Wight.* See on ii. ind. 113 above.

201. *The scarlet ranks.* The English "red-coats."

202. *While stretched*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "While still with mimic hosts of shells,
> Again my sport the combat tells —
> Onward the Scottish Lion bore,
> The scatter'd Southron fled before."

211. *Gray-haired sire.* Robert Scott, the poet's grandfather.

216. *Whose doom.* That is, his judgment, or arbitration.

In a note to the 2d ed. Scott says: "Upon revising the poem, it seems proper to mention that the lines,

> 'Whose doom discording neighbors sought,
> Content with equity unbought;'

have been unconsciously borrowed from a passage in Dryden's beautiful epistle to John Driden of Chesterton."

221. *Alike*, etc. The MS. has "The student, gentleman, and saint." The clergyman alluded to was Rev. John Martin, minister of Mertoun, in which parish Sandy-Knowe is situated.

223. *Timeless.* Unseasonable, inopportune.

225. *A grandame's child.* That is, "a spoiled child."

228. *From me.* Lockhart's and other recent eds. misprint "For me."

237. *Since oft thy judgment*, etc. Scott had a high opinion of his friend's critical judgment, and liked to have Erskine look over his manuscript before it went to press. See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, chap. xii. and elsewhere. Cf. also p. 271 above.

CANTO THIRD.

5. *They might not*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "They might not choose the easier road,
> For many a forayer was abroad."

The *Merse*, or *March*, is a district in the southern part of Berwickshire.

16. *Wan*. An old past tense of *win*, used here for the rhyme.

19. *The height of Lammermoor*. That is, the point where they cross the *Lammermoor Hills* in Berwickshire. Thence they descend to the village of *Gifford*, about four miles from Haddington. Close by is Yester House, the seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, and a little farther up the Tyne are the *towers*, the remains of the old castle of the family. See also on 333 below.

31. *Bush*. The branch (originally of ivy, which was sacred to Bacchus) used in the olden time as a tavern-sign. Hence the old proverb (cf. Shakespeare's *A. Y. L.* epil.) that "good wine needs no bush," that is, nothing to point out where it is sold. In *England's Parnassus*, 1600, the Address to the Reader begins with "I hang no ivie out to sell my wine."

33. *The village inn*. "The accommodations of a Scottish hostelrie, or inn, in the 16th century, may be collected from Dunbar's admirable tale of *The Friars of Berwick*. Simon Lawder, 'the gay ostlier,' seems to have lived very comfortably; and his wife decorated her person with a scarlet kirtle, and a belt of silk and silver, and rings upon her fingers; and feasted her paramour with rabbits, capons, partridges, and Bourdeaux wine. At least, if the Scottish inns were not good, it was not for want of encouragement from the Legislature; who, so early as the reign of James I., not only enacted that in all boroughs and fairs there be hostellaries, having stables and chambers, and provision for man and horse, but by another statute, ordained that no man, travelling on horse or foot, should presume to lodge anywhere except in these hostellaries; and that no person, save innkeepers, should receive such travellers, under the penalty of forty shillings, for exercising such hospitality. But in spite of these provident enactments, the Scottish hostels are but indifferent, and strangers continue to find reception in the houses of individuals" (Scott).

38. *Bind*. The 1st ed. has "bend," which may be what Scott wrote.

48. *Solands store*. Solands stored up. The soland, solan-goose, or gannet, abounds on the rocky shores and islands of Scotland. For *store*, cf. *Lady of the Lake*, i. 548: "And broadswords, bows, and arrows store," etc.

58. *Oaken settle*. Like that in the immense fireplaces of New England houses of the olden time.

77. *A lady's bower*. See on i. 254 above.

78. *Buxom*. Lively, jolly; with perhaps a reminiscence of its original sense of *pliant* (see its derivation in Wb. or the *Imp. Dict.*), or adapting himself to circumstances. Cf. Milton, *L' All.* 24: "So buxom, blithe, and debonair." Dryden calls Bacchus "the buxom god."

88. *Full met*, etc. The MS. has "Full met their eyes' encountering glance."

106. *As*. As if. See on i. 447 above.

117. *Constant's strain*. That is, Constance's in her disguise as a page. Cf. i. 235 and ii. 384, 504 above.

120. *Saint Valentine*. On whose day the birds were said to choose their mates.

130. *A mellow voice*, etc. The 1st ed. reads: "A deep and mellow voice he had."

143. *Susquehanna's*. All the early eds. spell it "Susquehana's."

148. *Where shall the lover rest*, etc. The metre of the song is *dactylic*, with the accents on the 1st and 4th syllables of each line. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, p. 204, note on 399.

170. *In the lost battle*, etc. Note the recurrence of this in vi. 972 below. In like manner, 179–182 are to be connected with the story of Marmion's burial in a nameless grave, while a peasant occupied his lordly tomb at Lichfield. See vi. 1088 fol.

188. *Plained*. Complained, wailed. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 5. 44: "And of his lucklesse lott and cruell love thus playnd," etc.

207. *Civil conflict in the heart*. Cf. the description of an inward conflict of feeling in Shakespeare's *J. C.* ii. 1. 67:

> "The state of man,
> Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection."

211. *Seemed in my ear*, etc. It seemed that in my ear, etc.

"Among other omens to which faithful credit is given among the Scottish peasantry, is what is called the 'dead-bell,' explained by my friend James Hogg to be that tinkling in the ear which the country people regard as the secret intelligence of some friend's decease. He tells a story to the purpose in the *Mountain Bard*" (Scott). Lockhart quotes the passage:

> "'O lady, 't is dark, an' I heard the dead-bell!
> An' I darena gae yonder for gowd nor fee.'

By the dead-bell is meant a tinkling in the ears, which our peasantry in the country regard as a secret intelligence of some friend's decease. Thus this natural occurrence strikes many with a superstitious awe. This reminds me of a trifling anecdote, which I will here relate as an instance: our two servant-girls agreed to go an errand of their own, one night after supper, to a considerable distance, from which I strove to persuade them, but could not prevail. So, after going to the apartment where I slept, I took a drinking-glass, and, coming close to the back of the door, made two or three sweeps round the lips of the glass with my finger, which caused a loud shrill sound. I then overheard the following dialogue: *B.* 'Ah, mercy! the dead-bell went through my head just now with such a knell as I never heard.' — *I.* 'I heard it too.' — *B.* 'Did you indeed? That is remarkable. I never knew of two hearing it at the same time before.' — *I.* 'We will not go to Midgehop to-night.' — *B.* 'I would not go for all the world. I shall warrant it

is my poor brother Wat; who knows what these wild Irishes may have done to him?'"

220. *Marmion, whose soul*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Marmion, whose pride } could never brook,
> Whose haughty soul }
> Even from his King, a scornful look."

228. *Strook.* An old past tense of *strike*, used here for the rhyme; as in *Lady of the Lake*, iii. 212: "Their clattering targets wildly strook." See our ed. p. 218.

234. *Vail.* Lower, cast down; not "veil," as misprinted in Lockhart's and all other recent eds. Cf. vi. 608 below. See also *Hamlet*, i. 2. 70:

> "Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
> Seek for thy noble father in the dust;"

and *Measure for Measure*, v. 1. 20:

> "Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
> Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!"

Editors and printers continually confound this obsolete *vail* with *veil*, especially when used with reference to the eyes.

240. *Desperate.* The MS. has "furious;" and "Incensed" for *And wroth* in 242 below.

243. *Practised on.* Plotted against. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 2. 57: "Hast practised on man's life," etc.

276. *Alas!* etc. The MS. reads:

> "Since fiercer passions wild and high,
> Have flush'd her cheek with deeper dye,
> And years of guilt, and of disguise,
> Have steel'd her brow, and arm'd her eyes,
> And I the cause — for whom were given
> Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven! —
> How will her ardent spirit swell
> And chafe within the narrow cell!"

307. *Loch Vennachar.* The most eastern of the three lakes around which the scenery of *The Lady of the Lake* lies.

311. *Scotland's simple land.* The MS. has "this plain simple land."

315. *Or star.* Or by astrology.

324. *Clerk.* Scholar, as in 367 and 488 below. Cf. Shakespeare, 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 76: "Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks," etc.

331. *Of power.* That is, of magic power.

333. *The Goblin-Hall.* "A vaulted hall under the ancient castle of Gifford, or Yester (for it bears either name indifferently), the construction of which has, from a very remote period, been ascribed to magic. The *Statistical Account of the Parish of Garvald and Baro* gives the following account of the present state of this castle and apartment: 'Upon a peninsula, formed by the water of Hopes on the east, and a large rivulet on the west, stands the ancient castle of Yester. Sir David Dalrymple, in his Annals, relates, that "Hugh Gifford de Yester died in 1267; that in his castle there was a capacious cavern formed by magi-

cal art, and called in the country Bo-Hall, that is, Hobgoblin Hall." A stair of twenty-four steps led down to this apartment, which is a large and spacious hall, with an arched roof; and though it hath stood for so many centuries, and been exposed to the external air for a period of fifty or sixty years, it is still as firm and entire as if it had only stood a few years. From the floor of this hall, another stair of thirty-six steps leads down to a pit which hath a communication with Hopes-water. A great part of the walls of this large and ancient castle are still standing. There is a tradition that the castle of Yester was the last fortification in this country that surrendered to General Gray, sent into Scotland by Protector Somerset.' I have only to add, that, in 1737, the Goblin Hall was tenanted by the Marquis of Tweeddale's falconer, as I learn from a poem by Boyse, entitled 'Retirement,' written upon visiting Yester. It is now rendered inaccessible by the fall of the stair.

"Sir David Dalrymple's authority for the anecdote is Fordun, whose words are, 'A. D. MCCLXVII, *Hugo Giffard de Yester moritur; cujus castrum, vel saltem caveam, et dongionem, arte dæmonica antiquæ relationes ferunt fabrifactas: nam ibidem habetur mirabilis specus subterraneus, opere mirifico constructus, magno terrarum spatio protelatus, qui communiter* Bo-Hall *appellatus est.*' Sir David conjectures that Hugh de Gifford must have been either a very wise man, or a great oppressor" (Scott).

335. *Gave you.* Allowed you time.

353. *Firth.* The reading of all the early eds. The recent ones have "Frith."

354. *Haco's banner*, etc. "In 1263, Haco, King of Norway, came into the Firth of Clyde with a powerful armament, and made a descent at Largs, in Ayrshire. Here he was encountered and defeated, on the 2d October, by Alexander III. Haco retreated to Orkney, where he died soon after this disgrace to his arms. There are still existing, near the place of battle, many barrows, some of which, having been opened, were found, as usual, to contain bones and urns" (Scott).

The MS. reads here:

> "There floated Haco's banner grim,
> O'er fierce of heart and large of limb."

355. *Norweyan.* Norwegian; as in *Macbeth*, i. 2. 49: "Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky," etc.

362. *Wizard habit strange.* Scott quotes Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, ed. 1665: "Magicians, as is well known, were very curious in the choice and form of their vestments. Their caps are oval, or like pyramids, with lappets on each side, and fur within. Their gowns are long, and furred with fox-skins, under which they have a linen garment reaching to the knee. Their girdles are three inches broad, and have many cabalistical names, with crosses, trines, and circles inscribed on them. Their shoes should be of new russet leather, with a cross cut upon them. Their knives are dagger-fashion; and their swords have neither guard nor scabbard."

369. *A pentacle.* Scott again cites Reginald Scot: "A pentacle is a piece of fine linen, folded with five corners, according to the five senses, and suitably inscribed with characters. This the magician extends

towards the spirits which he invokes, when they are stubborn and rebellious, and refuse to be conformable unto the ceremonies and rites of magic."

372. *Bore many*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Bare many a character and sign,
> Of planets retrograde and trine."

Combust (now obsolete), *retrograde*, and *trine* were astrological terms applied to the position and motion of the planets. *Retrograde* is still used by astronomers, as of old, to indicate motion backward in the zodiac, or from east to west.

382. *Grisly*. See on ii. 438 above.

383. *In this unwonted*, etc. Recent eds. have "his" for *this*.

395. *Racking*. Flying, as when breaking up. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Underwoods*, vi. 448: "The clouds rack clear before the sun," etc. For the noun, see iv. ind. 42 below.

407. *Born upon that blessed night*, etc. "It is a popular article of faith, that those who are born on Christmas or Good-Friday have the power of seeing spirits, and even of commanding them. The Spaniards imputed the haggard and downcast looks of their Philip II. to the disagreeable visions to which this privilege subjected him" (Scott).

410. *With untaught*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "With untaught valor mayst compel
> What is denied to magic spell."

412. *Gramercy*. See on i. 421 above.

416. *Soothly*. Truly. See on *sooth*, i. 255 above. *Tide what tide* = betide, or happen, what may.

417. *The demon*, etc. The MS. has "Bicker and buffet he shall bide." *Buffet bide* = have to bear a blow.

422. *The rampart*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Seek { that / yon } old { camp which / trench that } as a crown."

428. *Couch then thy lance*. See on i. 222 above.

429. *Saint George to speed!* May Saint George be your guardian or protector! Cf. Shakespeare, *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 222: "Hercules be thy speed!"

435. *Alone*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Alone and arm'd rode forth the king
> To that encampment's haunted round."

447. *For full career*. That is, for two knights to charge each other. Cf. 464 below.

450. *The southernmost*. The MS. has "The southern gate."

461. *Edward*. "Edward I., surnamed Longshanks" (Scott).

472. *Largs*. On the Firth of Clyde, the scene of the battle in 1263 between Alexander and Haco, in which the latter was defeated with great slaughter.

482. *Foreshowing*, etc. The MS. has "To be fulfill'd in times afar;" and for 484–487 the following:

" A royal city's towers and spires
Redden'd the midnight sky with fires,
And shouting crews her navy bore,
Triumphant, from the vanquish'd shore."

The allusion here is to the expedition to Copenhagen in 1801, in which Nelson won such laurels. See on i. ind. 82, 161 above.

488. *Learned clerks.* See on 324 above.

489. *Pass the wit.* Are beyond the comprehension.

498. *Dunfermline's nave.* The nave of Dunfermline cathedral.

501. *Yet still,* etc. Scott says here: "The following extract from the Essay upon the Fairy Superstitions, in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,* vol. ii., will show whence many of the particulars of the combat between Alexander III. and the Goblin Knight are derived:

"'Gervase of Tilbury (*Otia Imperial. ap. Script: rer. Brunsvic,* vol. i. p. 797) relates the following popular story concerning a fairy knight: "Osbert, a bold and powerful baron, visited a noble family in the vicinity of Wandlebury, in the bishopric of Ely. Among other stories related in the social circle of his friends, who, according to custom, amused each other by repeating ancient tales and traditions, he was informed that if any knight, unattended, entered an adjacent plain by moonlight, and challenged an adversary to appear, he would be immediately encountered by a spirit in the form of a knight. Osbert resolved to make the experiment, and set out, attended by a single squire, whom he ordered to remain without the limits of the plain, which was surrounded by an ancient entrenchment. On repeating the challenge he was instantly assailed by an adversary, whom he quickly unhorsed, and seized the reins of his steed. During this operation his ghostly opponent sprung up, and, darting his spear, like a javelin, at Osbert, wounded him in the thigh. Osbert returned in triumph with the horse, which he committed to the care of his servants. The horse was of a sable color, as well as his whole accoutrements, and apparently of great beauty and vigor. He remained with his keeper till cockcrowing, when, with eyes flashing fire, he reared, spurned the ground, and vanished. On disarming himself, Osbert perceived that he was wounded, and that one of his steel-boots was full of blood." Gervase adds, that, as long as he lived, the scar of his wound opened afresh on the anniversary of the eve on which he encountered the spirit. — Less fortunate was the gallant Bohemian knight, who, travelling by night, with a single companion, "came in sight of a Fairy host, arrayed under displayed banners. Despising the remonstrances of his friend, the knight pricked forward to break a lance with a champion who advanced from the ranks, apparently in defiance. His companion beheld the Bohemian overthrown, horse and man, by his aerial adversary; and returning to the spot next morning, he found the mangled corpses of the knight and steed" (*Hier rchie of Blessed Angels,* p. 554).'

"Besides the instances of Elfin Chivalry, above quoted, many others might be alleged in support of employing Fairy machinery in this manner. The forest of Glenmore, in the North Highlands, is believed to be haunted by a spirit called *Lham-dearg,* in the array of an ancient warrior, having a bloody hand, from which he takes his name. He

insists upon those with whom he meets doing battle with him; and the clergyman, who makes up an account of the district, extant in the Macfarlane MS. in the Advocates' Library, gravely assures us, that in his time *Lham-dearg* fought with three brothers whom he met in his walk, none of whom long survived the ghostly conflict. Barclay, in his *Euphormion*, gives a singular account of an officer who had ventured, with his servant, rather to intrude upon a haunted house, in a town in Flanders, than to put up with worse quarters elsewhere. After taking the usual precautions of providing fires, lights, and arms, they watched till midnight, when, behold! the severed arm of a man dropped from the ceiling; this was followed by the legs, the other arm, the trunk, and the head of the body, all separately. The members rolled together, united themselves in the presence of the astonished soldiers, and formed a gigantic warrior, which defied them both to combat. Their blows, although they penetrated the body and amputated the limbs of their strange antagonist, had, as the reader may easily believe, little effect on an enemy who possessed such powers of self-union; nor did his efforts make more effectual impression upon them. How the combat terminated I do not exactly remember, and have not the book by me; but I think the spirit made to the intruders on his mansion the usual proposal, that they should renounce their redemption, which being declined, he was obliged to retreat.

"The most singular tale of the kind is contained in an extract communicated to me by my friend, Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth, in the bishopric, who copied it from a MS. note in a copy of Burthogge *On the nature of Spirits*, 8vo, 1694, which had been the property of the late Mr. Gill, attorney-general to Egerton, Bishop of Durham. 'It was not,' says my obliging correspondent, 'in Mr. Gill's own hand, but probably an hundred years older, and was said to be *E libro Convent. Dunelm per T. C. extract.*, whom I believe to have been Thomas Cradocke, Esq., barrister, who held several offices under the see of Durham an hundred years ago. Mr. Gill was possessed of most of his manuscripts.' The extract, which in fact suggested the introduction of the tale into the present poem, runs thus:

"'Rem miram hujusmodi quæ nostris temporibus evenit, teste viro nobili ac fide dignissimo, enarrare haud pigebit. Radulphus Bulmer, cum e castris quæ tunc temporis prope Norham posita erant, oblectationis causa exiisset, ac in ulteriore Tuedæ ripa prædam cum canibus leporariis insequeretur, forte cum Scoto quodam nobili, sibi antehac ut videbatur familiariter cognito, congressus est; ac ut fas erat inter inimicos, flagrante bello, brevissima interrogationis mora interposita alterutros invicem incitato cursu infestis animis petiere. Noster, primo occursu, equo præ acerrimo hostis impetu labante, in terram eversus pectore et capite læso, sanguinem, mortuo similis, evomebat. Quem ut se ægre habentem comiter allocutus est alter, pollicitusque modo auxilium non abnegaret, monitisque obtemperans ab omni rerum sacrarum cogitatione abstineret, nec Deo, Deiparæ Virgini, Sanctove ullo, preces aut vota efferret vel inter sese conciperet, se brevi eum sanum validumque restiturum esse. Præ angore oblata conditio accepta est; ac veterator ille nescio quid obscæni murmuris insusurrans, prehensa

manu, dicto citius in pedes sanum ut antea sublevavit. Noster autem, maxima præ rei inaudita novitate formidine perculsus, MI JESU! exclamat, vel quid simile; ac subite respiciens nec hostem nec ullum alium conspicit, equum solum gravissimo nuper casu aflictum, per summam pacem in rivo fluvii pascentem. Ad castra itaque mirabundus revertens, fidei dubius, rem primo occultavit, dein confecto bello, Confessori suo totam asseruit. Delusoria procul dubio res tota, ac mala veteratoris illius aperitur fraus, qua hominem Christianum ad vetitum tale auxilium pelliceret. Nomen atcunque illius (nobilis alias ac clari) reticendum duco, cum haud dubium sit quin Diabolus, Deo permittente, formam quam libuerit, immo angeli lucis, sacro oculo Dei teste, posse assumere.' The MS. chronicle from which Mr. Cradocke took this curious extract cannot now be found in the chapter library of Durham, or, at least, has hitherto escaped the researches of my friendly correspondent.

"Lindesay is made to allude to this adventure of Ralph Bulmer, as a well-known story, in the 4th Canto, stanza xxii.

"The Northern champions of old were accustomed peculiarly to search for and delight in encounters with such military spectres. See a whole chapter on the subject in Bartholinus *De Causis contemptæ Mortis a Danis*, p. 253."

506. *Have foully sped.* Have had bad luck. For *speed* = fare, have fortune (good or bad), cf. Shakespeare, *T. of S.* ii. 1. 283: "how speed you with my daughter?"

508. *Wallace wight.* See on ii. ind. 113 above.

509. *Gentles.* Gentlemen, gentlefolk; especially used in addressing an audience. Cf. *Henry V.*, prol. 8: "But pardon, gentles all," etc.

510. *Quaighs.* "A wooden cup composed of staves hooped together" (Scott).

519. *Deep slumbering*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Deep slumbering on the floor of clay,
> Oppress'd with toil and ale, they lay;
> The dying flame, in fitful change,
> Threw on them lights and shadows strange."

536. *His master*, etc. The MS. has "*It* spoke — Lord Marmion's voice he knew;" and in 543 below "Come down" for *Arise.*

551. *Darkling.* In the dark; a poetical word. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, iv. 283: "For darkling was the battle tried," etc.

558. *Chaplains.* The 1st ed. misprints "chaplain's."

560. *I would*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "I would, to prove the omen right,
> That I could meet this Elfin Knight!"

566. *To dashing*, etc. The MS. has "Dance to the wild waves' murmuring."

592. *Pricked.* See on i. 304 above.

597. *Yode.* "Used by old poets for *went*" (Scott). Cf. Spenser, *F. Q* ii. 7. 2: "So, long he yode, yet no adventure found," etc.

599. *Selle.* Saddle (French), common in Spenser. See *F. Q.* ii. 3. 12: "That rode in golden sell with single spere," etc.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH.

JAMES SKENE, Esq., of Rubislaw, Aberdeenshire, was Cornet in the Royal Edinburgh Light Horse Volunteers; and Scott was Quartermaster of the same corps.

2. *Where is the life*, etc. From an old ballad, quoted by Shakespeare in *T. of S.* iv. 1. 143 and 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 146.

3. *That motley clown*, etc. See Shakespeare's *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 12 fol.

10. *First drew*, etc. The MS. has "Unsheath'd the voluntary brand."

29. *A task*, etc. See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, chap. v.

37. *Blackhouse.* A farm on the Douglas-burn, where Scott's friend, William Laidlaw, resided. See Lockhart's *Life*, chaps. iii. and iv. In the latter a letter of Skene's is quoted in which he tells of a visit he made to Blackhouse with Scott.

39. *Mountain dark.* The MS. has "noontide mist."

42. *Rack.* Floating cloud. Cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 506:

> "But as we often see, against some storm,
> A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still," etc.

See also on iii. 395 above.

45. *As thou with pencil.* "Various illustrations of the poetry and novels of Scott, from designs by Mr. Skene, have since been published" (Lockhart).

51. *Idly busied.* An example of what the rhetoricians call *oxymoron;* like Horace's "strenua inertia" (laborious idleness).

55. *When red*, etc. The MS. has:

> "When red hath set the evening sun,
> And loud winds speak the storm begun."

67. *Till, dark*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Till thickly drives the flaky snow,
> And forth the hardy swain must go,
> While, with dejected look and whine," etc.

73. *Plaid.* The rhyme is not imperfect, the Scottish pronunciation of the word being like that of *played.* Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, p. 188, note on 363.

78. *The blast*, etc. The MS. has "The frozen blast that sweeps the fells;" and in 81 fol. below:

> "His cottage window beams a star,—
> But soon he loses it,—and then
> Turns patient to his task again."

91. *The morn*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "The morn shall find the stiffen'd swain:
> His widow sees, at morning pale,
> His children rise, and raise their wail."

"I cannot help here mentioning, that, on the night in which these lines were written, suggested, as they were, by a sudden fall of snow,

beginning after sunset, an unfortunate man perished exactly in the manner here described, and his body was next morning found close to his own house. The accident happened within five miles of the farm of Ashestiel" (Scott).

92. *His widow.* Lockhart's and all other recent eds. have "The widow."

96. *His master's breast.* The MS. has "his frozen breast."

101. *Kirn's.* "The Scottish Harvest-home" (Scott).

102. *His native hill-notes*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "His native wild notes' melody
> To Marion's blithely blinking eye."

104. *His oaten reed.* See on iii. ind. 165 above.

105. *And all Arcadia's golden creed.* That is, everything associated with the poetical view of pastoral life, of which the Greek Arcadia has always been the type.

108. *Our youthful summer*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Our youthful summer oft we see
> Dance by on wings of mirth and glee,
> While the dark storm reserves its rage,
> To crush the winter of our age."

115. *Called ancient Priam forth.* The MS. has "Call'd forth his feeble age;" and in 126 below, "Scarce on thy bride," etc.

124. *By.* Gone by, past; as in v. 552 below. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, v. 547: "but that is by," etc.

130. *Nor did*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "But even the actions next his end
> Spoke the fond sire and faithful friend."

132. *Forbes.* A dissyllable, not a monosyllable as in the New England name. Scott has the following note here: "Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronet; unequalled, perhaps, in the degree of individual affection entertained for him by his friends, as well as in the general respect and esteem of Scotland at large. His *Life of Beattie*, whom he befriended and patronized in life, as well as celebrated after his decease, was not long published, before the benevolent and affectionate biographer was called to follow the subject of his narrative. This melancholy event very shortly succeeded the marriage of the friend, to whom this introduction is addressed, with one of Sir William's daughters."

142. *Frequent.* See on i. ind. 8 above.

145. *Attributed.* Accented on the first syllable.

152. *Grateful.* The MS. has "nearer."

163. *From grave to gay.* Cf. Pope, *Epist.* iv.: "From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

167. *Sports.* The MS. has "thoughts."

168. *To portray.* That is, "with pencil." Cf. 45 above.

171. *Antique.* Accented on the first syllable, as regularly in Elizabethan poetry. Cf. Shakespeare, *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 31: "Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out," etc.

172. *The legend*, etc. The romance of *Tirante el Blanco*, or *Tirante the White*, was written in the Catalonian dialect by Johann Martorell,

a knight of Valencia, and was first printed in 1480. It was afterwards translated into the Castilian language, and also into Italian and French. It is alluded to in *Don Quixote*, and an abstract of it may be found in Dunlop's *Hist. of Fiction*, chap. v.

173. *Squire.* That is, dog. Lockhart says: "Camp was a favorite dog of the poet's; a bull-terrier of extraordinary sagacity. He is introduced in Raeburn's portrait of Sir Walter Scott, now at Dalkeith Palace."

176. *And scarce*, etc. The MS. has "Till oft our voice suppress'd the feud."

177. *Laverock.* The Old English name of the lark, often used in poetry.

179. *May-flower.* The blossom of the white hawthorn; the *may* of Tennyson's *Miller's Daughter*, 130: "white with may."

181. *Ariel.* The "tricksy spirit" of Shakespeare's *Tempest.* Cf. that play, v. 1. 93:

> "Merrily, merrily shall I live now
> Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

185. *Careless.* The MS. has "When light," etc.

191. *Then he*, etc. "Colin Mackenzie, Esq. of Portmore" (Lockhart). He was one of the Principal Clerks of Session at Edinburgh, and an intimate friend of Scott's. He wrote the ballad of *Ellandonan Castle* in the *Border Minstrelsy.*

194. *Rae.* Printed "R——" in all the eds., but the name may as well be given in full. Lockhart says: "Sir William Rae of St. Catherine's, Bart., subsequently Lord Advocate of Scotland, was a distinguished member of the volunteer corps to which Sir Walter Scott belonged; and he, the Poet, Mr. Skene, Mr. Mackenzie, and a few other friends, had formed themselves into a little semi-military club, the meetings of which were held at their family supper tables in rotation."

195. *And one*, etc. "The late Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Bart., son of the author of the Life of Beattie, and another member of this volunteer corps and club" (Lockhart).

196. *Mimosa's tender tree.* The sensitive plant (*Mimosa pudica*).

202. *Buxom.* Merry. See on iii. 78 above.

206. *Mad Tom.* The disguised Edgar in Shakespeare's *Lear.* See iii. 4. 142: "who hath had . . . horse to ride, and weapon to wear"

208. *Such nights*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Such nights we 've had; and though our game
> Advance of years may something tame."

CANTO FOURTH.

13. *Becket.* The *Saint Thomas* of i. 409 above. The MS. has "swear" for *fear.*

22. *Bevis.* The horse was named for the *Bevis bold* of i. ind. 314 above. For *ruth* in 25 below, see on ii. 376 above.

26. *The charger*, etc. The MS. has "The good horse panting on the straw."

31. *Lantern-led by Friar Rush.* That is, the Will-o'-the-Wisp or Jack-o'-lantern, which popular superstition associated with the pranks of mischievous elves. Cf. Milton, *L'Allegro*, 104: "And he, by Friar's lantern led;" and Shakespeare's *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 39, where Puck is said to "Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm," etc.

The name of *Friar Rush* was due to an old story that the elf once got admittance into a monastery as a scullion, and played the monks many tricks. Scott says: "*The History of Friar Rush* is of extreme rarity, and, for some time, even the existence of such a book was doubted, although it is expressly alluded to by Reginald Scot in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*. I have perused a copy in the valuable library of my friend Mr. Heber; and I observe, from Mr. Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature*, that there is one in the excellent collection of the Marquis of Stafford."

53. *With English cross*, etc. The MS. has "With bloody cross and fiery brand;" and in 67, "They journey'd till the middle day."

56. *Trow.* Believe. Cf. i. 302 above.

59. *Gramercy.* See on i. 421 above.

65. *On.* Hardly a satisfactory rhyme here.

69. *Humbie* and *Saltoun* (or *Salton*) are parishes in this part of Scotland.

86. *His lore.* That is, his knowledge of the old legends and romances.

88. *A huge romantic tome.* The MS. has "a black and ponderous tome."

91. *Caxton or de Worde.* William Caxton introduced printing into England in the latter part of the 15th century. Wynken de Worde was associated with him in the work, and printed many books after Caxton's death.

99. *Point of war.* Signal of war. *Point* was a technical term for a signal given by a trumpet. Cf. Shakespeare, *2 Henry IV.* iv. 1. 52: "To a loud trumpet and a point of war."

115. *Scutcheon.* The MS. has "lion;" also "scarlet" for *painted* in 118, and "blazoned" for *armorial* in 121.

116. *Pursuivants.* See on i. 151 above.

119. *Gules, argent, or, and azure.* The heraldic terms for red, silver, gold, and blue. For *gules*, cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 479: "Now is he total gules" (that is, all stained with blood); and Keats, *St. Agnes' Eve*, xxv.:

> "Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
> And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast."

120. *King-at-arms.* An officer of great antiquity, having general jurisdiction of the heralds. There are three kings-at-arms in England, namely, Garter, Clarencieux, and Norroy; besides a Lion-king-at-arms for Scotland, and an Ulster-king-at-arms for Ireland. Cf. 154 below.

131. *On.* The MS. has "from:" and in the next line, "Lash'd the coarse vices," etc. For the allusion, see on 153 below.

133. *The keys of Rome.* The papal power, of which St. Peter's *keys* are the symbol.

135. *Cap of maintenance.* The cap worn by the king-at-arms, like that borne before sovereigns at their coronation, etc. It was of scarlet velvet, turned up with ermine.

141. *The double tressure*, etc. A *tressure* is a kind of border in heraldry, "usually borne *double*." The arms of Scotland are described as "Or, a lion rampant gules, armed and langued azure, within a *double tressure* flory counterflory of *fleur-de-lis* of the second," the "supporters" being "two *unicorns* argent maned and unguled or, gorged with open crowns," and so on. The "crest" is "a *lion* sejant affronté gules crowned or," etc. It is stated by the authorities that "the lion is first seen on the seal of Alexander II., and the tressure on that of Alexander III." Scott tells us, however, that Boethius and Buchanan represent the latter to have been "first assumed by Achaius, King of Scotland, contemporary of Charlemagne, and founder of the celebrated League with France; but later antiquaries make poor Eochy or Achy little better than a sort of King of Brentford, whom old Grig (who has also swelled into Gregorius Magnus) associated with himself in the important duty of governing some part of the northeastern coast of Scotland."

144. *Gallant.* The MS. has "silver." Lines 137–144 are interpolated in the blank page of the MS.

149. *Beseemed.* Became, suited. Cf. vi. 1084 below.

153. *Sir David Lindesay*, etc. Scott, after referring to the edition of Sir David's works that had been brought out by Chalmers not long before, adds: "Sir David Lindesay was well known for his early efforts in favor of the reformed doctrines; and, indeed, his play, coarse as it now seems, must have had a powerful effect upon the people of his age. I am uncertain if I abuse poetical license, by introducing Sir David Lindesay in the character of Lion-Herald, sixteen years before he obtained that office. At any rate, I am not the first who has been guilty of the anachronism; for the author of *Flodden Field* despatches *Dallamount*, which can mean nobody but Sir David de la Mont, to France, on the message of defiance from James IV. to Henry VIII. It was often an office imposed on the Lion King-at-arms, to receive foreign embassadors; and Lindesay himself did this honor to Sir Ralph Sadler in 1539–1540. Indeed, the oath of the Lion, in its first article, bears reference to his frequent employment upon royal messages and embassies.

"The office of heralds, in feudal times, being held of the utmost importance, the inauguration of the Kings-at-arms, who presided over their colleges, was proportionally solemn. In fact, it was the mimicry of a royal coronation, except that the unction was made with wine instead of oil. In Scotland, a namesake and kinsman of Sir David Lindesay, inaugurated in 1592, 'was crowned by King James with the ancient crown of Scotland, which was used before the Scottish kings assumed a close crown;' and, on occasion of the same solemnity, dined at the king's table, wearing the crown. It is probable that the coronation of his predecessor was not less solemn. So sacred was the herald's office, that, in 1515, Lord Drummond was by Parliament declared guilty of treason, and his lands forfeited, because he had struck with his fist the Lion King-at-arms when he reproved him for his follies. Nor was he restored, but at the Lion's earnest solicitation."

163. *Given.* The 1st ed. has "gave."
166. *The Lion thus*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "The Lion-King his message said: —
> 'My Liege hath deep and deadly swore,'" etc.

For *swore*, see on i. 360 above.
171. *For.* Because. Cf. vi. 58 below.
187. *Enow.* See on i. 303 above.
189. *Marchmount.* Cf. 117 above.
191. *Decline.* Descend; evidently used for the rhyme.
194. *Crichtoun Castle.* "A large ruinous castle on the banks of the Tyne, about seven miles from Edinburgh. As indicated in the text, it was built at different times and with a very differing regard to splendor and accommodation. The oldest part of the building is a narrow keep, or tower, such as formed the mansion of a lesser Scottish baron; but so many additions have been made to it that there is now a large court-yard, surrounded by buildings of different ages. The eastern front of the court is raised above a portico, and decorated with entablatures bearing anchors. All the stones of this front are cut into diamond facets, the angular projections of which have an uncommonly rich appearance. The inside of this part of the building appears to have contained a gallery of great length and uncommon elegance. Access was given to it by a magnificent staircase, now quite destroyed. The soffits are ornamented with twining cordage and rosettes; and the whole seems to have been far more splendid than was usual in Scottish castles. The castle belonged originally to the Chancellor Sir William Crichton, and probably owed to him its first enlargement, as well as its being taken by the Earl of Douglas, who imputed to Crichton's counsels the death of his predecessor Earl William, beheaded in Edinburgh Castle, with his brother, in 1440. It is said to have been totally demolished on that occasion; but the present state of the ruins shows the contrary. In 1483 it was garrisoned by Lord Crichton, then its proprietor, against King James III., whose displeasure he had incurred by seducing his sister Margaret, in revenge, it is said, for the monarch having dishonored his bed. From the Crichton family the castle passed to that of the Hepburns, Earl Bothwell; and when the forfeitures of Stewart, the last Earl Bothwell, were divided, the barony and castle of Crichton fell to the share of the Earl of Buccleuch. They were afterwards the property of the Pringles of Clifton, and are now that of Sir John Callander, Baronet. It were to be wished the proprietor would take a little pains to preserve these splendid remains of antiquity, which are at present used as a fold for sheep, and wintering cattle; although, perhaps, there are very few ruins in Scotland which display so well the style and beauty of ancient castle-architecture. The castle of Crichton has a dungeon vault, called the *Massy More*. The epithet, which is not uncommonly applied to the prisons of other old castles in Scotland, is of Saracenic origin. It occurs twice in the *Epistolæ Itinerariæ* of Tollius: '*Carcer subterraneus, sive, ut Mauri appellant*, Mazmorra' (p. 147); and again, '*Coguntur omnes Captivi sub noctem in ergastula subterranea, quæ Turcæ Algezerani vocant* Mazmorras' (p. 243). The same word applies to the dungeons of the ancient Moorish castles in Spain, and serves to show

from what nation the Gothic style of castle-building was originally derived."

202. *You hear*, etc. The MS. has "Her lazy streams repine;" and in 206, "But the huge mass could well oppose."

211. *Tottered.* Torn, ragged; as in *Richard II.* iii. 3. 52: "from the castle's totter'd battlements;" where the folio of 1623 has "tatter'd," of which the word is simply another spelling. In *King John*, v. 5. 7, the folio has "our tott'ring colours;" and in 1 *Henry IV.* iv. 2. 37, "a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls."

214. *Of mouldering shields*, etc. The MS. has "Of many a moulder-ing shield the sense."

215. *Of pretence.* In heraldry an *escutcheon of pretence* is "the shield on which a man carries the coat of his wife, if she is an heiress and he has issue by her."

231. *Whilom.* A while ago, formerly; as in v. ind. 75 below.

248. *Earl Adam Hepburn.* Scott says: "He was the second Earl of Bothwell, and fell in the field of Flodden, where, according to an ancient English poet, he distinguished himself by a furious attempt to retrieve the day. See *Flodden Field*, ed. 1808:

> 'Then on the Scottish part, right proud,
> The Earl of Bothwell then out brast,
> And stepping forth, with stomach good,
> Into the enemies' throng he thrast;
> And *Bothwell! Bothwell!* cried bold,
> To cause his souldiers to ensue,
> But there he caught a wellcome cold,
> The Englishmen straight down him threw.
> Thus Haburn through his hardy heart
> His fatal fine in conflict found,' etc."

250. *Long may*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Well might his gentle Lady mourn,
> Doom'd ne'er to see her Lord's return."

253. *'T was a brave race*, etc. "Adam was grandfather to James, Earl of Bothwell, too well known in the history of Queen Mary" (Scott).

267 *And in his turn*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Nor less the Herald Monarch knew
> The Baron's powers to value true —
> Hence confidence between them grew."

275. *And unaware*, etc. The MS. has:

> "Then fell from Lindesay unaware,
> That Marmion might } his labor spare."
> Marmion might well }

278. *For that*, etc. Scott says: "This story is told by Pitscottie with characteristic simplicity: 'The king, seeing that France could get no support of him for that time, made a proclamation, full hastily, through all the realm of Scotland, both east and west, south and north, as well in the Isles as in the firm land, to all manner of man betwixt sixty and

sixteen years, that they should be ready, within twenty days, to pass with him, with forty days victual, and to meet at the Burrow-muir of Edinburgh, and there to pass forward where he pleased. His proclamations were hastily obeyed, contrary the Council of Scotland's will; but every man loved his prince so well, that they would on no ways disobey him; but every man caused make his proclamation so hastily, conform to the charge of the king's proclamation.

"'The king came to Lithgow, where he happened to be for the time at the council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God, to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. In this mean time, there came a man clad in a blue gown in at the kirk-door, and belted about him in a roll of linen cloth; a pair of brotikings[1] on his feet, to the great of his legs; with all other hose and clothes conform thereto: but he had nothing on his head, but syde[2] red yellow hair behind, and on his baffets,[3] which wan down to his shoulders; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two-and-fifty years, with a great pike-staff in his hand, and came first forward among the lords, crying and speiring[4] for the king, saying, he desired to speak with him. While, at the last, he came where the king was sitting in the desk at his prayers; but when he saw the king, he made him little reverence or salutation, but leaned down grofling on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner, as after follows: "Sir king, my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass, at this time, where thou art purposed; for if thou does, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. Further, she bade thee mell[5] with no woman, nor use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs; for, if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame."

"'By this man had spoken thir words unto the king's grace, the evening song was near done, and the king paused on thir words, studying to give him an answer; but, in the mean time, before the king's eyes, and in the presence of all the lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could no ways be seen nor comprehended, but vanished away as he had been a blink of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen. I heard say, Sir David Lindesay, lyon-herauld, and John Inglis the marshal, who were, at that time, young men, and special servants to the king's grace, were standing presently beside the king, who thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have speired further tidings at him. But all for nought; they could not touch him; for he vanished away betwixt them, and was no more seen.'

"Buchanan, in more elegant, though not more impressive language, tells the same story, and quotes the personal information of our Sir David Lindesay: '*In iis* (i. e. *qui propius astiterant*), *fuit David Lindesius, Montanus, homo spectatæ fidei et probitatis, nec a literarum studiis alienus, et cujus totius vitæ tenor longissime a mentiendo aberrat; a quo nisi ego hæc uti tradidi, pro certis accepissem, ut vulgatam vanis rumoribus fabulam, omissurus eram*' (lib. xiii.). The king's throne, in St. Catherine's aisle, which he had constructed for himself, with twelve

[1] Buskins. [2] Long. [3] Cheeks. [4] Asking. [5] Meddle.

stalls for the Knights Companions of the Order of the Thistle, is still shown as the place where the apparition was seen. I know not by what means St. Andrew got the credit of having been the celebrated monitor of James IV.; for the expression in Lindesay's narrative, 'My mother has sent me,' could only be used by St. John, the adopted son of the Virgin Mary. The whole story is so well attested, that we have only the choice between a miracle or an imposture. Mr. Pinkerton plausibly argues, from the caution against incontinence, that the queen was privy to the scheme of those who had recourse to this expedient, to deter King James from his impolitic war."

287. *Linlithgow.* Scott, in his *Provincial Antiquities*, says: "Linlithgow, distinguished by the combined strength and beauty of its situation, must have been early selected as a royal residence. David, who bought the title of Saint by his liberality to the Church, refers several of his charters to his town of Linlithgow; and in that of Holyrood expressly bestows on the new monastery all the skins of the rams, ewes, and lambs, belonging to his castle of Linlitcu, which shall die during the year . . . The convenience afforded for the sport of falconry, which was so great a favorite during the feudal ages, was probably one cause of the attachment of the ancient Scottish monarchs to Linlithgow and its fine lake. The sport of hunting was also followed with success in the neighborhood, from which circumstance it probably arises that the ancient arms of the city represent a black greyhound bitch tied to a tree. . . . The situation of Linlithgow Palace is eminently beautiful. It stands on a promontory of some elevation, which advances almost into the midst of the lake. The form is that of a square court composed of buildings of four stories high, with towers at the angles. The fronts within the square, and the windows, are highly ornamented, and the size of the rooms, as well as the width and character of the staircases, are upon a magnificent scale. One banquet-room is ninety-four feet long, thirty feet wide, and thirty-three feet high, with a gallery for music. The king's wardrobe, or dressing-room, looking to the west, projects over the walls, so as to have a delicious prospect on three sides, and is one of the most enviable boudoirs we have ever seen."

291. *The wild buck bells.* "I am glad of an opportunity to describe the cry of the deer by another word than *braying*, although the latter has been sanctified by the use of the Scottish metrical translation of the Psalms. *Bell* seems to be an abbreviation of *bellow*. This sylvan sound conveyed great delight to our ancestors, chiefly, I suppose, from association. A gentle knight in the reign of Henry VIII., Sir Thomas Wortley, built Wantley Lodge, in Wancliffe Forest, for the pleasure (as an ancient inscription testifies) of 'listening to the hart's *bell*'" (Scott).

298. *June saw his father's overthrow.* "The rebellion against James III. was signalized by the cruel circumstance of his son's presence in the hostile army. When the king saw his own banner displayed against him, and his son in the faction of his enemies, he lost the little courage he ever possessed, fled out of the field, fell from his horse, as it started at a woman and water-pitcher, and was slain, it is not well understood by whom. James IV., after the battle, passed to Stirling, and hearing

the monks of the chapel royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances. The battle of Sauchie-burn, in which James III. fell, was fought 18th June, 1488" (Scott). See also on v. 247 below.

302. *Offices.* Religious duties. The MS. has:

> "In offices as strict as Lent,
> And penances his Junes are spent."

306. *As wont.* As he was wont. See on ii. 587 above.

310. *For now*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "For now the year brought round again
> The very day that he } was slain —
> The day that the third James }
> In Catherine's aisle the Monarch kneels,
> And folded hands } show what he feels."
> And hands sore clasped }

312. *Catherine's aisle.* St. Catherine's chapel, in the south transept of St. Michael's church, which adjoins the palace. See on 278 above.

318. *Sooth to tell.* To tell the truth. See on i. 443 above.

323. *As.* As if. See on i. 447 above.

324. *Wight.* The rhyme with *white* is hardly admissible. Cf. *eye* and *I* in iii. 103, 104 above.

328. *Good my lord.* Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 3. 46: "Good my brother;" *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1. 255: "Dear my lord," etc.

334. *Seemed to me.* That is, it seemed to me.

344. *In a low voice*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "In a low voice — but every tone
> Thrill'd through the listener's vein and bone;"

and just below it has:

> "And if to war thou needs wilt fare,
> Of wanton wiles and woman's } snare."
> Of woman's wiles and wanton }

357. *Cast.* Calculated, purposed. Note the repetition of *cast* in 361.

362. *That glances but*, etc. Cf. ii. 306 above.

374. *But I have seen*, etc. The MS. has:

> "But events, since I cross'd the Tweed,
> Have undermined my sceptic creed."

382. *The tale*, etc. See iii. 324 fol. above.

388. *In vain*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "In vain," said he, "to rest I laid
> My burning limbs, and throbbing head —
> Fantastic thoughts return'd;
> And, by their wild dominion } led, sway'd, sped,
> My heart within me burn'd."

396. *Wold.* A low hill or *down* (iii. 423).

400. *Yet was*, etc. The MS. has "And yet it was so low and drear."
410. *I 've fought*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "I 've been, Lord Lion, many a day,
> In combat single or mêlée."

418. *Placed in rest*, etc. See on i. 222 above.
423. *What could he*, etc. For this absolute use of *can* and *could*, cf. Bacon, *Essay* xi.: "for in evil, the best condition is, not to will; the second, not to can;" *Hamlet*, iv. 7. 85: "And they can well on horseback," etc.
427. *Yet did*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Yet doth the worst remain:
> My reeling eyes I upward cast,—
> But opening hell could never blast
> Their sight like what I saw."

431. *Strook*. See on iii. 228 above.
432. *Mistook*. Used here for the sake of rhyme, but formerly a common form of the participle. Cf. Milton, *Arcades*, 4: "Too divine to be mistook;" Shakespeare, *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 94: "I have mistook," etc.
435. *I saw the face*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "I knew the face of one long dead,
> Or who to foreign climes hath fled .
> . . . . . .
> I knew the face of one who fled
> To foreign climes, or long since dead —
> I well may judge the last."

449. *'T were long to tell*, etc. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, i. 102: "'T were long to tell what steeds gave o'er," etc.
456. *Gan*. The past tense of *gin* = begin, but not a contraction of that word. It is common in our old writers.
462. *Trained*. Tempted, enticed. Cf. Shakespeare, *C. of E.* iii. 2. 45: "O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note," etc.
For the tradition concerning *Bulmer*, see on iii. 501 above.
465. *Plaid*. See on iv. ind. 73 above.
467. *Rothiemurcus glade*. The great pine forests of Rothiemurcus and Glenmore are on the Spey in the Highlands, and the other localities named are in the same wild region.
474. *Spotless in faith*, etc. The MS. has "Of spotless faith and bosom bold;" and in 479, 480:

> "When mortals meditate within
> Fresh guilt, or unrepented sin."

487. *Bowne*. Prepare, make ready; as in v. 569 below.
490. *Dun-Edin's road*. The road to Edinburgh, of the name of which city *Dun-Edin* is a Celtic adaptation.
497. *The Braid Hills*. These hills are about three miles south of the city, *Blackford Hill* being a mile nearer.
502. *Whin*. Gorse, or furze.
508. *St. Giles's*. The old parish church of Edinburgh, dedicated to its tutelar saint. The *steeple* is a fine specimen of Gothic work.

516. *But different*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "But, oh, far different change has been,
> Since Marmion, from the crown
> Of Blackford-hill, upon the scene
> Of Scotland's war look'd down."

519. *Bent.* Slope; as in ii. ind. 133 above.

521. *The Borough-moor.* "The Borough, or common Moor of Edinburgh, was of very great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of Braid Hills. It was anciently a forest; and, in that state, was so great a nuisance, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh had permission granted to them of building wooden galleries, projecting over the street, in order to encourage them to consume the timber; which they seem to have done very effectually. When James IV. mustered the array of the kingdom there, in 1513, the Borough-moor was, according to Hawthornden, 'a field spacious, and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks.' Upon that, and similar occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the Hare Stane, a high stone, now built into the wall, on the left hand of the highway leading towards Braid, not far from the head of Bruntsfield-links. The Hare Stone probably derives its name from the British word *Har*, signifying an army" (Scott).

523. *A thousand*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "A thousand said the verse? I ween,
> Thousands on thousands there were seen,
> That whitened all the heath between."

528. *Forming a camp irregular.* Here the stanza ends in the MS.

535. *Hebudes.* The Latin name of the Hebrides. *Lodon* = Lothian; as in ii. 290 above. *Redswire*, or *Reidswire*, is a part of the Carter Mountain, about ten miles from Jedburgh. *Rosse's rocky ledge* is the rocky shore of the county of Ross in the northern part of Scotland.

557. *Borthwick's Sisters Seven.* "Seven culverins, so called, cast by one Borthwick" (Scott). See quotation in note on v. 735 below.

558. *And culverins*, etc. The 1st ed. reads: "By France's King to Scotland given." A note on the last page of the volume says: "It was not the guns called the 'Seven Sisters' which were given by the French King to James, but another train of artillery, also lost at Flodden."

566. *Scroll, pennon*, etc. "Each of these feudal ensigns intimated the different rank of those entitled to display them" (Scott).

567. *O'er the pavilions flew.* Scott says here: "I do not exactly know the Scottish mode of encampment in 1513, but Patten (*Account of Somerset's Expedition*) gives a curious description of that which he saw after the battle of Pinkey, in 1547: 'Here now, to say some what of the maner of their camp: As they had no pavilions, or round houses, of any commendable compas, so wear there few other tentes with posts, as the used maner of making is; and of these few also, none of above twenty foot length, but most far under; for the most part all very sumptuously beset (after their fashion) for the love of France, with fleur-delys, some of blue buckeram, some of black, and some of some other colours. These white ridges, as I call them, that, as we stood on Faux-

syde Bray, did make so great muster toward us, which I did take then to be a number of tentes, when we came, we found it a linnen drapery, of the coarser cambryk in dede, for it was all of canvas sheets, and wear the tenticles, or rather cabayns and couches of their soldiers; the which (much after the common building of their country beside) had they framed of four sticks, about an ell long a piece, whearof two fastened together at one end aloft, and the two endes beneath stuck in the ground, an ell asunder, standing in fashion like the bowe of a sowes yoke; over two such bowes (one, as it were, at their head, the other at their feet) they stretched a sheet down on both sides, whereby their cabayn became roofed like a ridge, but skant shut at both ends, and not very close beneath on the sides, unless their sticks were the shorter, or their wives the more liberal to lend them larger napery; howbeit, when they had lined them, and stuff'd them so thick with straw, with the weather as it was not very cold, when they wear ones couched, they were as warm as they had been wrapt in horses dung.' "

570. *The staff*, etc. The MS. reads here:

> " The standard staff, a mountain pine,
> Pitch'd in a huge memorial stone,
> That still in monument is shown."

578. *The ruddy lion ramped in gold.* For the red lion rampant in a field of gold, see on 141 above.

579. *Lord Marmion*, etc. The MS. reads:

> " Lord Marmion's large dark eye flash'd light,
> It kindled with a chief's delight,
> For glow'd with martial joy his heart,
> As upon battle-day."

597. *Has blessed.* The reading of all the eds. from the 1st down. *Peace and wealth* is taken as a singular subject = national prosperity.

598. *'T is better*, etc. The MS. reads:

> " 'T is better sitting still at rest,
> Than rising but to fall.
> And while these words they did exchange,
> They reach'd the camp's extremest range."

As Lockhart remarks, "the poet seems to have struck his pen through the last two lines on conceiving the magnificent picture which replaces them in the text."

612. *Height.* Note the rhyme with *state*, and cf that with *plate* and *weight* in v. 24-26 below; but in v. 43, 45 we find *weight* rhymed with *fight*. Scott is rather free in his rhymes. Cf. i. 183, 185, 410, 411, ii. ind. 118, 119, iii. 87, 88, etc. above.

614. *The steep slope.* That on which the "Old Town" of Edinburgh is built.

617. *Mine own romantic town.* The MS. has "Dun-Edin's towers and town."

619. *On Ochil mountains.* The highest of the Ochils rises 2,400 feet above the sea.

623. *Berwick-Law.* A hill, 640 feet high, immediately south of North Berwick. Cf. v. 836 below.

625. *Firth.* The reading of the 1st and other early eds. The recent ones all have "Frith."

632. *Demi-volt.* A movement to which horses were trained, the fore-feet being raised in a particular manner. See on v. 32 below.

635. *The Lindesay.* Lockhart says that the MS. has "The Lion;" but this is the reading of the 1st ed., as in 647 below, where Lockhart makes the same mistake.

646. *Prime.* The first canonical hour of prayer, or 6 A. M.

650. *Saint Catherine's of Sienne.* The MS. has "our Lady's of Sienne." St. Catherine of Siena (so called to distinguish her from the Catherines of Alexandria and Bologna) was one of the most noted of female saints. *St. Rocque*, or *St. Roch*, was a famous French saint.

652. *To you*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "To you they speak of martial fame,
> To me of mood more mild and tame —
> Blither would be their cheer," etc.

655. *Falkland-woods.* In Fife, about 25 miles from Edinburgh. Here is still to be seen the ruined palace of the Scottish kings, who resorted thither for the sake of the chase.

663. *Proof to.* Proof against, as we should now say.

664. *Halls.* The MS. has "fanes."

669. *Their larum.* Most of the eds. misprint "the larum."

674. *Dream*, etc. The MS. has "Dream of a conquest cheaply bought."

679. *Stowre.* Battle, tumult. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 2. 7: "Then gan she wail and weepe to see that woeful stowre;" Fairfax, *Tasso*, ii. 38: "That wonts in every warlike stour to win," etc.

680. *In bower.* In their chambers. See on i. ind. 321 above.

681. *Her monks*, etc. The MS. has "Their monks dead masses sing."

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.

GEORGE ELLIS, Esq. (1745–1815), to whom this epistle is addressed, was an accomplished scholar and writer, the coadjutor of Canning and Frere in the *Antijacobin*, and editor of *Specimens of Ancient English Romances*. Many of his letters to Scott may be found in Lockhart's *Life*.

23. *Darkling.* In the dark (see on iii. 551 above) for lack of news from London.

28. *To seek our city home.* See p. 230 above.

36. *Ettrick, stripped*, etc. See ii. ind. 1 fol. above.

37. *Caledonia's Queen*, etc. "The Old Town of Edinburgh was secured on the north side by a lake, now drained, and on the south by a wall, which there was some attempt to make defensible even so late as 1745. The gates, and the greater part of the wall, have been pulled down, in the course of the late extensive and beautiful enlargement of

the city. Mr. Thomas Campbell proposed to celebrate Edinburgh under the epithet here borrowed. But the 'Queen of the North' has not been so fortunate as to receive from so eminent a pen the proposed distinction" (Scott).

49. *The studded gate.* The heavy iron-studded gate which was closed at night, admittance being then allowed only at the *wicket*, or small door in the gate. This was not opened except after due parley; hence the *churlishly*.

57. *Flinging thy white arms*, etc. Scott says: "Since writing this line, I find I have inadvertently borrowed it almost verbatim, though with somewhat a different meaning, from a chorus in *Caractacus*:—

> "'Britain heard the descant bold,
> She flung her white arms o'er the sea,
> Proud in her leafy bosom to enfold
> The freight of harmony.'"

62. *The Championess*, etc. See Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 9. 20 fol.

67. *What time.* See on i. 301 above.

69. *When from the corselet's grasp relieved*, etc. Cf. Spenser:

> "Shee also dofte her heavy haberjeon,
> Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde," etc.

72. *Aventayle.* The *ventail*, or movable front of the helmet.

73. *And down her shoulders*, etc. Cf. Spenser:

> —"whenas vailed[1] was her lofty crest,
> Her golden locks, that were in trammells gay
> Upbounden, did themselves adowne display
> And raught unto her heeles," etc.

78. *But looking*, etc. Cf. Spenser: "Yet every one her likte, and every one her lov'd."

90. *Battled.* See on i. 4 above.

100. *Voluntary line.* Cf. iv. ind. 10 above.

106. *Knosp.* An architectural ornament resembling a *bud*, which the word literally means.

111. *In patriarchal times.* See *Gen.* xviii. and xix.

118. *To Henry*, etc. Scott says here: "Henry VI., with his Queen, his heir, and the chiefs of his family, fled to Scotland after the fatal battle of Towton. In this note, a doubt was formerly expressed, whether Henry VI. came to Edinburgh, though his Queen certainly did, Mr. Pinkerton inclining to believe that he remained at Kirkcudbright. But my noble friend, Lord Napier, has pointed out to me a grant by Henry, of an annuity of forty marks to his Lordship's ancestor, John Napier, subscribed by the King himself, *at Edinburgh*, the 28th day of August, in the thirty-ninth year of his reign, which corresponds to the year of God, 1461. This grant, Douglas, with his usual neglect of accuracy, dates in 1368. But this error being corrected from the copy in Macfarlane's MSS., p. 119, 20, removes all scepticism on the subject of Henry VI. being really at Edinburgh. John Napier was son and heir of Sir Alexander Napier, and about this time was Provost of Edinburgh."

[1] Lowered, let fall. See on iii. 234 above.

120. *Great Bourbon's relics*, etc. "In January, 1796, the exiled Count d' Artois, afterwards Charles X. of France, took up his residence in Holyrood, where he remained until August, 1799. When again driven from his country by the Revolution of July, 1830, the same unfortunate Prince, with all the immediate members of his family, sought refuge once more in the ancient palace of the Stuarts, and remained there until 18th September, 1832" (Scott).

131. *Than gaze*, etc. The MS. has "Than gaze out on the foggy fen."

139. *Whilere*. Erewhile, a while ago. Cf. Milton, *Ode on Circumcision*, 10:

> "He who with all Heaven's heraldry whilere
> Enter'd the world," etc.

140. *Could win*, etc. "Mr. Ellis, in his valuable Introduction to the *Specimens of Romance*, has proved, by the concurring testimony of La Ravaillere, Tressan, but especially the Abbé de la Rue, that the courts of our Anglo-Norman kings, rather than those of the French monarchs, produced the birth of romance literature. Marie, soon after mentioned, compiled from Armorican originals, and translated into Norman-French, or romance language, the twelve curious Lays, of which Mr. Ellis has given us a *précis* in the Appendix to his Introduction. The story of Blondel, the famous and faithful minstrel of Richard I., needs no commentary" (Scott).

For *royal*, the 1st ed. has "Second."

141. *For that*. Because that. See on iv. 171 above.

147, 154. *Oh! born*, etc. Referring to Mr. Ellis's *Specimens of Early English Poets* and *Early English Romances*, the latter of which is alluded to by Scott in the note on 140 above.

180. *Till Windsor's oaks*, etc. "At Sunning-hill, Mr. Ellis's seat, near Windsor, part of the first two cantos of *Marmion* was written" (Lockhart). *Ascot* is in the same neighborhood.

185. *The storied pane*. Cf. Milton, *Il Pens.* 159: "storied windows richly dight."

CANTO FIFTH.

2. *The barrier-guard*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "The barrier-guard the Lion knew,
> Advanced their pikes, and soon withdrew
> The slender palisades and few
> That closed the tented ground;
> And Marmion with his train rode through,
> Across its ample bound."

6. *And carried*, etc. This line is not in the 1st ed.

12. *Such length*, etc. The MS. has "So long their shafts, so large their bows."

18. *The cloth-yard arrows*, etc. "This is no poetical exaggeration. In some of the counties of England, distinguished for archery, shafts of

this extraordinary length were actually used. Thus, at the battle of Blackheath, between the troops of Henry VII. and the Cornish insurgents, in 1496, the bridge of Dartford was defended by a picked band of archers from the rebel army, 'whose arrows,' says Holinshed, 'were in length a full cloth yard.' The Scottish, according to Ascham, had a proverb, that every English archer carried under his belt twenty-four Scots, in allusion to his bundle of unerring shafts" (Scott).

29. *Practised their chargers*, etc. The MS. has "There urged their chargers," etc.

32. *To pass, to wheel*, etc. Scott quotes *Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Life:* "The most useful *air*, as the Frenchmen term it, is *territerr;* the *courbettes*, *cabrioles*, or *un pas et un sault*, being fitter for horses of parade and triumph than for soldiers: yet I cannot deny but a *demivolte* with *courbettes*, so that they be not too high, may be usefull in a fight or *meslee;* for, as Labroue hath it, in his Book of Horsemanship, Monsieur de Montmorency having a horse that was excellent in performing the *demivolte*, did, with his sword, strike down two adversaries from their horses in a tourney, where divers of the prime gallants of France did meet; for, taking his time, when the horse was in the height of his *courbette*, and discharging a blow then, his sword fell with such weight and force upon the two cavaliers, one after another, that he struck them from their horses to the ground."

36. *The hardy burghers.* "The Scottish burgesses were, like yeomen, appointed to be armed with bows and sheaves, sword, buckler, knife, spear, or a good axe instead of a bow, if worth £100: their armor to be of white or bright harness. They wore *white hats, i. e.* bright steel caps, without crest or visor. By an act of James IV., their *weapon-schawings* are appointed to be held four times a-year, under the aldermen or bailiffs" (Scott).

41. *Brigantines.* Body armor composed of iron rings or small iron plates sewed upon canvas or leather, and covered with similar materials. The *gorget* was a piece of armor for the throat or neck.

45. *And many*, etc. The MS. reads:

"And malls did many { wield / bear } of weight."

53. *His arms*, etc. "Bows and quivers were in vain recommended to the peasantry of Scotland, by repeated statutes; spears and axes seem universally to have been used instead of them. Their defensive armor was the plate-jack, hauberk, or brigantine; and their missile weapons cross-bows and culverins. All wore swords of excellent temper, according to Patten; and a voluminous handkerchief round their neck, 'not for cold, but for cutting.' The mace also was much used in the Scottish army. The old poem on the battle of Flodden mentions a band —

> 'Who manfully did meet their foes,
> With leaden mauls and lances long.'

"When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with forty days' provision. When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted

away of course. Almost all the Scottish forces, except a few knights, men-at-arms, and the Border-prickers, who formed excellent light cavalry, acted upon foot" (Scott).

54. *Hagbut.* See on ii. ind. 48 above.

56. *Cheer.* Face; its original sense. Cf. 244 below, and see *Lady of the Lake*, p. 220.

59. *Musing.* Wondering; as often in Shakespeare. Cf. *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 85: "Do not muse at me;" *King John*, iii. 1. 317: "I muse your majesty doth seem so cold," etc.

73. *Slogan.* The Highland battle-cry. Cf. vi. 811 below.

75. *Pricker.* Horseman. Cf. 491 below, and see on i. ind. 294 above.

93. *Hist, Ringan*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Hist, Ringan! seest thou there!
> Canst guess what homeward road they take —
> By Eusedale glen, or Yetholm lake?
> Oh! could we but by bush or brake
> Beset a prize so fair!
> The fangless Lion, too, his guide,
> Might chance to lose his glittering hide."

96. *Eusedale.* The valley of the *Euse*, or *Ews*, which, like the *Liddell*, flows into the Esk. For some miles the Liddell is the boundary between England and Scotland.

100. *Maudlin.* A female name corrupted from *Magdalen*. *Maud* is a contraction of it. *Pied* = variegated. *A kirtle rare* = a fine gown.

107. *Trews.* The tartan trousers of the Highlanders. For the pronunciation of *plaid*, see on iv. ind. 73 above.

110. *Wild through*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Wild from their red and swarthy hair
> Look'd through their eyes with savage stare."

135. *The pipes.* That is, the bagpipes.

147. *To wheel*, etc. That is, to provide the spur with a *wheel*, or rowel.

157. *Following.* Scott explains this as = "feudal retainers;" but, as Lockhart remarks, the word has since been "completely adopted into English, and especially into Parliamentary parlance."

165. *Wines.* "In all transactions of great or petty importance, and among whomsoever taking place, it would seem that a present of wine was an uniform and indispensable preliminary. It was not to Sir John Falstaff alone that such an introductory preface was necessary, however well judged and acceptable on the part of Mr. Brook; for Sir Ralph Sadler, while on embassy to Scotland in 1539–1540, mentions, with complacency, 'the same night came Rothesay (the herald so called) to me again, and brought me wine from the king, both white and red'" (Scott).

167. *And when*, etc. This line is not in the 1st ed.

168. *Dons.* The 1st ed. has "donned." For *weeds* = garments, see on i. ind. 256 above.

173. *Princely bower.* Used loosely for palace, or residence; as in 404 below.

191. *The licensed fool.* The professional *fool*, or jester, who was found in every royal or noble household. The *long-eared cap* and *motley vest* were his regular attire. Cf. Shakespeare, *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 42:

> "O that I were a fool!
> I am ambitious for a motley coat."

200. *Can view.* The omission of the relative (especially after *that*) was common in Elizabethan prose as well as poetry. Cf. Bacon, *Essay* xxxii.: "your knowledge of that you are thought to know." See also *Matt.* xx. 14.

212. *Were.* The reading of the early eds. All recent ones have "was," which Scott would not have written here.

215. *Sheen.* Shining; as in 285 below. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, p. 186, note on 208.

218. *Wrought with*, etc. The MS. has "Bearing," etc.

220. *His trusty blade*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "His trusty blade, Toledo right,
> Descended from a baldric bright,
> And dangled at his knee:
> White were his buskins; from their heel
> His spurs inlaid } of gold and steel
> His fretted spurs }
> Were jingling merrily."

Right = true, genuine.

221. *Baldric.* Belt; as in Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 7. 29: "Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware," etc.

244. *Cheer.* See on 56 above.

247. *His iron belt.* "Few readers need to be reminded of this belt, to the weight of which James added certain ounces every year that he lived. Pitscottie founds his belief that James was not slain in the battle of Flodden, because the English never had this token of the iron belt to show to any Scottishman. The person and character of James are delineated according to our best historians. His romantic disposition, which led him highly to relish gayety, approaching to license, was, at the same time, tinged with enthusiastic devotion. The propensities sometimes formed a strange contrast. He was wont, during his fits of devotion, to assume the dress, and conform to the rules, of the order of Franciscans; and when he had thus done penance for some time in Stirling, to plunge again into the tide of pleasure. Probably, too, with no unusual inconsistency, he sometimes laughed at the superstitious observances to which he at other times subjected himself. There is a very singular poem by Dunbar, seemingly addressed to James IV. on one of these occasions of monastic seclusion. It is a most daring and profane parody on the services of the Church of Rome, entitled,—

> '*Dunbar's Dirige to the King,*
> *Byding ower lang in Striviling.*
>
> We that are here, in heaven's glory,
> To you that are in Purgatory,
> Commend us on our hearty wise;
> I mean we folks in Paradise,

In Edinburgh, with all merriness,
To you in Stirling, with distress,
Where neither pleasure nor delight is,
For pity this epistle wrytis,' etc.

See the whole in Sibbald's *Collection*, vol. i. p. 234" (Scott).

260. *O'er James's heart*, etc. "It has been already noticed, that King James's acquaintance with Lady Heron of Ford did not commence until he marched into England Our historians impute to the king's infatuated passion the delays which led to the fatal defeat of Flodden. The author of *The Genealogy of the Heron Family* endeavors, with laudable anxiety, to clear the Lady Ford from this scandal: that she came and went, however, between the armies of James and Surrey, is certain. See Pinkerton's *History*, and the authorities he refers to, vol. ii. p. 99. Heron of Ford had been, in 1511, in some sort accessory to the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches. It was committed by his brother the bastard, Lilburn, and Starked, three Borderers. Lilburn and Heron of Ford were delivered up by Henry to James, and were imprisoned in the fortress of Fastcastle, where the former died. Part of the pretence of Lady Ford's negotiations with James was the liberty of her husband" (Scott).

269. *For the fair Queen of France*, etc. "'Also the Queen of France wrote a love-letter to the King of Scotland, calling him her love, shewing him that she had suffered much rebuke in France for the defending of his honor. She believed surely that he would recompense her again with some of his kingly support in her necessity; that is to say, that he would raise her an army, and come three foot of ground on English ground, for her sake. To that effect she sent him a ring off her finger, with fourteen thousand French crowns to pay his expenses' (Pitscottie, p. 110). A turquoise ring — probably this fatal gift — is, with James's sword and dagger, preserved in the College of Heralds, London" (Scott).

283. *The sooth to tell.* See on i. 443 above.

284. *Nor England's fair*, etc. The MS. reads:

"Nor France's queen nor England's fair
Were worth one pearl-drop, passing rare,
From Margaret's eyes that fell."

For *sheen*, see on 215 above.

287. *Lithgow's bower.* Linlithgow Palace. See on iv. 287 above For the form *Lithgow* in prose, see p. 290.

301–312. *For, all for heat*, etc. The MS. has only the following:

"For, all for heat, was laid aside
Her wimpled hood and gorget's pride:
And on the righted harp with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively, air she rang,
While thus her voice attendant sang."

302. *Wimple.* Veil. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 12. 22:

"For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away."

See also *Isaiah*, iii. 22.

307. *Her pretty oath, by yea and nay.* Lady Heron swears, as Hotspur said of his Kate (1 *Henry IV.* iii. 1. 253), "like a comfit-maker's wife," not the "good mouth-filling oath" which he thought became a "lady." For *by yea and nay*, cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 54: "By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest," etc.

313. *Oh! young Lochinvar*, etc. Scott says that this ballad is "in a very slight degree" founded on one called "Katherine Janfarie," which may be found in the *Border Minstrelsy*. The metre of it is *anapestic*, that is, with the accent regularly on every third syllable; but the *iambus* (two syllables, with the second accented) often takes the place of the *anapest* (three syllables, with the third accented), especially at the beginning of a line.

332. *The Solway.* "See the novel of *Redgauntlet* for a detailed picture of some of the extraordinary phenomena of the Spring-tides in the Solway Frith" (Lockhart).

344. *Galliard.* A lively dance. Cf. *Henry V.* i. 2. 252: "a nimble galliard," etc.

353. *Scaur.* Steep river bank or cliff.

378. *Broad.* That is, with the *broad-seal* of the sovereign. Cf. *broad letter* in 862 below.

392. *And when his blood*, etc. The 1st ed. reads:

> "And, when his blood and heart were high,
> King James's minions led to die
> On Lauder's dreary flat."

Lockhart ascribes this reading to the MS.

398. *Archibald Bell-the-Cat.* Scott has the following note here:

"Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for strength of body and mind, acquired the popular name of *Bell-the-Cat* upon the following remarkable occasion: James the Third, of whom Pitscottie complains that he delighted more in music and 'policies of building,' than in hunting, hawking, and other noble exercises, was so ill advised as to make favorites of his architects and musicians, whom the same historian irreverently terms masons and fiddlers. His nobility, who did not sympathize in the king's respect for the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honors conferred on those persons, particularly on Cochran, a mason, who had been created Earl of Mar; and seizing the opportunity, when, in 1482, the king had convoked the whole array of the country to march against the English, they held a midnight council in the church of Lauder, for the purpose of forcibly removing these minions from the king's person. When all had agreed on the propriety of this measure, Lord Gray told the assembly the apologue of the Mice, who had formed a resolution, that it would be highly advantageous to their community to tie a bell round the cat's neck, that they might hear her approach at a distance; but which public measure unfortunately miscarried, from no mouse being willing to undertake the task of fastening the bell. 'I understand the moral,' said Angus, 'and, that what we propose may not lack execution, I will *bell the cat*.' The rest of the strange scene is thus told by Pitscottie: —

"'By this was advised and spoken by thir lords foresaid, Cochran, the Earl of Mar, came from the king to the council (which council was

holden in the kirk of Lawder for the time), who was well accompanied with a band of men of war, to the number of three hundred light axes, all clad in white livery, and black bends thereon, that they might be known for Cochran the Earl of Mar's men. Himself was clad in a riding-pie of black velvet, with a great chain of gold about his neck, to the value of five hundred crowns, and four blowing-horns, with both the ends of gold and silk, set with a precious stone, called a berryl, hanging in the midst. This Cochran had his heumont born before him, overgilt with gold, and so were all the rest of his horns, and all his pallions were of fine canvas of silk, and the cords thereof fine twined silk, and the chains upon his pallions were double overgilt with gold.

"'This Cochran was so proud in his conceit, that he counted no lords to be marrows to him, therefore he rushed rudely at the kirk-door. The council enquired who it was that perturbed them at that time. Sir Robert Douglas, Laird of Lochlevin, was keeper of the kirk-door at that time, who inquired who that was that knocked so rudely? and Cochran answered, "This is I, the Earl of Mar." The which news pleased well the lords, because they were ready boun to cause take him, as is afore rehearsed. Then the Earl of Angus past hastily to the door, and with him Sir Robert Douglas of Lochlevin, there to receive in the Earl of Mar, and so many of his complices who were there, as they thought good. And the Earl of Angus met with the Earl of Mar, as he came in at the door, and pulled the golden chain from his craig, and said to him, a tow,[1] would set him better. Sir Robert Douglas syne pulled the blowing-horn from him in like manner, and said, "He had been the hunter of mischief over long." This Cochran asked, "My lords, is it mows[2] or earnest?" They answered, and said, it is good earnest, and so thou shalt find: for thou and thy complices have abused our prince this long time; of whom thou shalt have no more credence, but shall have thy reward according to thy good service, as thou hast deserved in times bypast; right so the rest of thy followers.

"'Notwithstanding, the lords held them quiet till they caused certain armed men to pass into the king's pallion, and two or three wise men to pass with them, and give the king fair pleasant words, till they laid hands on all the king's servants, and took them and hanged them before his eyes over the bridge of Lawder. Incontinent they brought forth Cochran, and his hands bound with a tow, who desired them to take one of his own pallion-tows and bind his hands, for he thought shame to have his hands bound with such tow of hemp, like a thief. The lords answered, he was a traitor, he deserved no better; and, for despight, they took a hair-tether,[3] and hanged him over the bridge of Lawder, above the rest of his complices.'"

400. *Hermitage in Liddisdale.* The ruins of Hermitage Castle are still to be seen on the bank of the Hermitage Water, a tributary of the Liddell (see on 96 above).

402. *Where Bothwell's turrets*, etc. This is to be joined with what follows, not with what precedes: he left the Hermitage to fix his residence at Bothwell Castle. The picturesque ruins of this castle are on

[1] Rope. [2] Jest. [3] Halter.

the right bank of the Clyde, a few miles from Glasgow. The beautiful declivity called *Bothwell Bank* is celebrated in Scottish song.

404. *Princely bowers.* See on 173 above.

414. *And ch ıfed his royal lord.* "Angus was an old man when the war against England was resolved upon. He earnestly spoke against that measure from its commencement, and, on the eve of the battle of Flodden, remonstrated so freely upon the impolicy of fighting, that the king said to him, with scorn and indignation, 'if he was afraid, he might go home.' The Earl burst into tears at this insupportable insult, and retired accordingly, leaving his sons, George, Master of Angus, and Sir William of Glenbervie, to command his followers. They were both slain in the battle, with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. The aged Earl, broken-hearted at the calamities of his house and his country, retired into a religious house, where he died about a year after the field of Flodden" (Scott).

425. *While.* The reading of the early eds. Many recent ones substitute the harsher "Whilst," which is the worse for the sibilant that follows.

429. *Tantallon Hold.* "The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high rock projecting into the German Ocean, about two miles east of North Berwick. The building is not seen till a close approach, as there is rising ground betwixt it and the land. The circuit is of large extent, fenced upon three sides by the precipice which overhangs the sea, and on the fourth by a double ditch and very strong outworks. Tantallon was a principal castle of the Douglas family, and when the Earl of Angus was banished, in 1527, it continued to hold out against James V. The king went in person against it, and, for its reduction, borrowed from the castle of Dunbar, then belonging to the Duke of Albany, two great cannons, whose names, as Pitscottie informs us with laudable minuteness, were 'Thrawn-mouth'd Mow and her Marrow;' also, 'two great botcards and two moyan, two double falcons, and four quarter-falcons;' for the safe-guiding and redelivery of which three lords were laid in pawn at Dunbar. Yet, notwithstanding all this apparatus, James was forced to raise the siege, and only afterwards obtained possession of Tantallon by treaty with the governor, Simeon Panango. When the Earl of Angus returned from banishment, upon the death of James, he again obtained possession of Tantallon, and it actually afforded refuge to an English ambassador, under circumstances similar to those described in the text. This was no other than the celebrated Sir Ralph Sadler, who resided there for some time under Angus's protection, after the failure of his negotiation for matching the infant Mary with Edward VI. He says, that though this place was poorly furnished, it was of such strength as might warrant him against the malice of his enemies, and that he now thought himself out of danger.

"There is a military tradition, that the old Scotch March was meant to express the words,

> 'Ding down Tantallon,
> Mak a brig to the Bass.'

"Tantallon was at length 'dung down' and ruined by the Covenanters; its lord, the Marquis of Douglas, being a favorer of the royal cause.

The castle and barony were sold in the beginning of the eighteenth century to President Dalrymple of North Berwick, by the then Marquis of Douglas."

432. *He wears their motto*, etc. "A very ancient sword, in possession of Lord Douglas, bears, among a great deal of flourishing, two hands pointing to a heart, which is placed betwixt them, and the date 1329, being the year in which Bruce charged the Good Lord Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land. The following lines (the first couplet of which is quoted by Godscroft as a popular saying in his time) are inscribed around the emblem: —

> 'So mony guid as of ye Dovglas beinge,
> Of ane surname was ne'er in Scotland seine.
>
> 'I will ye charge, efter yat I depart,
> To holy grawe, and thair bury my hart;
> Let it remane ever BOTHE TYME AND HOWR,
> To ye last day I sie my Saviour.
>
> 'I do protest in tyme of al my ringe,
> Ye lyk subject had never ony keing.'

"This curious and valuable relic was nearly lost during the Civil War of 1745–1746, being carried away from Douglas Castle by some of those in arms for Prince Charles. But great interest having been made by the Duke of Douglas among the chief partisans of the Stuart, it was at length restored. It resembles a Highland claymore of the usual size, is of an excellent temper, and admirably poised" (Scott).

437. *But e'en*, etc. The MS. has "But yestermorn was hither driven."

444. *Cochran's soul.* See on 398 above.

455, 456. *Angus, my hasty speech*, etc. These two lines are not in the MS.

461. *More tender and more true.* Scott quotes *The Houlate:*

> "O Dowglas! Dowglas!
> Tendir and trew."

470. *Her sparrow part.* The MS. has "her love depart." For *part* = depart, see on i. 20 above.

491. *Prickers.* See on 75 above.

501. *A hall! a hall!* "The ancient cry to make room for a dance or pageant" (Scott). Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 5. 28: "A hall! a hall! give room! and foot it, girls!"

552. *Was by.* Was over, had ceased. Cf. iv. ind. 124 above

559. *Antique.* Accented on the first syllable. See on iv. ind. 171 above.

569. *Bowne.* See on iv. 487 above.

580–602. *De Wilton*, etc. Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, refers to this passage as one of those "in which the flatness and tediousness of the narrative is relieved by no sort of beauty nor elegance of diction, and which form an extraordinary contrast with the more animated and finished portions of the poem."

585. *Despiteously.* Furiously. For the adjective, cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 7. 62: "Jewes despiteous," etc.

587. *Martin Swart.* "A German general who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield. His name is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called, after him, Swart-moor. There were songs about him long current in England. See dissertation prefixed to Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1792, p. lxi." (Scott).

592. *Wont.* See on ii. 587 above.

596. *Scroll.* Letters, correspondence. Cf. 614 below.

607. *Perchance some form*, etc. "It was early necessary for those who felt themselves obliged to believe in the divine judgment being enunciated in the trial by duel, to find salvos for the strange and obviously precarious chances of the combat. Various curious evasive shifts, used by those who took up an unrighteous quarrel, were supposed sufficient to convert it into a just one. Thus, in the romance of 'Amys and Amelion,' the one brother-in-arms, fighting for the other, disguised in his armor, swears that *he* did not commit the crime of which the Steward, his antagonist, truly, though maliciously, accused him whom he represented. Brantome (*Discours sur les Duels*) tells the story of an Italian, who entered the lists upon an unjust quarrel, but, to make his cause good, fled from his enemy at the first onset. 'Turn, coward!' exclaimed his antagonist. 'Thou liest,' said the Italian, 'coward am I none; and in this quarrel will I fight to the death, but my first cause of combat was unjust, and I abandoned it.' '*Je vous laisse à penser*,' adds Brantome, '*s'il n'y a pas de l'abus là.*' Elsewhere he says, very sensibly, upon the confidence which those who had a righteous cause entertained of victory: '*Un autre abus y avoit-il, que ceux qui avoient un juste subjet de querelle, et qu'on les faisoit jurer avant entrer au camp, pensoient estre aussitost vainqueurs, voire s'en assuroient-t-ils du tout, mesmes que leurs confesseurs, parrains et confidants leurs en respondoient tout-à-fait, comme si Dieu leur en eust donné une patente; et ne regardant point à d'autres fautes passées, et que Dieu en garde la punition à ce coup là pour plus grande, despiteuse, et exemplaire*'" (Scott).

612. *Recreant.* This, like *craven*, was a specific term for a knight vanquished in the trial by battle. Cf. *Richard II.* i. 2. 50:

> "Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom
> That they may break his foaming courser's back,
> And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
> A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!"

616. *Drenched him with.* Made him drink. *Drench* is a "causative" from *drink*; like *fell* from *fall*, *lay* from *lie*, etc.

621. *Livings.* Possessions.

627. *Edelfled.* See on ii. 244 above.

633. *Tame.* A small river that flows into the Trent, a few miles to the north of Tamworth.

641. *Spoiled.* That is, *being* thus *spoiled*, or defrauded.

661. *Clerk.* Scribe, scholar. Cf. iii. 324 above.

662. *Quaint.* Neat, fine; as often in Elizabethan English. Cf. the adverb in Shakespeare, *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 128: "the lines are very quaintly writ." Silvia has said, a moment before, that they are "very clerkly done."

665. *Scheme.* Plan, contrive. Peter Bayne, writing of Coleridge, says that "he schemed an epic," etc.

677. *'Twere long*, etc. Cf. iv. 449 above.

691. *Wolsey.* That is, Cardinal Wolsey. Cf. 691 and vi. 1167 below.

697. *What ail'st thou?* "What ails thee?" would be the more common construction. Cf. *Gen.* xxi. 17. Shakespeare, however, uses the other in the only two instances in which he has *ail: A. W.* ii. 4. 6: "what does she ail?" and *W. T.* iii. 3. 83: "What ailest thou, man?"

704. *Saint Withold.* A corruption of the name of St. Vitalis. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 125: "Saint Withold footed thrice the old" (wold), etc.

706. *Battled.* See on i. 4 above.

709. *Dun-Edin's Cross*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
> Rose on a turret hexagon;
> (Dust unto dust, lead unto lead,
> On its destroyer's drowsy / Upon its base destroyer's } head! —
> The Minstrel's malison is said.)"

Scott says here: "The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octagonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between them an arch, of the Grecian shape. Above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at each corner, and medallions, of rude but curious workmanship, between them Above this rose the proper Cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with an unicorn. This pillar is preserved at the House of Drum, near Edinburgh. The Magistrates of Edinburgh, in 1756, with consent of the Lords of Session (*proh pudor!*), destroyed this curious monument, under a wanton pretext, that it encumbered the street; while, on the one hand, they left an ugly mass, called the Luckenbooths, and, on the other, an awkward, long, and low guard-house, which were fifty times more encumbrance than the venerable and inoffensive Cross.

"From the tower of the Cross, so long as it remained, the heralds published the acts of Parliament; and its site, marked by radii diverging from a stone centre, in the High Street, is still the place where proclamations are made."

Since the above was written the shaft of the old Cross has been set up within the railings of St. Giles's Church, very near its original site.

717. *Malison.* "Curse" (Scott).

725. *As.* As if. See on i. 447 above.

735. *This awful summons came.* Scott says: "This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was, probably, like the apparition at Linlithgow, an attempt, by those averse to the war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV. The following account from Pitscottie is characteristically minute, and furnishes, besides, some curious particulars of the equipment of the army of James IV. I need only add to it, that Plotcock, or Plutcock, is no other than Pluto. The Christians of the Middle Ages by no means misbelieved in the existence of the heathen deities; they only considered them as

devils;[1] and Plotcock, so far from implying anything fabulous, was a synonyme of the grand enemy of mankind. 'Yet all thir warnings, and uncouth tidings, nor no good counsel, might stop the king, at this present, from his vain purpose, and wicked enterprize, but hasted him fast to Edinburgh, and there to make his provision and furnishing, in having forth of his army against the day appointed, that they should meet in the Burrow-muir of Edinburgh: That is to say, seven cannons that he had forth of the castle of Edinburgh, which were called the Seven Sisters, casten by Robert Borthwick, the master-gunner, with other small artillery, bullet, powder, and all manner of order, as the master-gunner could devise.

"'In this mean time, when they were taking forth their artillery, and the king being in the Abbey for the time, there was a cry heard at the Market-cross of Edinburgh, at the hour of midnight, proclaiming as it had been a summons, which was named and called by the proclaimer thereof, The Summons of Plotcock; which desired all men to compear, both Earl and Lord, and Baron, and all honest gentlemen within the town (every man specified by his own name) to compear, within the space of forty days, before his master, where it should happen him to appoint, and be for the time, under the pain of disobedience. But whether this summons was proclaimed by vain persons, night-walkers, or drunken men, for their pastime, or if it was a spirit, I cannot tell truly; but it was shown to me, that an indweller of the town, Mr. Richard Lawson, being evil-disposed, ganging in his gallery-stair foreanent the cross, hearing this voice proclaiming this summons, thought marvel what it should be, cried on his servant to bring him his purse; and when he had brought him it, he took out a crown, and cast over the stair, saying, I appeal from that summons, judgment, and sentence thereof, and takes me all whole in the mercy of God, and Christ Jesus his son. Verily the author of this, that caused me write the manner of the summons, was a landed gentleman, who was at that time twenty years of age, and was in the town the time of the said summons; and thereafter, when the field was stricken, he swore to me, there was no man that escaped that was called in this summons, but that one man alone which made his protestation, and appealed from the said summons; but all the lave were perished in the field with the king.'"

746. *Pride.* The MS. has "fraud;" and just below:

> "Ere twenty days are pass'd and gone,
> Before the mighty Monarch's throne,
> I cite you to appear."

756. *Forbes.* A dissyllable, as in iv. ind. 132 above.

757. *Style.* Name, title.

[1] "See, on this curious subject, the Essay on Fairies, in the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. under the fourth head; also *Jackson on Unbelief*, p. 175. Chaucer calls Pluto the 'King of Faerie;' and Dunbar names him, 'Pluto, that elrich incubus.' If he was not actually the devil, he must be considered as the 'prince of the power of the air.' The most remarkable instance of these surviving classical superstitions is that of the Germans, concerning the Hill of Venus, into which she attempts to entice all gallant knights, and detains them there in a sort of Fools' Paradise."

765. *The selfsame*, etc. The MS. has "In thundering tone the voice did say."

769. *Appealing me.* Making my appeal.

772. *Parted.* Departed. See on i. 20 above.

779. *Passed.* Went away.

793. *Like Lindesay.* Cf. iv. 184 above.

830. *He almost loathed. Which* he almost loathed, etc. See on 200 above.

836. *And lofty Law.* The MS. has "conic" for *lofty*. See on iv. 623 above.

838. *A venerable pile.* "The convent alluded to is a foundation of Cistercian nuns near North Berwick, of which there are still some remains. It was founded by Duncan, Earl of Fife, in 1216" (Scott).

840. *The lofty Bass.* The *Bass Rock*, a precipitous rocky island, some four hundred feet high, about two miles from the shore.

For *the Lambie isle* (a small island near by) the MS. has "the Lamb's green isle."

844. *Rest.* That is, *to* rest.

871. *Cheer thee.* Comfort thyself. Cf. Shakespeare, *A. Y. L.* ii. 6. 5: "cheer thyself a little."

894. *On.* For the use with *exclaim*, cf. Shakespeare, *V. and A.* 930: "exclaims on Death," etc.

899. *With candle, bell, and book.* "In the solemn form of excommunication used in the Romish Church, the bell was tolled, the book of offices for the purpose used, and three candles extinguished, with certain ceremonies" (Nares). Cf. *King John*, iii. 3. 12: "Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back," etc.

908. *Composed.* Smoothed, arranged.

914. *Forth of.* Forth from; as in Shakespeare, *Tempest*, v. 1. 160: "thrust forth of Milan," etc. Scott says here: "This relates to the catastrophe of a real Robert de Marmion, in the reign of King Stephen, whom William of Newbury describes with some attributes of my fictitious hero. '*Homo bellicosus, ferocia et astucia fere nullo suo tempore impar.*' This baron, having expelled the monks from the church of Coventry, was not long of experiencing the divine judgment, as the same monks, no doubt, termed his disaster. Having waged a feudal war with the Earl of Chester, Marmion's horse fell, as he charged in the van of his troop, against a body of the Earl's followers: the rider's thigh being broken by the fall, his head was cut off by a common foot-soldier, ere he could receive any succor. The whole story is told by William of Newbury."

924. *As me.* The grammar is sacrificed to the rhyme.

926. *Judith.* See the apocryphal book of *Judith*: and for *Jael* and *Deborah* below, *Judges*, iv.

931. *Saint Anton'.* Saint Antony.

934. *By this good light!* A common oath in the olden time. Cf. *Tempest*, ii. 2. 147: "By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!"

937. *Don.* All the early eds. print it "d' on," which was evidently suggested by its derivation from *do on.*

938. *Patience take perforce.* "Patience perforce" was a proverbial

expression, used when an evil that could not be remedied was to be borne. The full form of it, according to Ray, was "*Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 3. 3:

> "Patience perforce: helplesse what may it boot
> To frett for anger, or for griefe to mone?"

947. *In that inviolable dome.* This line, accidentally omitted in the early eds., was restored to the text from the MS. by Lockhart.

For another reference to the ancient *right of sanctuary*, see quotation in note on ii. 233 above.

957. *One victim.* That is, Constance.

982. *Studded gates.* Cf. v. ind. 49 above.

1001. *Etall and Wark.* Border castles in Northumberland, both now in ruins. For *Ford*, see on i. 192 above.

1017. *Millfield Plain.* Opposite Flodden Hill, on the other side of the Till.

1021. *Wooler.* A town on the slope of the Cheviot Hills.

1031. *Wot.* Know; the present tense of the old *wit* (A. S. *witan*).

1032. *Bated of.* Cf. Dryden, *Ovid:* "Abate thy speed and I will bate of mine." The transitive *bate* is more common.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

MERTOUN HOUSE, where this poetical epistle was written, was the seat of Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden, in a beautiful situation on the Tweed, about two miles below Dryburgh Abbey. See also on 95 below.

Richard Heber (1773–1833), half-brother of Bishop Heber, was an eminent classical scholar and "bibliomaniac." His library of nearly 150,000 volumes cost him about £180,000, or nearly $900,000. He was for some years member of Parliament for Oxford University. He became acquainted with Scott while on a visit to Edinburgh, and was afterwards one of his most intimate friends.

5. *The fittest time*, etc. The 1st ed. has "Fit time for festival and cheer."

6. *The savage Dane*, etc. "The Iol of the heathen Danes (a word still applied to Christmas in Scotland) was solemnized with great festivity. The humor of the Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each other with bones: and Torfæus tells a long and curious story, in the history of Hrolfe Kraka, of one Hottus, an inmate of the court of Denmark, who was so generally assailed with these missiles, that he constructed, out of the bones with which he was overwhelmed, a very respectable entrenchment, against those who continued the raillery. The dances of the Northern warriors round the great fires of pine-trees are commemorated by Olaus Magnus, who says, they danced with such fury, holding each other by the hands, that if the grasp of any failed, he was pitched into the fire with the velocity of a sling. The sufferer, on such occasions, was instantly plucked out, and obliged to quaff off

a certain measure of ale, as a penalty for 'spoiling the king's fire'" (Scott).

17. *Scalds.* The Scandinavian minstrels.

23. *Odin.* The chief of the Northern gods (from whose name, also spelled *Woden*, our *Wednesday* is derived), represented as feasting with his chosen heroes in *Valhalla*, or his great *hall.*

31. *On Christmas eve*, etc. Scott says: "In Roman Catholic countries, mass is never said at night, except on Christmas eve. Each of the frolics with which that holiday used to be celebrated, might admit of a long and curious note; but I shall content myself with the following description of Christmas, and his attributes, as personified in one of Ben Jonson's Masques for the Court:

. "'*Enter* CHRISTMAS, *with two or three of the Guard.* He is attired in round hose, long stockings, a close doublet, a high-crowned hat, with a brooch, a long thin beard, a truncheon, little ruffs, white shoes, his scarfs and garters tied cross, and his drum beaten before him. — *The names of his children, with their attires: Miss-Rule*, in a velvet cap, with a sprig, a short cloak, great yellow ruff, like a reveller; his torchbearer bearing a rope, a cheese, and a basket; — *Carroll*, a long tawny coat, with a red cap, and a flute at his girdle; his torchbearer carrying a song-book open; — *Minc'd-pie*, like a fine cook's wife, drest neat, her man carrying a pie, dish, and spoons; — *Gamboll*, like a tumbler, with a hoop and bells; his torchbearer arm'd with cole-staff, and blinding cloth; — *Post and Pair*, with a pair-royal of aces in his hat, his garment all done over with pairs and purs; his squire carrying a box, cards, and counters; — *New-Year's Gift*, in a blue coat, serving-man like; with an orange, and a sprig of rosemary gilt on his head; his hat full of brooches, with a collar of gingerbread; his torchbearer carrying a march-pain, with a bottle of wine on either arm; — *Mumming*, in a masquing pied suit, with a visor; his torchbearer carrying the box, and ringing it; — *Wassal*, like a neat sempster and songster; her page bearing a brown bowl, drest with ribbons, and rosemary, before her; — *Offering*, in a short gown, with a porter's staff in his hand; a wyth borne before him, and a bason, by his torchbearer; — *Baby Cocke*, drest like a boy, in a fine long coat, biggin, bib, muckender, and a little dagger; his usher bearing a great cake, with a bean and a pease.'"

33. *Stoled.* Wearing the *stole*, or ecclesiastical scarf.

34. *Sheen.* Shining, bright-colored. See on v. 215 above.

45. *Post and pair.* An old game at cards. See the personification of it by Ben Jonson, quoted in note on 31 above.

55. *No mark*, etc. A large salt-cellar usually served as this boundary between the guests of high and low degree; hence the expressions *above the salt* and *below the salt*, which occur so often in old writers. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Cynthia's Revels*, ii. 2: "He never drinks below the salt" (that is, to one sitting below it); Hall, *Satires*, ii. 6: "presume to sit above the salt," etc.

56. *The lusty brawn.* The big dish of *brawn*, or boar's flesh prepared in a particular manner.

60. *Green-garbed.* That is, in his "hunting-suit of Lincoln green" (*Lady of the Lake*, i. 464).

63. *Baiting.* The MS. has "hunting;" and for the next four lines:

> "Then round the merry wassel bowl,
> Garnish'd with ribbons, blithe did trowl,
> And the large sirloin steam'd on high,
> Plum-porridge, hare, and savoury pie."

The reading of the first couplet in the 1st ed. is:

> "While round the merry wassel bowl,
> Garnished with ribbons, blithe did trowl;"

the second being as in the present text.

69. *High tide.* Holiday. Cf. *King John*, iii. 1. 86:

> "A wicked day, and not a holy day!
> What hath this day deserv'd? What hath it done,
> That it in golden letters should be set
> Among the high tides of the calendar?"

74. *Who lists*, etc. "It seems certain that the Mummers of England, who (in Northumberland at least) used to go about in disguise to the neighboring houses, bearing the then useless ploughshare; and the *Guisards* of Scotland, not yet in total disuse, present, in some indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the English drama. In Scotland (*me ipso teste*), we were wont, during my boyhood, to take the characters of the apostles, at least of Peter, Paul, and Judas Iscariot, which last carried the bag, in which the dole of our neighbor's plum-cake was deposited. One played a Champion, and recited some traditional rhymes; another was

> 'Alexander, king of Macedon,
> Who conquered all the world but Scotland alone;
> When he came to Scotland his courage grew cold,
> To see a little nation courageous and bold.'

These, and many such verses, were repeated, but by rote, and unconnectedly. There was also occasionally, I believe, a Saint George. In all, there was a confused resemblance of the ancient mysteries, in which the characters of Scripture, the Nine Worthies, and other popular personages, were usually exhibited. It were much to be wished, that the Chester Mysteries were published from the MS. in the Museum, with the annotations which a diligent investigator of popular antiquities might still supply" (Scott).

The *Chester Mysteries*, edited by Markland, were printed for the Roxburghe Club in 1818.

78. *Dight.* Decked, dressed. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 4. 6: "With rich array and costly arras dight," etc. See also on p. 246 above, where it is used in the more general sense of prepared.

92. *For course of blood*, etc. "'Blood is warmer than water'—a proverb meant to vindicate our family predilections" (Scott).

95. *My great-grandsire*, etc. "Mr. Scott of Harden, my kind and affectionate friend, and distant relation, has the original of a poetical invitation, addressed from his grandfather to my relative, from which a few lines in the text are imitated. They are dated, as the epistle in the text, from Mertoun-house, the seat of the Harden family.

With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air,
Free of anxiety and care,
Come hither. Christmas-day, and dine;
We 'll mix sobriety with wine,
And easy mirth with thoughts divine.
We Christians think it holiday,
On it no sin to feast or play;
Others, in spite, may fast and pray.
No superstition in the use
Our ancestors made of a goose;
Why may not we, as well as they,
Be innocently blithe that day,
On goose or pie, on wine or ale,
And scorn enthusiastic zeal? —
Pray come, and welcome, or plague rott
Your friend and landlord, Walter Scott.

'*Mr. Walter Scott, Lessuden.*'

"The venerable old gentleman, to whom the lines are addressed, was the younger brother of William Scott of Raeburn. Being the cadet of a cadet of the Harden family, he had very little to lose; yet he contrived to lose the small property he had, by engaging in the civil wars and intrigues of the house of Stuart. His veneration for the exiled family was so great, that he swore he would not shave his beard till they were restored: a mark of attachment, which, I suppose, had been common during Cromwell's usurpation; for, in Cowley's 'Cutter of Coleman Street,' one drunken cavalier upbraids another, that, when he was not able to afford to pay a barber, he affected to 'wear a beard for the king.' I sincerely hope this was not absolutely the original reason of my ancestor's beard; which, as appears from a portrait in the possession of Sir Henry Hay Macdougal, Bart., and another painted for the famous Dr. Pitcairn,[1] was a beard of a most dignified and venerable appearance" (Scott).

96. The 1st ed. transposes *amber* and *flaxen*.

107. *In these dear halls*, etc. The MS. has:

"In these fair halls, with merry cheer,
Is bid farewell the dying year."

111. *The fair dame*, etc. The wife of Hugh Scott of Harden, a lady of noble German descent.

120. *Clips*. Clasps, enfolds. Cf. *King John*, v. 2. 34: "Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about," etc.

126. *And heard the chimes*, etc. The MS. adds: "As boasts old Shallow to Sir John." See 2 *Henry IV*. iii. 2. 228, where *Falstaff* says: "We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow!"

131. *As Noll Bluff might say*, etc. Scott cites the passage from *The Old Bachelor*, ii. 2: "Hannibal was a pretty fellow, sir — a very pretty fellow in his day."

136. *Latian*. That is, Latin.

[1] "The old gentleman was an intimate of this celebrated genius. By the favor of the late Earl of Kellie, descended on the maternal side from Dr. Pitcairn, my father became possessed of the portrait in question."

139. *Limbo.* The word originally meant the borders of hell, but came to be applied to hell itself, purgatory, and other regions of the spirit world. There was also the *Limbus Fatuorum*, or Fools' Paradise, to which Milton refers in *P. L.* iii. 495:

> "Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd
> The Paradise of Fools," etc.

142. *Touch my charter.* Interfere with my freedom, or license.

143. *Leyden.* "John Leyden, M.D., who had been of great service to Sir Walter Scott in the preparation of the *Border Minstrelsy*, sailed for India in April, 1803, and died at Java in August, 1811, before completing his 36th year" (Lockhart). Cf. *Lord of the Isles*, iv.:

> "Scenes sung by him who sings no more!
> His bright and brief career is o'er,
> And mute his tuneful strains;
> Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
> That loved the light of song to pour:
> A distant and a deadly shore
> Has Leyden's cold remains!"

144. *My cause*, etc. The MS. has "With all his many-languaged lore."

146. *Alcides' wraith.* The apparition of Hercules.

148. *Polydore.* Polydorus. See Virgil, *Æn.* iii. 19 fol.

150. *Locutus Bos.* The ox spake (Latin).

159. *The Spirit's Blasted Tree.* Scott says: "I am permitted to illustrate this passage by inserting '*Ceubren yr Ellyll*, or the Spirit's Blasted Tree,' a legendary tale, by Mr. George Warrington, who says of it:

"'The event on which this tale is founded is preserved by tradition in the family of the Vaughans of Hengwyrt; nor is it entirely lost, even among the common people, who still point out this oak to the passenger. The enmity between the two Welsh chieftains, Howel Sele, and Owen Glyndowr, was extreme, and marked by vile treachery in the one, and ferocious cruelty in the other.[1] The story is somewhat changed and softened, as more favorable to the characters of the two chiefs, and as better answering the purpose of poetry, by admitting the passion of pity, and a greater degree of sentiment in the description. Some trace of Howel Sele's mansion was to be seen, some few years ago, and may perhaps be still visible, in the park of Nannau, now belonging to Sir Robert Vaughan, Baronet, in the wild and romantic tracts of Merionethshire. The abbey mentioned passes under two names, Vaner and Cymmer. The former is retained as more generally used.'"

THE SPIRIT'S BLASTED TREE.

Ceubren yr Ellyll.

> Through Nannau's Chace as Howel passed,
> A chief esteemed both brave and kind,
> Far distant borne, the stag-hound's cry
> Came murmuring on the hollow wind.

[1] The history of their feud may be found in Pennant's *Tour in Wales.*

Starting, he bent an eager ear, —
How should the sounds return again?
His hounds lay wearied from the chase,
And all at home his hunter train.

Then sudden anger flashed his eye,
And deep revenge he vowed to take
On that bold man who dared to force
His red deer from the forest brake.

Unhappy chief! would nought avail,
No signs impress thy heart with fear,
Thy lady's dark mysterious dream,
Thy warning from the hoary seer?

Three ravens gave the note of death,
As through mid air they winged their way;
Then o'er his head in rapid flight,
They croak, — they scent their destined prey.

Ill-omened bird! as legends say,
Who hast the wondrous power to know,
While health fills high the throbbing veins,
The fated hour when blood must flow.

Blinded by rage, alone he passed,
Nor sought his ready vassals' aid;
But what his fate lay long unknown,
For many an anxious year delayed.

A peasant marked his angry eye,
He saw him reach the lake's dark bourne,
He saw him near a blasted oak,
But never from that hour return.

Three days passed o'er, no tidings came; —
Where should the chief his steps delay?
With wild alarm the servants ran,
Yet knew not where to point their way.

His vassals ranged the mountain's height,
The covert close, and wide-spread plain;
But all in vain their eager search,
They ne'er must see their lord again.

Yet fancy, in a thousand shapes,
Bore to his home the chief once more:
Some saw him walk the mountain's top,
Some saw him on the winding shore.

With wonder fraught the tale went round,
Amazement chained the hearer's tongue
Each peasant felt his own sad loss,
Yet fondly o'er the story hung.

Oft by the moon's pale shadowy light,
His aged nurse, and steward gray,
Would lean to catch the storied sounds,
Or mark the flitting spirit stray.

Pale lights on Cader's rocks were seen,
And midnight voices heard to moan;
'T was even said the Blasted Oak,
Convulsive, heaved a hollow groan:

And to this day the peasant still
With cautious fear avoids the ground,
In each wild branch a spectre sees,
And trembles at each rising sound.

Ten annual suns had held their course,
In summer's smile or winter's storm;
The lady shed the widowed tear,
As oft she traced his manly form.

Yet still to hope her heart would cling,
As o'er the mind illusions play, —
Of travel fond, perhaps her lord
To distant lands had steered his way.

'T was now November's cheerless hour,
Which drenching rains and clouds deface
Dreary the mountain track appeared,
And dull and dank the valley's space.

Loud o'er the wier the hoarse flood fell,
And dashed the foamy spray on high;
The west wind bent the forest tops,
And angry frowned the evening sky

A stranger passed Llanelltid's waste,
His dark-gray steed with sweat besprent,
Which, wearied with the lengthened way,
Could scarcely gain the hill's ascent.

The portal reached, — the iron bell
Loud sounded round the outward wall;
Quick sprang the warder to the gate,
To know what meant the clamorous call.

"Oh! lead me to your lady soon;
Say, — it is my sad lot to tell,
To clear the fate of that brave knight,
She long has proved she loved so well."

Then, as he crossed the spacious hall,
The menials look surprise and fear;
Still o'er his harp old Modred hung,
And touched the notes for grief's worn ear.

The lady sat amidst her train;
A mellowed sorrow marked her look:
Then, asking what his mission meant,
The graceful stranger sighed and spoke: —

"Oh! could I spread one ray of hope,
One moment raise thy soul from woe,
Gladly my tongue would tell its tale,
My words at ease unfettered flow!

"Now, lady, give attention due,
The story claims thy full belief:
E'en in the worst events of life,
Suspense removed is some relief.

"Though worn by care, see Madoc here,
Great Glyndwr's friend, thy kindred's foe;
Ah, let his name no anger raise,
For now that mighty chief lies low!

" E'en from the day, when, chained by fate,
By wizard's dream, or potent spell,
Lingering from sad Salopia's field,
Reft of *his* aid the Percy fell.

" E'en from that day misfortune still,
As if for violated faith,
Pursued him with unwearied step,
Vindictive still for Hotspur's death.

" Vanquished at length, the Glyndwr fled
Where winds the Wye her devious flood;
To find a casual shelter there,
In some lone cot or desert wood.

" Clothed in a shepherd's humble guise,
He gained by toil his scanty bread;
He who had Cambria's sceptre borne,
And her brave sons to glory led!

" To penury extreme and grief
The chieftain fell a lingering prey;
I heard his last few faltering words,
Such as with pain I now convey:

" 'To Sele's sad widow bear the tale,
Nor let our horrid secret rest;
Give but *his* corse to sacred earth,
Then may my parting soul be blest.' —

" Dim waxed the eye that fiercely shone,
And faint the tongue that proudly spoke,
And weak that arm, still raised to me,
Which oft had dealt the mortal stroke.

" How could I *then* his mandate bear?
Or how his last behest obey?
A rebel deemed, with him I fled:
With him I shunned the light of day.

" Proscribed by Henry's hostile rage,
My country lost, despoiled my land,
Desperate, I fled my native soil,
And fought on Syria's distant strand.

" Oh! had thy long-lamented lord
The holy cross and banner viewed,
Died in the sacred cause! who fell
Sad victim of a private feud!

" Led, by the ardor of the chase,
Far distant from his own domain,
From where Garthmadan spreads her shades,
The Glyndwr sought the opening plain.

" With head aloft, and antlers wide,
A red buck roused then crossed in view;
Stung with the sight, and wild with rage,
Swift from the wood fierce Howel flew.

" With bitter taunt, and keen reproach,
He, all impetuous, poured his rage;
Reviled the chief as weak in arms,
And bade him loud the battle wage.

"Glyndwr for once restrained his sword,
And, still averse, the fight delays;
But softened words, like oil to fire,
Made anger more intensely blaze.

"They fought; and doubtful long the fray!
The Glyndwr gave the fatal wound! —
Still mournful must my tale proceed,
And its last act all dreadful sound.

"How could we hope for wished retreat,
His eager vassals ranging wide?
His bloodhounds' keen sagacious scent,
O'er many a trackless mountain tried?

"I marked a broad and blasted oak,
Scorched by the lightning's livid glare;
Hollow its stem from branch to root,
And all its shrivelled arms were bare.

"Be this, I cried, his proper grave! —
(The thought in me was deadly sin.)
Aloft we raised the hapless chief,
And dropped his bleeding corpse within." —

A shriek from all the damsels burst,
That pierced the vaulted roofs below;
While horror-struck the lady stood,
A living form of sculptured woe.

With stupid stare, and vacant gaze,
Full on his face her eyes were cast,
Absorbed! — she lost her present grief
And faintly thought of things long past.

Like wild-fire o'er a mossy heath,
The rumor through the hamlet ran;
The peasants crowd at morning dawn,
To hear the tale, — behold the man.

He led them near the Blasted Oak,
Then, conscious, from the scene withdrew:
The peasants work with trembling haste,
And lay the whitened bones to view! —

Back they recoiled! — the right hand still,
Contracted, grasped a rusty sword,
Which erst in many a battle gleamed,
And proudly decked their slaughtered lord.

They bore the corse to Vener's shrine,
With holy rites and prayers addressed;
Nine white-robed monks the last dirge sang,
And gave the angry spirit rest.

160. *The Highlander*, etc. "The *Daoine shi'*, or *Men of Peace*, of the Scottish Highlanders, rather resemble the Scandinavian *Duergar* than the English Fairies. Notwithstanding their name, they are, if not absolutely malevolent, at least peevish, discontented, and apt to do mischief on slight provocation. The belief of their existence is deeply

impressed on the Highlanders, who think they are particularly offended with mortals who talk of them, who wear their favorite color green, or in any respect interfere with their affairs. This is particularly to be avoided on Friday, when, whether as dedicated to Venus, with whom, in Germany, this subterraneous people are held nearly connected, or for a more solemn reason, they are more active, and possessed of greater power. Some curious particulars concerning the popular superstitions of the Highlanders, may be found in Dr. Graham's *Picturesque Sketches of Perthshire*" (Scott). See also *Lady of the Lake*, p. 232, note on 298.

168. *Didst e'er, dear Heber*, etc. Lockhart states that this paragraph is interpolated on the blank page of the MS.

Scott has the following note here: "The journal of the friend, to whom the Fourth Canto of the Poem is inscribed, furnished me with the following account of a striking superstition:

"'Passed the pretty little village of Franchémont (near Spaw), with the romantic ruins of the old castle of the Counts of that name. The road leads through many delightful vales, on a rising ground; at the extremity of one of them stands the ancient castle, now the subject of many superstitious legends. It is firmly believed by the neighboring peasantry, that the last Baron of Franchémont deposited, in one of the vaults of the castle, a ponderous chest, containing an immense treasure in gold and silver, which, by some magic spell, was intrusted to the care of the Devil, who is constantly found sitting on the chest in the shape of a huntsman. Any one adventurous enough to touch the chest is instantly seized with the palsy. Upon one occasion, a priest of noted piety was brought to the vault: he used all the arts of exorcism to persuade his infernal majesty to vacate his seat, but in vain; the huntsman remained immovable. At last, moved by the earnestness of the priest, he told him that he would agree to resign the chest, if the exorciser would sign his name with blood. But the priest understood his meaning, and refused, as by that act he would have delivered over his soul to the Devil. Yet if anybody can discover the mystic words used by the person who deposited the treasure, and pronounce them, the fiend must instantly decamp. I had many stories of a similar nature from a peasant, who had himself seen the Devil, in the shape of a great cat.'"

170. *Which, like*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Which, high in air, like eagle's nest,
> Hang from the dizzy mountain's breast."

179. *Hanger*. A short broadsword.

195. *Amain*. See on i. ind. 91 above.

199. *Adept*. Originally, an alchemist who had *obtained* (as the word means by its derivation) the philosopher's stone, etc., but afterwards applied to one who had become an expert in other arts, — as here the art of magic.

205. *Pitscottie*. Robert Lindsay of Pitscottie, born about 1500, whose *Chronicles of Scotland* Scott quotes so often in his notes.

207. *The messenger from heaven*. See on iv. 278 above.

209. *The infernal summoning*. See on v. 735 above.

210–213. *May pass*, etc. These four lines are not in the 1st ed.

For *the Monk of Durham's tale*, etc., see iii. 324 fol. above.

John de Fordun was a Scottish historian of the latter part of the 14th century.

220. *Gripple.* Miserly, grasping. Cf. Barrow, *Sermons:* "the gripple wretch who will bestow nothing on his poor brother," etc.

225. *The magpie.* This bird, whether wild or tame, has a propensity to seize and carry off bright or glittering articles.

CANTO SIXTH.

8. *Terouenne*, or *Thérouanne*, is a small town (formerly a fortress) in France, about thirty miles southeast of Calais.

9. *Leaguer.* Camp. Cf. *All 's Well*, iii. 6. 27: "the leaguer of the adversaries," etc.

34. *The Bloody Heart.* Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, ii. 200, where Ellen Douglas is called "The Lady of the Bleeding Heart;" and for the origin of the cognizance, see our ed. p. 199. *Field* and *chief* are heraldic terms, the former meaning the general surface of the shield or escutcheon, the latter the upper part of it. The *mullet* in heraldry is a star-shaped device.

37. *The turret*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "The tower contain'd a narrow stair,
> And gave an open access where," etc.

45. *Bartizan.* A small overhanging turret. *Vantage-coign* = Shakespeare's "coign of vantage" (*Macbeth*, i. 6. 7), or advantageous corner.

54. *Steepy.* See on v. ind. 39 above. For an instance of the word in *prose*, see on i. 404 above.

58. *For they were.* Because they were. See on iv. 171 above.

69. *Adown.* A poetical word. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, i. 46: "A moment gazed adown the dale," etc.

78. *Fretted.* Adorned with raised work.

89. *To meet*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "To meet a form so fair, and dress'd
> In antique robes, with cross on breast."

99. *So witching fair.* The MS. has "so sad and fair."

110. *Hilda fair.* Scott here quotes Charlton's *Hist. of Whitby:* "I shall only produce one instance more of the great veneration paid to Lady Hilda, which still prevails even in these our days; and that is, the constant opinion, that she rendered, and still renders, herself visible, on some occasions, in the Abbey of Streanshalh, or Whitby, where she so long resided. At a particular time of the year (namely, in the summer months), at ten or eleven in the forenoon, the sunbeams fall in the inside of the northern part of the choir; and 't is then that the spectators, who stand on the west side of Whitby churchyard, so as just to see the most northerly part of the abbey past the north end of Whitby church

imagine they perceive, in one of the highest windows there, the resemblance of a woman, arrayed in a shroud. Though we are certain this is only a reflection caused by the splendor of the sunbeams, yet fame reports it, and it is constantly believed among the vulgar, to be an appearance of Lady Hilda in her shroud, or rather in a glorified state; before which, I make no doubt, the Papists, even in these our days, offer up their prayers with as much zeal and devotion as before any other image of their most glorified saint."

121. *Brook.* This seems to be a pet word with Scott. Note how often it has occurred in the present poem.

129. *Of such a stem*, etc. The MS. reads:

"Of such a stem, or branch { though / so } weak,
He ne'er shall bend me, though he break."

131. *What makes*, etc. What has it to do here? Cf. Shakespeare, *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 234: "What makes he here?" It was a very common phrase, and is played upon more than once in Shakespeare. See *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 190 fol., *Rich. III.* i. 3. 164 fol., etc.

137. *Blood-gouts.* Drops of blood. Cf. *Macbeth*, ii. 1. 46: "And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood," etc.

166. *Tender word.* The MS. has "short caress."

174. *Within*, etc. The MS. has "Where an old beadsman held my head." A *beadsman* was a man hired by another to pray for him. Cf. *Henry V.* iv. 1. 315:

"Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood."

180. *From the degraded*, etc. The MS. has

"The banish'd traitor's { humble / lowly } bed."

218. *Slough.* The cast skin of a serpent.

229. *Dark looks*, etc. Cf. iii. 84 fol. above.

233. *A word*, etc. See iii. 217 above.

246. *Three inches*, etc. Cf. *Tempest*, ii. 1. 283:

"Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed forever."

248. *My hand*, etc. The MS. reads:

"But thought of Austin staid my hand,
And in the sheath I plunged the brand;
I left him there alone. —
O good old man! even from the grave,
Thy spirit could De Wilton save."

261. *Featly.* Adroitly. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 176: "She dances featly," etc.

271. *Otterburne.* See the ballad of "The Battle of Otterbourne" in the *Border Minstrelsy.*

280. *In Twisel glen.* "Where James encamped before taking post on Flodden" (Scott). The MS. has "on Flodden plain."

281. *I watch my armor*, etc. This the candidate for knighthood had to do.

307. *Red Earl Gilbert.* Cf. 128 above.

323. *You could not*, etc. The MS. has "You might not by their shine descry."

327. *A bishop.* "The well-known Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, son of Archibald Bell-the-Cat, Earl of Angus. He was author of a Scottish metrical version of the Æneid, and of many other poetical pieces of great merit. He had not at this period attained the mitre" (Scott).

329. *Sheen.* See on v. 215 above. The *rochet* is a short surplice worn by bishops.

337. *Doffed his furred gown*, etc. That is, these *having been* doffed; the "absolute" construction.

341. *The huge and sweeping brand*, etc. "Angus had strength and personal activity corresponding to his courage. Spens of Kilspindie, a favorite of James IV., having spoken of him lightly, the earl met him while hawking, and, compelling him to single combat, at one blow cut asunder his thigh-bone, and killed him on the spot. But ere he could obtain James's pardon for this slaughter, Angus was obliged to yield his castle of Hermitage, in exchange for that of Bothwell, which was some diminution to the family greatness. The sword with which he struck so remarkable a blow was presented by his descendant, James, Earl of Morton, afterwards Regent of Scotland, to Lord Lindesay of the Byres, when he defied Bothwell to single combat on Carberry-hill. See Introduction to *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*" (Scott).

342. *Wont.* See on ii. 587 above.

352. *The spurs.* See on i. 95 above.

358. *Had found untrue.* That is, in his combat with Marmion. Cf. i. 175 fol. and v. 604 above.

359. *Struck him with his blade.* The *dubbing* which was part of the ceremony.

379. *Foul fall him.* May it foully befall him, may evil befall him. Cf. Shakespeare, *V. and A.* 472: "Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!" where *wit* is the *object* of *fall*.

390. *The train*, etc. The MS. has "The train the portal arch pass'd through."

392. *Plain.* Complain. See on iii. 188 above.

396. *Part.* Depart. See on i. 20 above.

403. *Unmeet*, etc. The MS. has "Unmeet they be to harbor here."

428. *Lord Angus.* The MS. has "False Douglas."

431. *Fierce he broke forth*, etc. Scott says here: "This ebullition of violence in the potent Earl of Angus is not without its examples in the real history of the house of Douglas, whose chieftains possessed the ferocity with the heroic virtues of a savage state. The most curious instance occurred in the case of Maclellan, tutor of Bomby, who, having refused to acknowledge the pre-eminence claimed by Douglas over the gentlemen and Barons of Galloway, was seized and imprisoned by the

earl, in his castle of the Thrieve, on the borders of Kirkcudbright-shire. Sir Patrick Gray, commander of King James the Second's guard, was uncle to the tutor of Bomby, and obtained from the king 'a sweet letter of supplication,' praying the earl to deliver his prisoner into Gray's hand. When Sir Patrick arrived at the castle, he was received with all the honor due to a favorite servant of the king's household; but while he was at dinner, the earl, who suspected his errand, caused his prisoner to be led forth and beheaded. After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the king's letter to the earl, who received it with great affectation of reverence; 'and took him by the hand, and led him forth to the green, where the gentleman was lying dead, and showed him the manner, and said, "Sir Patrick, you are come a little too late; yonder is your sister's son lying, but he wants the head: take his body, and do with it what you will." Sir Patrick answered again with a sore heart, and said, "My lord, if ye have taken from him his head, dispone upon the body as ye please:" and with that called for his horse, and leaped thereon; and when he was on horseback, he said to the earl on this manner, "My lord, if I live, you shall be rewarded for your labors, that you have used at this time, according to your demerits." At this saying the earl was highly offended, and cried for horse. Sir Patrick, seeing the earl's fury, spurred his horse, but he was chased near Edinburgh ere they left him: and had it not been his lead horse was so tried and good, he had been taken' (Pitscottie's *History*)."

435. *Saint Bride.* Saint Bridget of Ireland, who became a popular saint in England and Scotland, where she was better known by the corrupted or abbreviated name of *Saint Bride.* A number of churches were dedicated to her; that in Fleet Street, London, being a familiar example.

456. *Saint Jude to speed!* Saint Jude be my protection! See on iii. 429 above.

457. *Did ever knight so foul a deed!* "Lest the reader should partake of the earl's astonishment, and consider the crime as inconsistent with the manners of the period, I have to remind him of the numerous forgeries (partly executed by a female assistant) devised by Robert of Artois, to forward his suit against the Countess Matilda; which, being detected, occasioned his flight into England, and proved the remote cause of Edward the Third's memorable wars in France. John Harding, also, was expressly hired by Edward IV. to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs" (Scott).

458. *It liked me.* It pleased me. For this old impersonal use, cf. *Henry VIII.* v. 3. 148: "may it like your grace," etc. It is also used personally; as in *Hamlet*, v. 2. 276: "This likes me well."

460. *Saint Bothan.* Cf. i. 306 above. The MS. has here:

> "Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine
> Could never pen a written line,
> So swear I, and I swear it still,
> Let brother Gawain fret his fill."

474. *The heights of Stanrig-moor.* Southward from Tantallon.

479. *Good sooth.* See on i. 443 above.

481. *Spell.* Make out, understand.

488. *As.* As if. See on i. 447 above.

498. *Prompt in.* The earliest eds. have "Prompt to."

500. *The Master.* "His eldest son, the Master of Angus" (Scott).

503. *Horse-courser.* One that runs horses or keeps race-horses.

504. *Bear'st a brain.* Hast a good memory. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 3. 29: "Nay, I do bear a brain;" and *The Country Captain*, 1649: "you beare a braine and memory."

512. *Cotswold.* See on i. 174 above.

520. *As wont.* As I was wont to do. See on ii. 587 above.

526. *'T was therefore.* 'T was for this, 't was on this account.

540. *Lennel's convent.* "A Cistercian house of religion, now almost entirely demolished. It is situated near Coldstream, almost opposite to Cornhill, and consequently very near to Flodden Field" (Scott).

545. *A reverend pilgrim.* Patrick Brydone, Esq., who then occupied Lennel House.

568. *Traversed.* The intransitive use of the verb is rare.

573. *By Twisel Bridge.* "On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's head-quarters were at Barmore-wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hill, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, winded between the armies. On the morning of the 9th September, 1513, Surrey marched in a north-westerly direction, and crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at Twisel-bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed, his rear-guard column passing about a mile higher, by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have relied on the depth of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the bridge and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great advantage while struggling with these natural obstacles. I know not if we are to impute James's forbearance to want of military skill, or to the romantic declaration which Pitscottie puts in his mouth, 'that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field,' and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river.

"The ancient bridge of Twisel, by which the English crossed the Till, is still standing beneath Twisel Castle, a splendid pile of Gothic architecture, as now rebuilt by Sir Francis Blake, Bart., whose extensive plantations have so much improved the country around. The glen is romantic and delightful, with steep banks on each side, covered with copse, particularly with hawthorn. Beneath a tall rock, near the bridge, is a plentiful fountain, called St. Helen's Well" (Scott).

574. *Haughty.* Used in the obsolete sense of lofty, august. Cf. *haught* in Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 6. 29: "his courage haught," etc.

587. *Sweeping.* The 1st ed. has "bending."

608. *Vails.* Lowers; here = keeps idle. See on iii. 234 above. The early eds. have *vails*, which was probably Scott's word; but Lockhart's

and all the recent ones print "'vails," as if it were a contraction of *avails*.

611. *Wight.* See on ii. ind. 113 above.

613. *Saint Andrew.* The patron saint of Scotland.

616. *Had been Bannockbourne.* That is, a victory for the Scots.

621. *Ere yet*, etc. The MS. has "Ere first they met Lord Marmion's eye."

626. *Hap what hap.* Happen what may.

627. *Basnet.* A light helmet. *A prentice* (not to be printed "'prentice") *cap* is used contemptuously: I 'll stake my soldier's head-gear to that of any young workingman.

631. *And sweep*, etc. The MS. has "And all go sweeping by."

632. *Bravely.* Gayly. See on i. 140 above.

635 *Standards.* The 1st ed. has "banners."

636. *Thou 'dst best.* Thou *hadst* best; *not* "wouldst best," as some grammar-mongers who know nothing of the history of the language tell us we should write.

644. *Lines.* Note the rhyme with *joins*.

652. *The pheasant in the falcon's claw.* The pheasant *being*, etc. The meaning is: when the falcon has the pheasant in his grasp, he will not give her up to please a jackdaw — a bird he despises. The *daw* was reckoned a stupid bird, and was a common metaphor for a fool.

657. *Leat's eddies.* The MS. has "Leat's tributes." The *Leat* is a very small branch of the Tweed.

675. *Breathed his steed.* Allowed him to take breath; as in 2 *Henry IV.* i. 1. 38: "That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse."

681. *Hence might they see*, etc. "The reader cannot here expect a full account of the battle of Flodden; but, so far as is necessary to understand the following pages, I beg to remind him, that, when the English army, by their skilful countermarch, were fairly placed between King James and his own country, the Scottish monarch resolved to fight, and, setting fire to his tents, descended from the ridge of Flodden to secure the neighboring eminence of Brankstone, on which that village is built. Thus the two armies met, almost without seeing each other, according to the old poem of 'Flodden Field:'

> 'The English line stretched east and west,
> And southward were their faces set;
> The Scottish northward proudly prest,
> And manfully their foes they met.'

The English army advanced in four divisions. On the right, which first engaged, were the sons of Earl Surrey, namely, Thomas Howard, the admiral of England, and Sir Edmund, the knight marshal of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other; but, at the request of Sir Edmund, his brother's battalion was drawn very near to his own. The centre was commanded by Surrey in person; the left wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire, and of the palatinate of Chester. Lord Dacre, with a large body of horse, formed a reserve. When the smoke, which the wind had driven between the armies, was somewhat dispersed, they perceived the Scots, who had

moved down the hill in a similar order of battle, and in deep silence.[1] The Earls of Huntley and of Home commanded their left wing, and charged Sir Edmund Howard with such success as entirely to defeat his part of the English left wing. The admiral, however, stood firm, and Dacre advancing to his support with the reserve of cavalry, probably between the interval of the divisions commanded by the brother Howards, appears to have kept the victors in effectual check. Home's men, chiefly Borderers, began to pillage the baggage of both armies; and their leader is branded, by the Scotch historians, with negligence or treachery. On the other hand, Huntley, on whom they bestow many encomiums, is said, by the English historians, to have left the field after the first charge. Meanwhile the admiral, whose flank these chiefs ought to have attacked, availed himself of their inactivity, and pushed forward against another large division of the Scottish army in his front, headed by the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, both of whom were slain, and their forces routed. On the left, the success of the English was yet more decisive; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire archers. The king and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, were meanwhile engaged in close and dubious conflict. James, surrounded by the flower of his kingdom, and impatient of the galling discharge of arrows, supported also by his reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury, that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment, Stanley, who had routed the left wing of the Scottish, pursued his career of victory, and arrived on the right flank, and in the rear of James's division, which, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night came on. Surrey then drew back his forces: for the Scottish centre not having been broken, and their left wing being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field. The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field of battle in disorder, before dawn. They lost, perhaps, from eight to ten thousand men, but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarce a family of eminence but has an ancestor killed at Flodden; and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow. The English lost also a great number of men, perhaps within one third of the vanquished, but they were of inferior note. — See the only distinct detail of the field of Flodden in Pinkerton's *History*, Book xi.; all former accounts being full of blunder and inconsistency.

"The spot, from which Clara views the battle, must be supposed to have been on a hillock commanding the rear of the English right wing, which was defeated, and in which conflict Marmion is supposed to have fallen" (Scott).

683. *Their marshalled lines*, etc. The MS. has "Their lines were form'd, stretch'd east and west."

[1] "*Lesquels Ecossois descendirent la d'montaigne en bonne ordre, en la maniere que marchent les Allemans, sans parler, ne faire aucun bruit*" (Gazette of the Battle, Pinkerton's *History*, Appendix, vol. ii. p. 456).

700. *Amain.* See on i. ind. 91 above. The word is repeated too soon in 707 below.

705. *And would not.* The MS. reads:

"Nor mark'd the lady's deep despair,
Nor heeded discontented look."

715. *Fronts their right.* The 1st ed. reads "has the right;" but a note at the end of the volume states that it should be *fronts their right.*

716. *Vaward.* Vanguard. Cf. *Lady of the Lake,* vi. 414: "Their vaward scouts no tidings bring;" and see our ed. p. 262.

717. *Brian Tunstall.* "Sir Brian Tunstall, called in the romantic language of the time, Tunstall the Undefiled, was one of the few Englishmen of rank slain at Flodden. He figures in the ancient English poem, to which I may safely refer my reader; as an edition, with full explanatory notes, has been published by my friend Mr. Henry Weber. Tunstall perhaps derived his epithet of *undefiled* from his white armor and banner, the latter bearing a white cock about to crow, as well as from his unstained loyalty and knightly faith. His place of residence was Thurland Castle" (Scott).

726. *Beneath De Burg,* etc. The MS. has "Beneath thy seneschal, Fitz-Hugh."

729. *Parting.* Departing. See on i. 20 above.

743. *Gilded spurs.* See on i. 95 above.

744. *Bent.* Slope, declivity. See on iv. 519 above.

746. *And sudden,* etc. Jeffrey says in the *Edinburgh Review:* "Of all the poetical battles which have been fought, from the days of Homer to those of Mr. Southey, there is none, in our opinion, at all comparable, for interest and animation, — for breadth of drawing and magnificence of effect, — with this of Mr. Scott's."

747, 748. *From the sharp,* etc. This couplet is not in the MS.

750. *Vast.* Misprinted "fast" in some eds.

767–769. *Oh! life and death,* etc. These three lines are not in the MS.

774. *And first,* etc. The MS. has "And first the broken ridge of spears."

795. *Badenoch-man.* All the early eds. have "Highlandman." Lockhart says that the new reading appears first in the author's interleaved copy of the ed. of 1830. *Badenoch* is the name given to a large district in the Highlands, to the northwest of Blair Athole. A mountain in the region is known as the *Badenoch Boar,* and another near it as the *Athole Sow.*

800. *Western.* The MS. has "dauntless;" and six lines below:

"Fell stainless Tunstall's banner white,
Sir Edmund's lion fell."

811. *Slogan.* See on v. 73 above.

822. *Fitz-Eustace,* etc. The MS. reads:

"Fitz-Eustace, you and Lady Clare
May for its safety join in prayer."

To *bid one's beads* is to utter a prayer for each bead.

831. *Like pine-tree*, etc. The MS. has "Like pine uprooted from the ground."

842. *To mark*, etc. The MS. has "And cried," etc.

849. *The scatter'd van*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Repulsed, the band / The scatter'd wing } of England wheels."

863. *Can that*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Can that be { proud / brave } Lord Marmion!"

867. *Sped.* Despatched, "done for." Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 1. 94, where Mercutio, after being stabbed by Tybalt, says, "I am sped." See also Milton, *Lycidas*, 122: "What need they? They are sped" (that is, provided for).

872. *When doffed*, etc. The MS. has "And when he felt the fresher air."

873. *Gan.* See on iv. 456 above.

880. *Yet my last thought*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "Yet my last thought 's for England — hie,
> To Dacre give my signet-ring. . . .
> Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey fly."

890. *Scotland's.* The MS. has "King James's."

902–913. *O woman!* etc. The *Critical Review*, quoting these lines, remarks: "The hero of the piece, Marmion, who has been guilty of seducing a nun, and abandoning her to be buried alive, of forgery to ruin a friend, and of perfidy in endeavoring to seduce away from him the object of his tenderest affections, fights and dies gloriously, and is indebted to the injured Clara for the last drop of water to cool his dying thirst. This last act of disinterested attention extorts from the author the smoothest, sweetest, and tenderest lines in the whole poem. It is with pleasure that we extract numbers so harmonious from the discords by which they are surrounded."

914. *She stooped*, etc. The MS. reads:

> "She stoop'd her by the runnel's tide,
> But in abhorrence soon withdrew,
> For, oozing from the mountains wide
> Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
> Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
> Where shall she turn! behold, she marks
> A little vaulted cell,
> Whose water, clear as diamond-sparks,
> In a rude basin fell.
> Above, some half-worn letters say,
> 'Drink, passing pilgrim, drink, and pray.'"

932. *Shrieve.* Shrive. Cf. i. 362 above.

942. *Alas! . . . the while.* See on i. 481 above.

955. *For wasting fire*, etc. The MS. reads:

"Fire, sacrilege, and dying groan,
And priests gorged on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay,
And all by whom the deed was done
Should with myself become his own.
It may not be" — etc.

Gorged is here apparently = having their throats cut; a sense not found in the dictionaries.

972. *In the lost battle*, etc. See on iii. 170 above.

975. *Avoid thee.* Away with thee, begone. Cf. Shakespeare, *C. of E.* iv. 3. 48: "Satan, avoid!"

977. *Oh! look*, etc. The MS. reads:

"Oh! look, my son, upon this cross,
Oh! think upon the grace divine,
On saints and heavenly bliss! —
By many a sinner's bed I've been,
And many a dismal parting seen,
But never aught like this."

987. *And fired*, etc. The MS. has "And sparkled in his eye."

997. *Vaward.* See on 716 above.

999. *Oh! for a blast*, etc. The allusion is to the battle of Roncesvalles in the mountains of Navarre, where in 778 the rearguard of Charlemagne's army, under the command of his nephew Roland, was surprised and defeated by the Saracens and their allies. Roland had a magic horn by which he might have summoned Charlemagne to his aid, but he disdained using it until the battle became desperate; and then his uncle was led to believe that it had been blown only in hunting the deer, and did not finally come to the rescue until Roland had died of his wounds. The *Song of Roland*, which recounts his marvellous exploits, was one of the most popular heroic poems of the Middle Ages. *Olivier*, or Oliver, was another of Charlemagne's paladins, and no less renowned for his knightly achievements. The names of the pair have been perpetuated in the familiar proverb, "A Rowland for an Oliver." *Fontarabian* is from *Fontarabia*, a frontier town of Spain, not many miles from Roncesvalles.

1012. *In vain*, etc. The MS. reads:

"In vain the wish — for far they stray,
And spoil and havoc mark'd their way.
'O lady,' cried the monk, 'away!'"

1018. *Tilmouth.* Cf. ii. 270 (and note on ii. 257) above.

1022. *But as they left*, etc. The MS. has "But still upon the darkening heath."

1031. *Ply.* The 1st ed. has "deal."

1033. *The stubborn spearmen*, etc. The MS. reads:

"Ever the stubborn spears made good
Their dark impenetrable wood;
Each Scot stepp'd where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell,
Till the last ray of parting light,
Then ceased perforce the dreadful fight,
And sunk the battle's yell.

The skilful Surrey's sage commands
Drew from the strife his shatter'd bands.
  Their loss his foemen knew;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
  Melts from the mountain blue.
By various march their scatter'd bands,
Disorder'd, gain'd the Scottish lands. —
Day dawns on Flodden's dreary side,
And show'd the scene of carnage wide:
There, Scotland, lay thy bravest pride! "

For the figure in *wood*, cf. 1154 below; also *Lady of the Lake*, vi. 402:

" Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned; "

and again in 443: " The spearmen's twilight wood."

1059. *And raise the universal wail.* Jeffrey says of this part of the poem: " The powerful poetry of these passages can receive no illustration from any praises or observations of ours. It is superior, in our apprehension, to all that this author has hitherto produced; and, with a few faults of diction, equal to anything that has ever been written upon similar subjects. From the moment the author gets in sight of Flodden field, indeed, to the end of the poem, there is no tame writing, and no intervention of ordinary passages. He does not once flag or grow tedious; and neither stops to describe dresses and ceremonies, nor to commemorate the harsh names of feudal barons from the Border. There is a flight of five or six hundred lines, in short, in which he never stoops his wing, nor wavers in his course; but carries the reader forward with a more rapid, sustained, and lofty movement, than any epic bard that we can at present remember."

1081. *And fell on Flodden plain.* " There can be no doubt that King James fell in the battle of Flodden. He was killed, says the curious French Gazette, within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey; and the same account adds, that none of his division were made prisoners, though many were killed; a circumstance that testifies the desperation of their resistance. The Scottish historians record many of the idle reports which passed among the vulgar of their day. Home was accused, by the popular voice, not only of failing to support the king, but even of having carried him out of the field, and murdered him. And this tale was revived in my remembrance, by an unauthenticated story of a skeleton, wrapped in a bull's hide, and surrounded with an iron chain, said to have been found in the well of Home Castle; for which, on inquiry, I could never find any better authority, than the sexton of the parish having said, that, *if the well were cleaned out, he would not be surprised at such a discovery.* Home was the chamberlain of the king, and his prime favorite; he had much to lose (in fact did lose all) in consequence of James's death, and nothing earthly to gain by that event: but the retreat, or inactivity, of the left wing, which he commanded, after defeating Sir Edmund Howard, and even the circumstance of his returning unhurt, and loaded with spoil, from so fatal a conflict, rendered the propagation of any calumny against him easy and acceptable. Other

reports gave a still more romantic turn to the king's fate, and averred that James, weary of greatness after the carnage among his nobles, had gone on a pilgrimage, to merit absolution for the death of his father, and the breach of his oath of amity to Henry. In particular, it was objected to the English, that they could never show the token of the iron belt; which, however, he was likely enough to have laid aside on the day of battle, as encumbering his personal exertions. They produce a better evidence, the monarch's sword and dagger, which are still preserved in the Herald's College in London. Stowe has recorded a degrading story of the disgrace with which the remains of the unfortunate monarch was treated in his time. An unhewn column marks the spot where James fell, still called the King's Stone" (Scott).

1084. *Beseemed.* See on iv. 149 above.

1085. *Yon blithe night.* At Holyrood. See v. 171 fol. above.

1090. *Moated Lichfield's lofty pile.* The cathedral was *moated* at the time of the siege referred to in Scott's note below. The city had no walls; but Bishop Langton surrounded the close of the cathedral with a strong wall, and constructed two causeways across the "pool" or marsh which lay between the close and the city. The houses in the close were pierced with loopholes; the battlements of the cathedral were lined with musketeers; and "drakes," or long guns, were mounted on the great central spire.

1095. *When fanatic Brook*, etc. "This storm of Lichfield cathedral, which had been garrisoned on the part of the king, took place in the great civil war. Lord Brook, who, with Sir John Gill, commanded the assailants, was shot with a musket-ball through the visor of his helmet. The royalists remarked that he was killed by a shot fired from St. Chad's cathedral, and upon St. Chad's day, and received his death-wound in the very eye with which he had said he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England. The magnificent church in question suffered cruelly upon this and other occasions; the principal spire being ruined by the fire of the besiegers" (Scott).

1100. *Couchant.* Reclining; an heraldic term.

1104. *Blazed.* Blazoned, set forth.

1110. *One of those flowers*, etc. Neither Scott nor Lockhart has a note here; but the reference is to a fragment of an old ballad on the Battle of Flodden, which a lady repeated to Sir Walter:

> "I ride single on my saddle,
> For the flowers of the forest are a' wede away."

See Prof. Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. vii. p. 72.

1120. *Marmion's nameless grave.* See on iii. 170 above.

1127. *Springlet.* Little spring; a diminutive perhaps coined by Scott himself.

1138. *Commune.* Here accented on the first syllable.

1154. *Wood.* See on 1033 above.

1155. *Holinshed or Hall.* Raphael Holinshed, from whose *Chronicles* Shakespeare drew so much of the material for his English historical plays; and Edward Hall, a chronicler of the same period.

1159. *Charged his old paternal shield*, etc. That is, adorned it with

heraldic devices in honor of his achievements at Flodden. *Charged* and *bearings* are terms of heraldry.

1168. *More.* Sir Thomas More. *Lord Sands* and *Sir Anthony Denny* figure in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*

1169. *The curtain.* Of the bridal bed.

1170. *Katherine.* Queen Katherine. There are many allusions in old English literature to *throwing the stocking* at weddings. See several pages on the subject in Brand's *Popular Antiquities.*

1174. *Love they,* etc. That is, may they love, etc.

L'ENVOY.

3. *Gentles.* See on iii. 509 above.

4. *Rede.* Here = story. It commonly means counsel, or advice; as in *Hamlet,* i. 3. 51: "And recks not his own rede" (cares not for his own counsel); Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 2. 30: "To whose wise read she hearkning," etc.

5. *Statesman.* The reading of the early eds. Recent ones have "statesmen."

16. *To head of age.* Recent eds. have "to the head of age." The ed. of 1821 reads: "And pillow to the head of age."

ADDENDA.

Hurl (i. ind. 257). Rush, whirl; rare as an intransitive verb.

Glistering (ii. 404). Glistening; common in Shakespeare and Milton, neither of whom uses *glisten.*

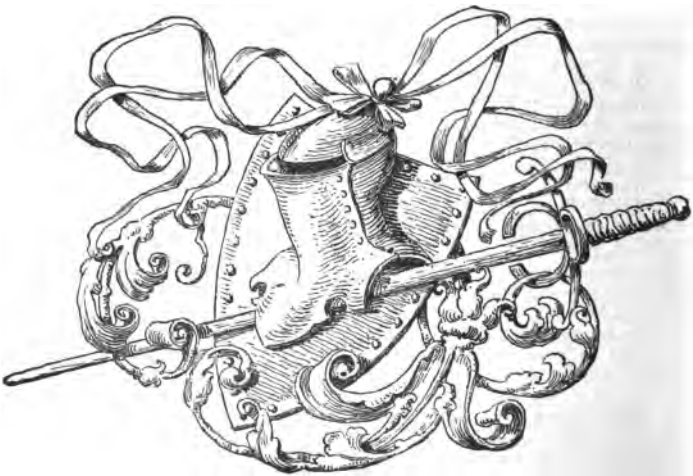
Winded (iii. 3). See also *Lady of the Lake,* i. 500 and v. 52. Scott uses it also in prose; as in the note on vi. 573 above.

Viewed (iii. 59). Note the omission of *to* in the following infinitive *mix.*

Though thou . . . and men (iv. ind. 17–20). There is an obvious allusion to the opening lines of the *Odyssey.*

Gilbert Hay (iii. 508). The allusion is probably to Gilbert Hay (or de Haye), Lord of Errol, who was created high constable of Scotland by Robert the Bruce in 1315; but we can find no other reference to his bout with the Elfin Warrior.

Grimly (iv. 440). Grim, hideous; rare as an adjective. *Ghast* (=*ghastly*) is also rare.



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